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THE
METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME IX.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1899

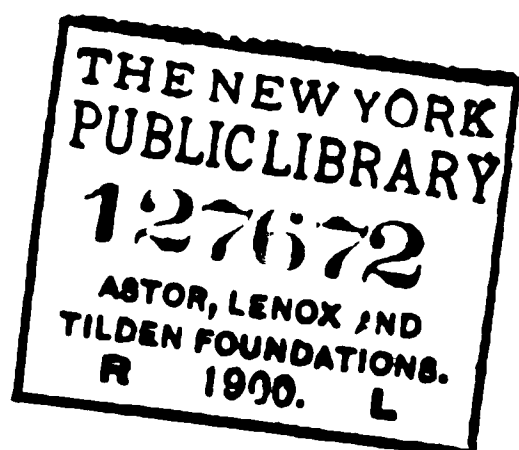
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Constantly contemplate the whole of time and the whole of substance, and consider that all individual things as to substance are a grain of a fig. and as to time the turning of a gimlet.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

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Scientific, Philosophic, Psychic, and Occult

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR

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THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS.

The thoughts of mankind upon dreams are probably endless. Certain it is that their literature is very large, and equally certain that the subject of dreams never fails in creating an interest where-soever it is brought up. The reason for this doubtless is the common feeling that they are intimately connected with our life. We all recognize them as living expressions of something, we either are or have been. This holds true whether they are "children of night, of indigestion bred," "false flitting shades," "begot of nothing but vain fantasy," or "true interpreters of our inclinations," "descended from the gods," "thoughts, the measure of life." Many forms of life could not be conveyed to the human mind but for the dream-like attitude of the poet. Much of the romantic tint of "Fairy Queen" would be lost but for the dreamlands of strange scenes, figures and actions, and the transcendent loveliness of Una is unimaginable for a mind that can not conceive of dream flowers. "It is the ground which we do not tread upon, which supports us," and it takes "an ocean of dreams without a sound" to traverse Jean Paul's "Universe." How ill we could afford to be without that dream-land! What vistas do not open to the reader of "One of Cleopatra's Nights," but what else than a dream-movement could carry one into that imagery of Th. Gautier, and make real

The love that caught strange light from death's own eyes
And filled death's lips with fiery words and sighs.

Th. Ribot assures us that dreamers may have very clear impressions of tastes and smells. That may help the sceptic to realize the

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possibility of the truth in the story "Clarimonde," of how those from Shadowland

Gliding beneath the coverings of our couches
They share our rest,
And with their dead lips sign their loving visit
On arm and breast.

We may prate about scientific analysis, dream fancies and unrealities, but all the world nevertheless enjoys dreaming or the full play of imagination, and, one of the modern leaders in scientific thought has himself emphasized the need of imagination in scientific research. Tyndall's famous "Belfast Address" is the denial of materialism and the reassertion of Thought. Thought, be it dream-like or rational logic, is wholly unique and thaumaturgic, wonder working, as Hr. Teufelsdröckh called it. Huxley's admission that "our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events" is another death blow to rationalistic treatment of dreams. With these two out of the way we may well consider Thought as a world by itself, as without parallel and without precedent, and it matters not for the present whether Thought comes to us involuntarily in dreams or *consciously* while wide awake.

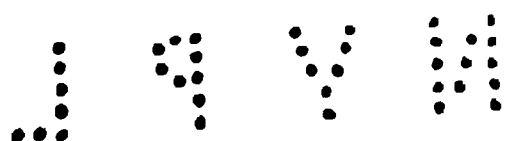
Nature is full of plan, yet she plans not. The questions For what? and For whom? do not concern us at present. Enough said; when it is asserted that there is a supporting spirit in all things, a living power, which is their formative cause. To deny this is to deny Mind. It is this living power, the formative cause of our lives, of which I want to speak. Its forms are the subject of our dreams.

We must class dreams with the highest phenomena of spiritual life:

Strange state of being! For 'tis still to be;
Senseless to feel, and with'scal'd eyes to see.

"We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul." * And why so? Because in dreams we are entirely beyond time, place and circumstances; common sense and moral and volitional judgments are suspended. We are "in the hands" of a greater power. In our

*Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*.



waking states we are constantly engaged in "transmitting sentiments into ideas" and these we again often translate into actions. But in sleep and dreams we leave intellectual work, definitions and limitations. We fall back into Night, mother of Destiny; viz., our original dynamic nature. We fall back into the first form of Being, the Becoming—the Universal Soul.

In this deeper life we do not lose our identity, as some false theorists assert, we, on the contrary reëstablish it; we rebuild that which was lost during the illusions which daylight held up before our eyes. In the light of day we work, viz., we evolve by giving a "local habitation and a name" to that which the same daylight calls "airy nothings," and only too often we are caught under the overpowering impulse of the movement. But in the Night we are set free again, because the senses are bound. In the Night dreams become the language and the art of the soul and through them we commune. Dreams are the subjective forms of Feeling,* a consciousness of the Whole, and they tell us that our soul is as great in itself as the world.

It has been declared to be a factor against the spiritual value of dreams, that under their influence we become completely unaware of the incongruity of combinations; that we lose all volitional control over our thoughts and that we have no moral judgments while dreaming. But it is overlooked that logic, volition and moral judgment are secondary forms of our life, that they are means not ends; hence the charge is not very grave. It is true that we need philosophy with its notion of the ego and the ultimate meaning of life thence derived; it is also true that poetry and its symbols are indispensable looking-glasses in which we see the eternal beauty, and, of course, the moral expressions which life calls forth are proofs of righteousness and keys to the Sublime. But the soul's freedom and *at-one-ment* with the Whole is far more than reflective thought, the sublimest imagery, or victorious self-assertion in a moral world. To feel oneself as a piece of reality is more than to see one's picture in a looking-glass. The

*The reader must not confound sensations and feelings. All sensations are feelings, but all feelings are not sensations; they are more far-reaching and more profound. Feeling is, in the widest sense, all passive experience. Many philosophers recommend the use of the word sentiment instead of feeling. However, I use Feeling as they use Sentiment, as an expression signifying the echo of reason.

realization that I am at once the supreme reality, the logical form, the picture and the ethical act is Divinity. None of the manifestations of the wide-awake life can compare to the Night-existence of the soul as mediator.

The mysterious sensibility of the soul in dreams allows it to review its whole past career in the earth-sphere, and often to forecast its future.

O, wondrous dreamland! who hath not
Threaded some mystic maze
In its dim retreats, and lived again
In the light of other days?

In dreams we may descend through all the strata of personality and thus see all our past incarnations, as Buddha claimed to have done. Corresponding to the movement of soul in dreams is its subliminal action. I believe that none of the students of psychic phenomena have seen this and yet it is the simplest explanation of clairvoyance. The visions which the somnambulist has are real and true; they are past experiences, but precipitated through a present-day brain, often uneducated, hence they are more or less distorted. I have always looked upon Andrew Jackson Davis's "Nature's Revelation" as a revelation of the seer's past evolutionary stages from the material through the organic to the human, and the universe constructed with his own personality as a guide and interpreter. To understand Nature and to translate objectivity into a language of my own, that I might identify myself with it, I have often attempted consciously to descend through the strata of my personality and have met with varying success. I have realized the universal life current, identified myself with it, and had intercourse with "things" as transient processions of the Infinite; plants and animals I have, after the example of the mystics, regarded as brothers and sisters. Thus attuning myself I have had introspective glimpses of a past, which gives me surety as to myself in many important directions. This confession will of course smack of insanity to him to whom life is no more than a scientific generalization and to whom the universe is simply a system of laws. If the world is simply a molecular machine and not a living power, Mind, then all insight, is a delusion and a snare. If no invisible goodness throbs in the "universal vibrations," then

our hearts reach out in vain for a companion. In everything that happens there is light and goodness! "We all live in the sublime Where else can we live? That is the only place of life?" On the highest mountains and in the deepest caves life absorbs the soul, and the soul thus freeing itself, finds itself as spirit.

There can be no question then, I take it, of the uses or mediatorial powers of dreams. They are self-expressions and world-expressions. But some will question if they reach beyond this sphere of perception. The answer is, that it is possible to reduce the so-called prophetic dreams of antiquity to previsions of coming events and show that they are simple logical sequences of present existing circumstances. If that reasoning can be proved correct, then it seems that all transcendentalism can be disposed of in the same way. Can we deny "a going beyond," a "transcending experience"? Of what value is this definition of Coleridge:* "There is a philosophic consciousness which lies beneath, or (as it were) behind the spontaneous consciousness natural to all reflecting beings. As the elder Romans distinguished their northern provinces into Cis-Alpine and Trans-Alpine, so we may divide all the objects of human knowledge into those on this side, and those on the other side of spontaneous consciousness?" How this is to be done except for convenience is difficult to see. It seems that the division is practical, even as it was practical to the old Romans, in order to locate their dominions; but beyond that it does not contain a real division, for as both Cis-Alpina and Trans-Alpina were Roman, so the mind that splits its glass of vision only to see one-half at the time, still remains one Mind, and more than that, it remains a living unit as much as Rome did. The ciscendental and transcendental can only be two poles of the Immanent: Being. Vigorous thinking and spontaneous perception can come to no other conclusion. The opposite admits a fatal dualism.

Some Hindoos talk much about dreamless sleep as the supreme condition. That teaching involves the declaration that all appearance is a sham, a mockery of the senses. Only a Hindoo whose property is nakedness, whose sensibilities are deadened, and who lives on charity can afford to hold such a contemptuous view of life. Such

* *Biographia Literaria*.

an one does not even see the contradictions of his theory and life. Logic ought to bid him to quit existence, yea, even ought never have allowed him to be born. The simplest examination of his theory and life shows readily how untenable is the view that inertia is the *summum bonum*. History also proves in the repeated conquests of India that the ignoring of objective existence is fatal. Instead of being a master of his own soil the Hindoo has been a slave on it to every vigorous nation that has overrun his peninsula. The whole world of perception is not a lie, it is a revelation of Being. He who denies it is destroyed by his own lie.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

UNITY AND INFINITY IN ART.

Count Tolstoi's recent promulgation of his thoughts on "What Is Art?" has reopened an old wound; and our reviews and magazines have been spasmodically discussing once more the eternal questions of "Art for Art's Sake," and the relations of Art and Morality. It is quite safe to predict that the result will be as usual—each side retiring to its tent muttering anathemas against the narrow-mindedness of the other. Nor is it likely that this ghost will ever be laid; it will continue to walk the night and stir up strife so long as men differ in their views of things in general. The present writer accordingly has no intention of trying to say anything decisive, but desires merely to contribute a few remarks upon some of the questions involved.

When theorists ask what is the object of Art, I find it convenient to answer that it is the same as the object of life; that Art is simply a page of the great book of the Universe, one of the many factors contributing to influence humanity; and that if it is to have any real meaning for man its object must be precisely the same as that of Nature, of History, of Experience. Under any ideal philosophy such a statement is self-evident. Art is simply one of the many manifestations of Being; it is Evolution become conscious—Evolution self-anticipated.

Such an answer as this, of course, merely shifts the difficulty; but it shifts it to a subject upon which men's ideas are usually more determined. The art theorist is not always a practical artist, modifying his views by the great test of experience. But he is always a man living a life among men; and if his views as to why he lives and what he seeks in the world are not explicitly reasoned out in his mind, they are at any rate, contained implicitly in his character and conduct.

The question then becomes one of a philosophy of life. It is obvious that if a man be an Epicurean, a Utilitarian, or a Hedonist under any other name, he will hold that the end of Art is to give pleasure, and so will wear the "Art for Art's Sake" cockade; if he hold that the end of life is moral perfection in sharp contrast to pleasure, he is certain to prefer the banner of Tolstoi and Carlyle; if he tries to reconcile the two philosophies he will also reconcile the two theories of Art.

In the production of every ideal Art-work (and by art-work is meant, of course, either picture, statue, poem, or symphony,) there may be traced two essential processes of mind—discovery and representation. The first is the reaching out for truth, the observing of the facts of life and character and the searching for their inner meaning. The second is the embodying of this meaning in the concrete. The one is the work of intellectual insight, the other of creative imagination. I do not mean to say that in practice the artist selects a law or a type and then strives to illustrate it. That is the moralist's way of working. The creative artist does his thinking in terms of his art; or at any rate every thought brings its host of colors, or forms, or metaphors, or sounds, and translates itself. So the exploring faculty and the embodying faculty work together, and the result of the fusing of the two is that essential unity of abstract and concrete, of type and individual, found in every ideal art-product. The separation, as it is made here, is made merely for the purpose of analyzing this dual aspect of the artistic nature.

The intellectual phase is shared with all other types of thinkers. This is the generalizing faculty, man's weapon for piercing the veil of fact and seeing "into the life of things." "Grant me," said Hegel, "a nature having two contrary forces, the one of which tends to ex-

pand infinitely while the other strives to apprehend or find itself in this infinity, and I will cause the whole world of intelligences, with the whole system of their representations, to rise up before you." These two "forces," which are the powers of analysis and synthesis, in art manifest themselves as realism and idealism. Both are necessary in every step of progress, in the case of the artist as of other men. This does not mean that the idealist begins by studying the products of the Zola school of novelists and the painters of tin-pans. But it does mean that he begins by studying life—raw fact, in all its phases, individual traits of character, and particularly as facts of nature. Otherwise his synthesis is a synthesis of nothing, a pyramid without a base.

The function of this intellectual activity is obviously enough the discovery of law. The task of man, "a creature moving about in worlds not realized," is the reducing of a chaos of infinite complexity to an order comprehensible to the mind. The struggle is for unity, for form—a fact whose bearing upon art is obviously important. It will be noticed after a few words have been said about the other faculty of the artistic mind, which I have called the representative.

This characteristic the creative artist shares with no other type of thinker. The penetrative intellect is the weapon of Descartes and Newton as well as of Angelo and Dante, but the philosopher and the scientist rest satisfied with formulating the law, with discovering the unity. They never seek to incorporate it in the concrete. On the other hand the artist seldom even deduces the discoveries of his imagination from the abstract, at all. And never does he stop there: for the abstract is contrary to the very essence of art. When he has reached the height, seen the order, and pierced to the unity, he faces fairly about. He now no longer looks at the world from the standpoint of man, but from the standpoint of Deity. He is spirit robing itself in a garb of flesh, which becomes, so to speak, a metaphor. Thus Genius ceases to be man "thinking God's thoughts after him," and becomes God manifesting thought to man. Every art-work is a microcosm, and has to be approached precisely as part of the actual universe, the only difference being that it is a fragment of the universe ordered for finite comprehension.

It is to be noticed that the artist's need under this second aspect of his work is precisely the opposite, or rather the complement of what we saw before. His strength then was his ability to discover unity; he has now to coördinate with that his passionate sense of reality, his powerful grip upon the world of fact. This latter quality the philosopher is apt to lose, from his continual moving among abstractions: its possession is the *sine qua non* of the poetic, as opposed to the metaphysical mind. Creative genius is the rare combination of breadth of view with depth and intensity of feeling, the ability to grasp a mass of reality under an exalted ideal conception. We are not inclined to venture into abstruse metaphysics, but it should be evident from the above that Genius thus viewed may be considered as an adumbration of the Divine nature, that Universality which is at once both Unity and Infinity. This is the goal not only of art, but of all intellectual progress. This it is that the restless spirit of humanity is seeking. It is unsatisfied with either Unity or Infinity alone, for Infinity without Unity is chaos, and Unity without Infinity is triviality. All progress in any sphere is but a fresher blending of the two.

It is evident that what we have thus been considering, is exactly paralleled in the actual art-product, by the distinction between Form and Content, Form being the principle of unity made apparent to the senses. It can also be shown, I believe, that the excess of one of these principles over the other, is what constitutes the difference between the Beautiful and the Sublime.

The feeling of Beauty in an ordered art-product is now generally said to arise with the discovery of unity in variety. Its essence is perfect comprehensibility, the flash of instantaneous recognition and the resultant thrill of delight. A thing of beauty is a portion of the universe completely grasped: its enjoyment is, so to speak, the mind's cry of triumph. Sublimity, on the other hand, is represented by a mind awe-stricken before new thought. It is Unity in Variety imperfectly comprehended; an excess of Content over Form, arising when the Artist's thought is greater than his imagination can subdue. Borrowing Ruskin's terminology we might describe the Beautiful as the Type of the Divine Unity, and the Sublime as the Type of the

Divine Infinity—or better, from a human standpoint, the Type of the Divine Incomprehensibility.

As illustrative of this, it will be sufficient to call attention to the obvious difference between the beauty of the Parthenon and the grandeur of the Gothic cathedral, or between the art of Phidias and of Michael Angelo. The following comparison, taken from the Journal of Amiel, illustrates the same difference in music:—"Mozart—grace, liberty, certainty, freedom and precision of style—an exquisite and aristocratic beauty—serenity of soul: Beethoven—more pathetic, more passionate, more torn with feeling, more intricate, more profound, less perfect—more moving and more sublime than Mozart." And again:—"The work of Mozart—represents a solved problem, a balance struck between aspiration and executive capacity—marvelous harmony and perfect unity. In Beethoven's on the other hand a spirit of magic irony paints for you the mad tumult of existence as it dances forever above the threatening abyss of the infinite. No more unity, no more serenity!"

This is a perfect illustration of the difference between beauty and sublimity, form and content. The tendency of development is ever toward including yet more of the "mad tumult of existence"; and the resultant complexity of form, or sometimes even neglect of it, is what makes high culture necessary to the appreciation of such an art-product. This fact has proved a stumbling-block in the way of writers like Tolstoi: the need of culture seems to him a sign of artificiality and exclusiveness, and accordingly he seeks to restrict art to the expression of the primary emotions, which is a virtual negation of the possibility of intellectual and spiritual progress. But the sea refused to obey Canute, and there is fortunately no more likelihood that evolution will obey Tolstoi. The spirit and will continue to subdue all experience to its laws, bursting through every limitation of precedent and rule. Art, the standard-bearer, will always lead the advance.

In each period of expansion and growth three distinct stages have been frequently pointed out. The first is that in which the art has not progressed on its technical side enough to enable the artist to express his new message: the work produced is rude and chaotic but

full of meaning. Thus if we may believe the Browning Societies we have just seen such an epoch, and poetry has been introduced to the subject of the future—the facts of psychology and personality. The second period is the “Classical” where the artist has mastered both his craft and his new thought and succeeded in ordering the latter into forms of beauty. This is the stage of the perfect art-product. The third stage comes when the spiritual impulse subsides; we have then academic criticism, clever imitation, and feats of technic. Such a period was the popularly abused eighteenth century. At this stage Art has form without content, beauty without sublimity, unity without infinity, and so triviality. It is then that the new prophet is needed; and so far he has never failed to arrive. His motto is, “Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!” and he is always misunderstood. Jeffry’s eternally quoted “This will never do” is the orthodox instance. And similarly we have Weber after hearing the great Seventh Symphony remarking that “Beethoven is now ripe for the mad-house.” From the Wagner earthquake we still hear occasional rumbles.

The protest against the new master is ever the same, that he has no sense of form, that his works are incomprehensible. *He* knows, however, that he has mastered the old methods and passed them; so he pushes on in grim silence, there being a merciful provision of Providence, that his silence shall be heard above all the cries of critics and partisans of “form” and “beauty.”

“One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost.”

This may seem to be a view not very favorable to the permanence of the beautiful in Art; in one sense it is not, if by the beautiful is meant any beautiful object. That “a thing of beauty is a joy forever” seems true only by poetic license.

We are accustomed to hear the statement that such examples of pure beauty as the Greek statues will never again be produced. This may be true: but I think we can bear the privation with equanimity. Excepting sculptors and painters, Greek sculpture to-day exerts very little influence upon men, certainly little as compared to what it must have exerted upon the Greeks.

The reason is, obviously, that we have left the physical behind us. We know and care almost nothing about beauty in the nude human form, which the Greek delighted to cultivate. The athlete is not now our type of manhood; we have learned to prefer such ideals as Hamlet and the Christ.

To me it seems that there is something wrong in the view of those who regard this as a thing to be deplored, from the standpoint of "pure beauty," or from any other standpoint. Let any one go from hearing a Beethoven symphony and gaze at the Apollo Belvedere, and he is not likely to regret the change in Art's ideals and methods.

It seems, therefore, that what is the height of beauty to one age is not necessarily so to the next. What pleases the child seems childish to the cultured man; and here as elsewhere the history of the individual is the history of the race. To us the swift-footed Achilles sulking in his tent is not terrible; and when Homer's goddesses hurl cliffs at one another we merely smile. The Pauline theology, which when it first smote upon the apostle's mind was a sublime solution of the eternal mystery, is now equally inadequate. Nor is this true of the things of the intellect only.

It is conceivable that the ages yet to act upon the human form, may evolve it to a new stage, from which the Venus may cease to please at all; just as no savage countenance, however idealized, can be beautiful to any but a savage. Such propositions may seem daring: they can best be defended upon *a priori* grounds.

Beauty is a purely ideal conception,—the type of the Divine Unity, as we agreed to call it. In the course of "this dance of plastic circumstance" we try to express that conception to the senses. But in the progress of an evolution stretching through æons to which a thousand years are as a day, both the conception and the senses change, the former expanding and the latter becoming more refined and delicate. The embodiment can then be satisfactory no longer. It is only the thing shadowed forth,—the Eternal Verity,—that does not change.

This is, of course, high doctrine; but there is no happiness for

man until it be recognized. We may weep with the poet who sings:

“ The flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow dies;
 All that we wish to stay
 Tempts and then flies.
 What is the world's delight?
 Lightning that mocks the night
 Brief even as bright.”

But the soul in its best moments knows that the truer note is caught by Newman:

“ *What is the world to thee, my heart?*
 Thou hast no owner's part
 In all its fleetingness.”

Or as Shelley himself puts it, writing of his disappointment in the lady of Epipsychidion,—“ The error lay in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal.”

It will be contended against this view of the progress of the Beautiful and the sublime, that it does not take into account the truths of the heart, which are the prime subjects of Art and which never change. But such truths (or rather, what we have to do with, man's knowledge of them) have been whirled in the loom of time with all things else. I shall not venture to deny the doctrines of innate or revealed ideas; but I merely ask what these ideas are. Are they of the goodness and omnipotence of the Deity? The savage does not know of these. The belief has been gradually evolved, and it is not yet entirely learned. I do believe that it might still be possible to find a civilized man with a vague idea that there is such a being as the Devil and such a place as Hell. Or, are these truths of the relation of man to man,—of universal love? Socrates taught a vigorous doctrine of hatred of enemies; and the Psalmist lay on his death bed gasping: “ And behold thou hast with thee Shimei, the son of Gera, which cursed me with a grievous curse in the day when I went to Mahanaim. Now therefore hold thou him not guiltless; but his hoar head bring thou down to the grave with blood.”

Such an assertion of the perishability of the products of Art requires, it is true, one obvious qualification. There comes a time when

progress has gone so far that some strong soul in a moment of vision succeeds in piercing the veil and speaking Truth Absolute, beyond which there can be no going. "Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness !" is such an example, a culmination in both the Beautiful and the sublime.

These last would bring us back to the main question. It has been said the perfect artist would be he who combined in the highest degree both beauty and sublimity, form and content : but perfection is a rare gift of the gods, and so in the world of art we recognize two types of men, in their highest representatives, personifications of one principle or the other.

First, there are the pioneers of humanity, the men of that intensity of spirit which is the essence of genius, the men who live at white heat, fighting the world's battles and weeping for the world's woe, men to whom rest appears sin, and to be satisfied, damnation. These are the voices crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" These are the climbers of the mountain who catch the first rays of the dawn and sing of its coming; these are the men of faith, the Non-Conformists, whom the world stares at, and ridicules, and crucifies, and to whom it builds its monuments. These are in the truest sense of the word Types of the Divine Infinity; these are the Priests of the Sublime.

Such men are art's leaders, and yet it is not strange that they do not rest in beauty. When Christ bids his disciples "consider the lilies of the field," it is that they may draw a moral from them. And similarly Ruskin asserts in *Modern Painters*, that such poets as Dante and Milton notice the flowers scarcely at all.

These, however, are stern men and stern doctrines; they are not *virginibus puerisque*, and so it is not surprising that the lovers of beauty revolt. There have been men with the courage to vow both Dante and Milton unreadable. Shelley (who affords by the way an interesting opportunity to judge what would be the attitude of an ancient Greek to our Art) speaks thus of Michael Angelo: "I cannot but think the genius of this artist highly overrated. He has not only no temperance, no modesty, no feeling for the just boundaries of art, but he has no sense of beauty. . . . What a thing his Moses is

—how distorted from all that is natural and majestic! I think with astonishment and indignation of the common notion that he equals and in some respects exceeds Raphael.”

It would be interesting to hear what the terrible sculptor of the Moses would retort concerning the author of Prometheus Unbound. We may imagine, when we hear the modern Titan, Carlyle, remarking that “the whole poetical endowment (of Keats) consists in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility and a certain vague random tunefulness of nature.” And similarly, in the letters to Emerson, the Idyls of the King are celebrated for “finely elaborated execution and inward perfection of *vacancy*.”

In our own time we recognize precisely the same state of affairs when we find Matthew Arnold placing Wordsworth and Byron in order after Shakespeare and Milton on the ground of their possessing “high poetic seriousness” and “a profound criticism of life,” and Mr. Swinburne on the other hand maintaining, with his usual vehemence and vivacity, that the only tests of greatness in poetry are melody and imagination, and accordingly awarding the prizes to Shelley and Coleridge.

All of this certainly seems extreme enough. But when men seize upon a half-truth, they seem to delight in carrying it to absurdity; and accordingly, as soon as we leave the mountain-tops and the company of genius and descend among less far-seeing men, we have, on the one hand, easy-going dilettanti who call themselves partisans of beauty, and maintain that the duty of art and the world is to stop where it is, and devote itself to getting the maximum of delight out of things as they stand. This is extreme, “but for Art’s sake”; and its task in life is building fine roads that lead nowhere. On the other hand are the ascetics, reducing their share of the truth to an equal absurdity. These are they who grasp at the shadow and lose the substance; they see that spiritual perfection is the end to which body and mind are cultivated, but they are in so great haste to get at the end, or so fearful of missing it through their own weakness, that they omit the means and so content themselves with a soul undeveloped and that shadow-picture of virtue, a morality of maxims.

But from these latter, Art is fortunately separated by its concrete

nature. When the moralist produces a work of Art the skeleton of "purpose" is generally too plainly visible through its scanty garb of flesh. Humanity loves not sermons, and least of all sermons masquerading as works of Art.

I have often thought that this concrete nature of art, previously referred to, renders it the safest guide in the dangerous regions of mysticism and faith. The true artist may content himself with no glittering generalities based upon nothing, no platitudes empty of life. He must be master of the realm of fact as well as of thought. He may not merely gush over Nature's sublimities; his task is to show them, which means that he must live with Nature, sharing her sunshine and her storm, her joy and her sorrow. He may not prate about universal love; he must love his neighbor. If he be a poet his task is not to tell us of the beauty of virtue, but to set a good man before us in his thought and act—a thing which he cannot do unless he be good himself. Thus it is that Art's messages are charged with an energy that carries them straight to the heart; and the knowledge stored up in Art's masterpieces is accordingly always the nearest and dearest to men. For it is quite certain that knowledge which has not pierced to the heart (by which is meant the inner essence, the ego that rules both mind and will,) is no real knowledge but only its shadow. Every one knows that space is infinite, that the nearest stars are so many millions of miles away, and that this earth is an atom to the smallest of them. And yet it may be that only once in the course of a heedless lifetime,—perhaps while standing alone by the shore of the midnight ocean,—the great fact is stabbed into the soul, and the man staggers back and lifts his hands in prayer.

"Oh, Brother, the Infinite of Terror, of Hope, of Pity, did it never at any moment disclose itself to thee, indubitable, unnamable? Came it never like the gleam of preternatural eternal Oceans, like the voice of old eternities far-sounding through thy heart of hearts? Never?"

Let us hope so. For it is such moments as these, that, sinking us with the realization of our own insignificance and raising with the thought of our own infinity, give dignity to life and authority to heroism, make us brothers of humanity and children of one God. It

is such thoughts as these, also, that give us courage to answer the question we only dared to ask before. For in very truth *this* is the purpose of life; and this is the long-sought purpose of Art.

With this thought in view one can afford to smile at the talk sometimes heard nowadays of the death of the imagination and the decadence of Art,—knowing that the Spirit of the Universe is infinite and that its nature is to give. “The burden of the bibles old” has not yet ceased to roll out of the heart of nature; and likewise the great epic poem is still to be written. We, to-day, have a vision of a universe, beside which the psalmist’s was a child’s globe. We have seen, with the eye of the spirit, “the process of the suns”; seen the blazing planets whirling through eternity; seen the carving of mountains and the spreading of the seas, the dawning of life and the birth of the soul, the pageant of history and the march of mind. We have gazed into the future and dreamed of the ages when the spirit shall rule, when the veil that hides the Deity shall be rent away and all things shall be One.

We give this vision to the Coming Artist for his theme. We bid him to write the Hymn of Humanity and sing it to the Music of the Spheres.

UPTON B. SINCLAIR, JR.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws, so far as we can read them, and either succeed and promote our welfare or fail and bring confusion and disaster, according as the legislator’s insight has detected the true principle or has been distorted by ignorance or selfishness.—*Froude*.

The soul contains the event that shall befall it.—*Emerson*.

AN APPEAL TO WOMANHOOD.

Up from the marshes and the fens, from the salt marshes and the bayous, from the rice fields and the swamps, from the woodland and the pastures, from the clearing and the coppice, comes the plaint of the feathered martyrs—the martyrs whose woes are all but unrecorded, whose sufferings are almost unheard, who die innocent of all but beauty.

The little ones, the frail ones, the spirits of the air, appeal to the women, to whatsoever in them is womanly, to whatsoever in them is motherly, to all gentleness, to all tenderness—to all that is human, to all that is divine; beseeching that they may live in peace and be unmolested; imploring pity! imploring mercy! imploring justice! We serve you and you spurn us; we cheer you and you deny us; we love you and you kill us. You who profess a religion that is based on love, is there in your hearts, then, no love for us? You who ask favors of Him who made us all, will you not grant us, then, our lives? You who love, you who suffer, can you not feel for us who do the same? You who bring forth children, cherish them, work for them, is it nothing that we, too, make our homes and tenderly care for our little ones? When you bend beneath the burden of some fresh sorrow, then think of us who suffer at your hands. When you are elated with some new joy and would express your gratitude, then say a word for us. You who have but loving tenderness for your husbands and your brothers, remember us, your *little* brothers.

We see you upon the streets and in the churches; we see you praying for the dying; and upon your hats we see the corpses of our children and our parents. Long have you been insensible to us; now listen to the Truth. We are the messengers of peace and the symbols of the spirit. Whenever you sacrifice us you sacrifice your nobleness to your vanity; whenever you deny us freedom you thereby enslave yourselves. For the cruelty you show us you suffer the tyranny of your unconquered selves; for your thoughtlessness towards us, you remain unthinking to your own best interests; for our prof-

ferred love which you reject you shall one day pray in sorrow. You have been deaf to our plea, but you must hear us; we are calling—ever calling to you, to awaken from your dream; we exhort you to be true to what is best within you, true to what is merciful and what is just, true to what is womanly and what is noble.

The Intelligence that is around and within us inspires us to speak the truth to you, to tell you that without Love there can be no true art; for that which does not spring from love is not art, but gross deformity. If we are beautiful it is because of the Spirit of Life which animates us; and when you sever that thread, there is naught left to you of beauty but only the deserted temple, the token of your desecration. When you would decorate yourselves with the bodies of your victims you revert to what is barbarous, you become as the untutored savage with his crude and horrid ornaments. The clothes bespeak the woman and her degree of cultivation; we would have you stand for culture and what is refined in art and life; we would have you dress as becomes the mothers of a noble race.

We look to you for the courage of right convictions to defy an ignoble fashion and express simplicity and truth in dress—to stand for us the oppressed, the hunted children of the air. And we would have you impress upon your children how noble a thing is love, how grand a thing it is to be kind to all that lives.

Thus do we speak in mournful yet trusting accents to the loving hearts of all true women, asking that we be kept no longer without the pale of your ethics and religion, asking that in your hearts you make a place for us—your little brothers.

STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

Thou hast received the maxims by which it behooves thee to live; and dost thou live by them? What teacher dost thou still look for to whom to hand over the task of thy correction?—*Epictetus*.

Wisdom is not created by man; it must come to him, and cannot be purchased for money nor coaxed with promises, but it comes to those whose minds are pure and whose hearts are open to receive it.—*Paracelsus*.

THE DIFFERENT PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

(*Concluded.*)*

Now let us turn to our second conclusion, which is, in substance, that the universe of matter represents the exterior, the outer aspect, of a universe of *mind*; that body and mind are only two views of the Ultimate Reality; that all matter—body—is mind interpreted outwardly, symbolically. As we have previously observed, every outside, or exterior, must have a corresponding interior; and *vice versa*. But the inside and the outside of things are known in very different ways; so different, in fact, do they appear, that few people associate the two.

They recognize a world that is all exterior, and another that is all interior, without attempting to account for this duality. Thought seems to be excluded from an objective world, and matter from a subjective one. From a materialistic standpoint the essential nature of the outer is unknowable; only the inner can be known. We know with axiomatic certainty that whatever we conceive to be inner, *e. g.*, thought, emotion, must be capable of some sort of outward representation. What, then, is the appearance of emotion, when we contemplate it symbolically, outwardly, objectively?

A literal definition of emotion is "moving out"; this is well calculated to suggest the way in which emotion must appear in any conception of things as outer. The experience of emotion is one of arousing, stirring into activity of forces previously in a state of apparent repose. How would such activity appear, if extended in a spatial world? According to the psychic conception, you are susceptible of mental emotion; according to the material conception, you are capable of bodily motion or vibration. You wish to suggest a thought to some friend who, after the materialistic fashion, you imagine to be many miles distant. Yet you regard yourself, the thinker, as psychic, and your friend, the recipient of thought, as psychic, too. In this instance, communication appears to be established between

*Continued from Page 467.

two bodies separated in space; also (another aspect of the same occurrence), between two thinkers, psychic personalities, non-extensive, into whose relations the factor of space cannot possibly enter. The first picture is evidently incomplete, we miss something; a medium of communication is lacking. Surely some phenomenon imperceptible to the senses must be assumed to supply the deficiency. We have already referred to the fact that an omnipresent ether occupies all space, and that it is in a state of ceaseless vibration. Here, then, we discover a link connecting the two bodies between which communication is supposed to be established. Both pictures are now complete. According to the outer conception, some sort of an elastic medium, capable of transmitting vibration from brain to brain, is a necessary factor in the operation. According to the inner conception motion is impossible; for no such element as distance is recognizable.

By this time it must be tolerably evident that the doctrine of the influence of mind upon matter owes its origin to comparisons of phenomena which are wholly misleading. Man is neither material body plus a mind, nor mind plus a material body. For a long time science has labored to find the basic principle of life in electricity, or some other material force. Scalpel and crucible have been called into service, in vain efforts to discover a mind-substance in a material body; but always with the same result that attended our scrutiny of the rosebud in search of the inside we know it must have. *Thought is not vibration*; nor does it *cause* vibration, any more than the inside of a circle *causes* its outside. Vibration is the most comprehensible term we can find to denote the equivalent of thought in an outer, spatial order of things—in other words, its *symbol*.

We may mingle the inner and outer conceptions, and so bring about endless confusion of thought; but, to be entirely consistent, we must abide either by the one or the other view-point, in dealing with any particular phenomenon, regarding everything either as material or as mental.

We may then roughly define motion as the *external aspect* of emotion. Now, let us extend our observations a little further. Many people are skeptical regarding astrological influences; they do not

understand how the heavenly bodies, which, according to their interpretation of things, are material, can exert influences over the mental states of human beings on the earth, or determine conditions affecting them. But if man is to be treated as psychic, so also must be treated the heavenly orbs, and everything else we take into account in this connection, if we are to reach any logical conclusion.

In the psychic universe (i. e., the universe interpreted as mind) each atom, planet, human being, or other individual centre of mental activity, of whatever description, is capable of exerting, consciously or subconsciously, influences, varying in degree and quality, over other individuals. Such physical phenomena as growth and digestion are outward correspondences of certain phases of mental activity, subconscious processes of thought; the adjustment of emotional and volitional relations between one's self and certain individual intelligences of the atomic order, vastly inferior to the human type, to be sure, yet representing some degree of unfoldment. Subconsciously we establish more or less definite relations with representatives of this lower order of life, building them into variously related communities which constitute our bodies; and, in turn, in variously combined capacities, they exert potent influences over our own moods or mental states, whenever we assume the attitude of receptivity to their suggestions. For this reason we experience pain, sickness and like emotions, or suffer agony from poison. In the latter instance the intensely antagonistic psychic qualities proceeding from certain definite atomic combinations offer a suggestion too potent for our thought to withstand, so that, under ordinary conditions, it yields to their spell.

Moreover, as we exert a certain amount of control over the atomic intelligences which constitute our psychic bodies, we are also in like manner more or less susceptible to the influence of intelligences of a superior order, represented by the heavenly bodies. Everything we recognize outwardly, from atom to solar system, symbolizes something of interior significance; it expresses certain phases of mind. The conception of a Universal Body, matter, implies another conception, a Universal Mind. Scientists tell us that thought is attended by definite activity among the particles of the brain; so that some students have been led to the conclusion

that thought is a product of brain-activity, an emanation from the body; others, that brain-activity is the result of thought, thus, in either case, regarding the one as *dependent* on the other, instead of seeing in them *parallel* exhibitions of the same activity, the apparent distinctions being due to different methods of perception. If the psychic activity we know as emotion be interpreted outwardly as motion, vibration, then, conversely, the objective phenomena of motion, the spectacle of bodies or forces moving in space, must be interpreted inwardly, subjectively, psychically, as emotion, thought, mental activity.

As already noted, size has no absolute value; so that it makes little difference, in this regard, whether the active bodies we observe be atoms or worlds, for what is true of one class must be true of all classes. Therefore we are bound to consider the orderly movements of the planets in their orbits, and the solar systems among themselves, as facts of the deepest psychic significance. They point to the existence of a higher intelligence, beyond our comprehension. Nevertheless, may we not obtain some faint suggestion of their meaning and intent? What are our sentiments, thoughts, emotions, while gazing upward into space on a clear night, and beholding countless myriads of heavenly bodies circling through that limitless expanse, extending far beyond the range of our insignificant vision? May we not catch a glimpse of the sublime thought of a mind vastly greater than our own?

Pantheism, nature-worship and the ancient mythologies, all represent half-truths quite as important, perhaps, if not so logical, as the more modern half-truths of blind materialism, which seeks to reduce the universe to the level of a mere mechanism, and man to the rank of a material body, so constituted that, when wound up, it may be expected to run, under favorable conditions, for three score and ten years.

Investigators of natural phenomena inform us of the existence of a world of intensely active ether-waves, extending far beyond the range of our powers of perception. Tesla says: "Ere long intelligence transmitted without wires will throb through the earth like a pulse through a living organism. The wonder is that, with the

present state of knowledge and the experience gained, no attempt is being made to disturb the electrostatic and magnetic currents of the earth, and transmit, if nothing else, intelligence."

And Professor Hering,* referring to this declaration of Tesla, remarks: "It is probable that this wonder will give place to still greater, at no distant period, by reason of successful attempts of just the kind here mentioned.

Professor Crookes says:† "Up to the present time we have been acquainted with only a very narrow range of ethereal vibrations—from extreme red on one side to ultra-violet on the other. Within this comparatively limited range of ethereal vibrations, and equally narrow range of sound vibrations, we have been hitherto limited to receive and communicate all knowledge which we share with other rational beings. Whether vibrations of the ether slower than those which affect us as light may not be constantly at work around us, we have until lately never seriously inquired. But the researches of Lodge in England and of Hertz in Germany give us an almost infinite range of ethereal vibrations, or electrical rays, from wavelengths of thousands of miles down to a few feet. Here is unfolded to us a new and astonishing universe, one which it is hard to conceive should be powerless to transmit and impart intelligence."

The whole material universe is the bodily aspect of something vital and intelligent. This limitless world of ethereal vibrations represents the outward manifestation of thought, mental activity.

What are the ethereal vibrations we perceive as light, heat, electricity and sound, but thoughts translated into symbols, hieroglyphics, forms comprehensible in an outer conception of things? We even speak of the light of truth and the warmth of love. Are not such expressions suggestive of an inner significance attributable to material phenomena? As all material bodies are now considered, by many authorities in scientific matters, to be formed from the universal ether, in which they "live and move and have their being," so all finite lives, all finite mentalities, have a basis on an infinite life, a universal intelligence, which lives in them, and they in it.

* *Popular Science Monthly*, Nov., 1894.

† *Ibid*, Feb., 1892.

Science and Philosophy, on the one and the other hand, are fast closing the gap which has so long yawned between the apparently distinct worlds of Mind and Matter, and are making it increasingly evident that they are simply subjective and objective views, polar aspects, of one and the same Ultimate Reality. The investigations of Lord Kelvin, Tesla, Professor Dolbear and many other equally noted authorities, give hints which point to a final solution of the riddle of the sphinx of matter at no distant day. Professor Dolbear says:* “The study of molecular science is steadily making us aware that that which we call matter is something very different in its nature from what men have formerly thought. It has generally been assumed that matter is dead, inert, and made of nothing, whereas it turns out to have a basis on something which we call ether, the properties of which are so radically different from those of matter as exhibited in physical phenomena, that no conclusion as to its possibilities can be drawn except as they are manifested in the attributes of matter. The so-called laws of nature represent only a portion of the laws of matter. The latter are called mechanical, and phenomena of that class are all subservient to what are called mechanical laws. The atoms of matter appear to be manufactured articles, and therefore have a substratum; as they possess energy, energy must have been in existence prior to the existence of the first atom. And as the mechanical activities such as physical science at present has to do with, show to us the utter impossibility of constructing a single one, it leaves us with the persuasion that the energy in existence before matter was not of the mechanical kind. For that kind is what we have to deal with at present. Choice is exhibited in such disposition of the energy as is displayed in the creation of matter.

The conclusion is seemingly as necessary as any reached in physical Science—indeed, it has the same cogency as that which has resulted in the nebular theory of the whole visible universe. Physical science, then, so far gives us a direct contribution to the subject of theism, pronouncing distinctly in favor of a creator, as Christianity has so long assumed, but has not yet been able to prove in a satisfactory way.”

* In a paper read at a philosophical conference, Tufts College, Nov. 10, 1897.

But, after all, even the psychic interpretation of life is unsatisfying. Every one, in his inmost nature, longs for *freedom*, and absolute freedom cannot possibly be realized in a psychic order—one in which a multitude of individuals are striving among themselves for supremacy. Bondage, servility, subordination, in greater or less degrees, are the lot of all such beings. If absolute freedom is ever to be gained, it must be on a plane superior even to the psychic.

Freedom is entirely excluded from the mechanical conception; in the physical conception it is subordinated to the operation of definite law-governed processes; in the psychic conception the superiority of self over fixed conditions begins to be evident; and on the spiritual plane we appreciate the *absolute freedom of Self*, and its triumph over all outer semblance of reality, such as force, necessity, law. We are made aware of the essential nature of law (i. e., compulsion, restraint, prohibition) only when we get out of tune with our Deeper Self. Law, in the conditioning sense, is unknown on the spiritual plane, for harmony and consistency are spontaneous, and do not result from compulsion. Law is not, therefore, destroyed, but *fulfilled*. Law and freedom are the polar opposites of experience; each excludes the other. We seem bound by law, until released from the thought of restraint by Spiritual Consciousness, for law only retains its supremacy over those who hold conceptions into which it enters, and of which it forms a part. We are taught by it to know our Deeper Self, and thereby to realize our essential freedom. The attainment of complete self-consciousness gives perfect freedom. No being can be absolutely free and still be subject to law. Realization of an absolute standard of selfhood, conscious oneness with our Deeper Self, and so with the Infinite, insures to the individual perfect freedom. The idea of law is derived from a conception of Reality essentially external. The degree to which we recognize the supremacy of law, then, indicates the incompleteness or insufficiency of our realization of our deeper selfhood. The assumption that external, absolutely immutable laws do in reality exist, denotes a deficiency or inadequacy in our conception of our essential nature. While we recognize the supremacy of law we cannot realize our potential freedom; when we gain this freedom we cease to be subject to law. This does not imply that we

will then act in a lawless or irrational manner, but quite the contrary. In our essential nature we are eternally free, spontaneous, self-choosing; and, by reason of this freedom, we will choose to act consistently, rationally, harmoniously, divinely. It is only through finite misconception that we are led to act irrationally, inharmoniously. A revelation of the true self within awakens an intense desire to realize its essential divinity—to bring it into manifestation. “The truth shall make you free.”

How can we realize this absolute freedom? Are these sayings of Jesus anything more than flourishes of rhetoric or beautiful sentiments? The historical narrative of the New Testament substantiates the claim of every one affirming the essential inwardness of Reality. It is the mission of modern Metaphysics to reestablish the doctrine of Jesus, that the “kingdom of heaven is within”; God is within; Reality is within. Every one who is conscious of this fact stands on the threshold of a limitless world of realization in which absolute freedom and harmony are assured. The inner life is like a “well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

The greatest seers of all ages have been conscious of a world of Spiritual Reality. Rising above all finite planes they have peered into the timeless, spaceless realm of the Infinite. No scheme of philosophy can comprehend the life of the Spirit, for it transcends all rational explanation. Philosophy can only suggest a real world; but beyond every suggestion lies Reality itself.

No doubt a feeling of apprehensiveness arises in some minds, lest any view which recognizes the essential inwardness of Reality shall deprive man of his outer world, a world that has been to him a source of endless delight and satisfaction. If reality lies within, must not our world of nature, art, music, society, with all their beauty, charm, inspiration and incentive, ultimately disappear, leaving the soul alone with itself in passive contemplation? This difficulty arises from a misapprehension regarding the deeper significance of the terms “inner” and “outer”. To the absolute vision there are no distinctions of inner and outer, self and non-self; subject and object are one; life is a unit.

Inner and outer are relative terms, denoting attitudes of, the

thinker. *Reality itself* is neither outer nor inner. It only appears to us thus. It seems inward when we approach or contemplate it through conceptions which are characteristically external, symbolical, materialistic. The centre of a globe seems inner while we perceive it from the outside, but, if we assume the central standpoint, it ceases to have any such significance; so we see that its inward aspect is due to our attitude of thought. Therefore when we know Reality itself, all relative distinctions are null; they have no value for us. No beauty, no truth, no good can be destroyed. The child clings to his bright pictures because he thinks they are beautiful. But real beauty is of the soul of things, not of their bodies, of the spiritual, not of the material order. So, as the child grows older, he finds beauty in nature, art, music, and that, too, in greatly enhanced values.

“ All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.”

Browning's "Abt Vogler."

All the glory and majesty of our outer world shall live for us; only the forms in which we conceive it shall change. But we shall not distinguish it as external (i. e., apart from our own life). The outer vision is a self-revelation.

It would interest us intensely to know how the vegetation and inhabitants of Mars look; but the real value of such discoveries lies, not in the enlargement of our encyclopedic knowledge of facts, but in the enlarged conception they give us of our own nature, of our larger, deeper Self.

For, could we obtain the most accurate information regarding every fact of nature, which now seems to lie within the scope of our ability of comprehension, we would even then seem farther than ever from any ultimate limit to the world of facts. Facts seem to multiply forever, with the extension of our perceptive powers, as the horizon and the rainbow recede when one advances toward them. An infinite outer world seems to us real because of an infinite inner world we have not yet realized; but as we realize it, we cease to recognize those distinctions. The Self is “all and in all.” The ideal outer is

only an illusion in so far as we conceive it to be foreign to us, sun-
dered from the life we know inwardly. As one realizes a deeper self-
consciousness, the general aspect and significance of phenomena
change, and the outer display of things becomes a revelation, as in a
mirror, of the eternal life of the Spirit. On the spiritual plane life
blends into a perfect whole. The highest individuality arises from
diversity of expression in One Being. Jesus said: "Abide in me, and
I in you." The most exalted individual freedom and efficiency are
consonant with the absolute unity of life. Paul declared: "We are
all members of one body." The vital union of the hand or eye with
the whole body is essential to its highest specialization. Each gains
freedom through this union. The will of the hand or eye is then
identical with the will of the larger individual. We gain instead of
losing individuality by coming into conscious oneness with the
Supreme Life. We surrender nothing but the impediments to true
individuality, that our freedom and efficiency may be increased an
hundredfold.

On the spiritual plane one lives because one chooses to live, and as
one chooses to live. One feels no compulsion, no restriction. One
knows nothing of law. Life is spontaneous, therefore above law.
The truly great artist paints because he chooses to paint, regardless
of stress of circumstances. He selects his subjects because he
delights in them. But, it will be asked, "Is it not true that any great
artist, musician, thinker, or other creator, must have submitted to
thorough technical training, to be able to accomplish satisfactory
results? Is it not essential that every great composer shall know the
laws of harmony? And is he not forever limited as to expression by
those laws?" "The law," Paul said, referring to the Hebrew cere-
monial and ethical code, "is our schoolmaster." The young student
learns of laws and rules that he may be better able to arrive at a
point where he can appreciate the principle underlying his art, and
after that is once for all apprehended, he discards rules and forgets
laws. When he fully comprehends the principle, he is free; for the
principle that underlies all expression is of his own selfsame, deeper
nature, and so, in the deepest sense, self-ordained. As free creator,
on the spiritual plane, he would not change it; he delights in it. It

is one with the universal life principle, and from it his finite thought and his finite composition spring. Only as the artist's thought descends from the spiritual plane to the planes of interpretation below, is he conscious of limitations; while it is absorbed in the pure idea he is free. The choice of colors, their disposal on the canvas, and every detail of execution, is carried out in conformity to the Spiritual Idea.

Were we to utterly discard all conceptions and interpretation, sources of finite limitation and imperfection, and to fully grasp the Spiritual Reality, we would then be, like Jesus, "one with the Father," "co-workers with God." Then heaven's order would appear in its true light, as the expression of freedom, not law. Only from a finite standpoint, looking up to it from beneath, is "order heaven's first *law*." The so-called laws of nature are a revelation to us of our Deeper Self, the manner in which the Infinite in us is manifested through the finite. They are like the laws of harmony, by which the student becomes acquainted with his inner, musical nature; laws that serve to reveal to him his own essential nature, musically expressed. They exist for him in this capacity only while he is mastering them. They serve to expose his ignorance of the spirit of music, which is latent within him. They are like the reed upon which the maturing dragon-fly crawls from the sub-aquatic home in which its earlier stages have been spent, upward into the air and light of a larger world—a world in which its life as an adult insect is to be passed henceforth in freedom. As it spreads its wings and soars aloft above the pool in which it has undergone its earlier metamorphoses, it no longer recognizes the reed which erstwhile served as a guide, pointing it to the upper world in which its destiny is to be fulfilled. The composer who has grasped the principle of his art, or better, who has realized something of the Eternal Spiritual Principle through his art, is henceforth free to express his inner nature in that art. He, and he only, is entitled to so create that those who observe his work from the interpretative planes find what appear to them discordant notes. But the appreciative listener, who hears the music on the plane of the composer, finds nothing discordant in it. The most sublime music often abounds in dissonances,

violations of the technical laws of harmony laid down by those who observe effects in their individual aspect.

In like manner Jesus transgressed or transcended both ethical and natural laws—according to the *conventional interpretation* of those who witnessed the manifestation of his life of spiritual freedom. But no such laws existed for him, any more than laws of harmony exist for the composer whose immortal music is the untrammelled expression of Spiritual Reality. With him, disease was an absurdity of the physical dream. He saw no hostile or obstructive forces in nature, for he knew Spiritual Principle to be the ultimate source of all expression.

A great composer is conscious of music as an Idea, an Inspiration. He creates with absolute freedom and spontaneity, beyond the pale of law or restriction. The altogether uninitiated listener, hearing the music played, is impressed by the mere phenomena of sounds as they appeal to his sense of hearing. They represent to him combinations of dynamic effects, agreeable or disagreeable; that is the way he interprets the composer's inspiration; it is entirely mechanical. But the listener who is somewhat accustomed to observing tonal distinctions and has acquired some understanding of the ordinary relations of tone intervals, is impressed by the technical value of the composition. His interpretation is of an essentially physical character.

A more appreciative listener is impressed by certain sentimental or emotional tendencies he finds embodied in the music, something beneath the phenomena; its measures express, for him, feelings of sympathy or distress, joy or sadness, intensity of passion or passivity of repose. It seems at one time tragic, at another comic in its import; and so it goes on until the end, bearing the listener along upon its rising and falling tide of emotion. His thought is lost in the current of the music, mingling in the successive moods it depicts. His interpretation of the composer's inspiration is psychic. But the spiritually appreciative listener rises above and beyond all these relative, fettered, unsatisfying spheres of interpretation, to the region of Pure Ideality, in which the composer gained his insight, and enjoys, with him, the boundless consciousness of an Infinite Reality,

of which all interpretations must be, at best, faintly suggestive. He does not consciously analyze or discriminate; he only appreciates, absorbs, realizes the eternal principle, by merging his own finitude in the Infinite Life.

On the spiritual plane we are conscious of Immortality. It can no more be proven by argument than can the fact of consciousness itself. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." Reason can only suggest (according to the rule of the psychic plane of interpretation) the existence of Absolute Reality, for reason, being of the psychic order, is not free. We realize Immortality by recognizing the Absolute Principle within as the source of life; by being conscious of our deeper selfhood.

This consciousness transcends time, space and all conditions imposed by finite interpretations. Jesus said: "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again."

One may fancy one's self fixed in a certain position in life, a creature of fate, subordinated to circumstances, and may contemplate one's self in this situation, as one would a statue placed in a corner, where it must stand until some one shall remove it to a more desirable position. This mechanical fatalistic interpretation of selfhood is by no means rare. So long as one remains inert, half paralyzed with fear, overawed by the display of outer forces that seem to hold one at bay, as a grim, savage monster would torture an innocent victim, one can hardly expect to realize freedom, in any true sense.

If one interprets Reality as essentially psychic, one can realize only such partial freedom as is compatible with a scheme in which contrary forces are represented as contending for supremacy. In such a world one seems to stand in the midst of powers of both higher and lower orders, and to be subject to disease, pain, death, often longing for deliverance which can never be permanent. But absolute freedom is attainable through spiritual consciousness, the key that unlocks the world of Reality. When we open our eyes interiorly, we behold this boundless, marvelous world of the Spirit. "He that hath eyes to see, let him see." To one who has lived long among nightmares and imaginary foes of the lower, the interpretative planes, combating hostile forces after the manner of Don Quixote

contending with the windmill giants, the vision of a Spiritual Reality "so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err" concerning its nature, seems mythical, chimerical and absurd. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter the kingdom of heaven." The thought of a Spiritual Reality is "foolishness to the natural man." Paul speaks of a natural and spiritual man. Physical birth is our awakening to the conception of the world as physical. Spiritual birth, so perplexing to the learned Nicodemus, and utterly incomprehensible to every one who adheres to a materialistic conception of Reality, is our awakening to a knowledge of Reality as spiritual. The Pharisees declared that Jesus had "a devil." Even Philip said: "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." In like manner to-day most people try to include spirit within materialistic, or at best, psychic conceptions. Their conceptions are therefore of a mixed kind, being neither purely material nor purely spiritual. Hence their perplexity in trying to solve the problem of a spiritual Reality. "How can these things be?" said Nicodemus.

We have been led by tradition and education to believe that the power exercised by Jesus was of an essentially different order from that resident in humanity at the present day. But he said: "I can do nothing of myself"; i. e., his power did not proceed from the individual source recognized in the disciples' finite, psychic interpretation. His consciousness was entirely and consistently of the spiritual sort.

We fail to realize his power because our conceptions of what is real are mixed and confused. We do not live continually on the plane of Spiritual Consciousness, therefore we are unable to do his works. Our visions of Spiritual Reality are fragmentary and transient, not permanent. The early disciples realized the Spiritual Consciousness to a marvelous degree.

One cannot imagine a more individual character than Jesus the carpenter; yet it was not he, with whose personality we are so familiar in history, who wrought signs and wonders, but the Infinite Father manifested *through* him. The essence of true individuality is not finite selfishness; that is only a narrow type of individual expression.

Genius is usually attended by marked attributes of individuality; yet genius is nothing more than a superior manifestation of the Spirit, and such manifestations are realized through complete abnegation of lower standards of selfhood.

When we *assume* the Ideal, lay hold on it, we find it to be, after all, the Real. "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." "According to thy faith be it unto thee."

And so we stop here, on the threshold of the Spiritual Realm of Absolute Reality and Freedom. Within its borders there is no place for interpretation; all is knowledge, peace, perfection, beauty, truth and goodness. And all who will may enter.

FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

REINCARNATE, OR NO?

I lie and dream, and watch the sea,
Its too elusive melody

Unsung. I know

No trembling, thrilling, minor key
Can breathe that solemn harmony,
As blow on blow

The crested billows lash the beach—
Climb up the sands with eager reach
And break. And yet—

I seek the secret of its speech,
Grasp at the thought that it would teach—
And then—forget!

A bit of mist-wreath'd, salt-spray'd land—
A shimmering, moonlit, silver strand
Where white waves beat;
And out—far out—a glimm'ring band
Seems, wrapped in foam on every hand,
To lap the feet

Of some new realm. The homesick soul,
Responsive, snatches from the bowl
Of its known joys—
All lustrous, bright, the golden toll
Of fairer dreams. Life's petty dole
And its alloys

Fade out. There, on some fringe of time,
Illumined thoughts slip through the rime
Of years long dead,
And trail their echoes in a chime
Of light and glory from a clime
Where once were shed

Life's sunny smiles. Or—so it seems,
For who shall say if real or dreams
The thoughts that come
At such an hour? I reach for beams
Of light so near, their mellow gleams
Seem lights of home—

But mem'ries, like the sand-cliffs, break—
And thoughts, like sea-grass wave and shake
Upon the verge
Of the Unknown. We cannot make
The great sea's secret ours, or take
From out the surge

The whispered hint of what we were
In days long dead. Vague fancies stir
And die away.

Not one may look before, nor yet deter
The morrow. Tombs are but the burr,
All rough and gray

That must be opened, ere can we
Know *what* we were, or yet may be—
But from each tomb,
And from the murmur of the sea,

So slumbrous, tireless, and so free,
 Up through life's gloom,
 Will swell the song we hear to-day,
 And would interpret, yet none may.
 If we forget—
 God's will be done, for who shall say
 It is not better so? Each day we chafe and fret
 Like children, for the stars He set
 Beyond our reach. And, if we met,
 Full face to face
 Old joys of old dead days that yet
 Were ours, how could we let
 Their fuller grace
 Slip by? I dream and watch the sea
 With thankful heart, though hid from me
 Its song. I know
 Not whence I am. O, Father, free—
 It is enough that I may be
 Where Thou sayest "Go!"

KATHARINE B. HUSTON.

Humanity resembles a field of wheat, in which each individual represents a plant attempting to grow higher than the others and to bear more abundant fruit; but there are few who desire to be nothing themselves, so that God may take full possession of them, and be all in and through them.—*Paracelsus*.

Useful also is evil as a scourge that drives us to good. For as evil is discordance with the evolving forces of the Divine Life in manifestation, it must result in pain; Pain verily is discordant vibration. Therefore evil inevitably brings suffering as a result, not by an arbitrary penalty, but by inherent necessity. And suffering gives rise to a feeling of repulsion toward the cause of suffering, and so drives man away from the side of nature which inharmoniously and tumultuously is plunging into disintegration, and carrying with it the personalities who elect to identify themselves therewith.—*Annie Besant*.

INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION.

(Concluded.)

If the Ancients claimed that a human individual soul was the direct emanation, out of the animal life or consciousness, with nothing added from above and awakened within; if evolution were thus reduced to mere correlation and conservation of inner forces, the theory would be only an etherealized materialism. On the contrary, they claim a Divine Source, for all manifestations, an inpouring from the spiritual realm. That which we call a human soul is a distinct birth from above and within, a free gift both of human faculties and human form. All forms are patterns in the Divine Mind of Intelligence. The human form is not an evolution of the animal form, but a divine image impressed upon the animal substance and consciousness, resulting in the human Being. Something is added from above and a vast gulf is bridged by the Divine Involution. Animal Consciousness gives place to man's dual consciousness or self-consciousness, with all its wondrous powers of knowing, loving and "willing."

This vast gulf illustrates in large, the Divine Immanence in small, which unceasingly pours itself into all centres of consciousness in Nature, raising and drawing that which is below ever higher and higher. So to the mechanical correlations and conservation of Forces, is added this inner view; Divine gifts, Divine awakenings, the secret mysterious cause of evolution. At every step in the long journey of awakening, in the lower kingdoms, has the "Oversoul" revealed more and more of himself in increasing degrees of life, knowledge of law and love. Evolution alone does not account for the birth of the human being; Evolution and Involution do. Evolution alone does not account for the gaps between kingdoms in Nature. Evolution and Involution do. Evolution alone does not account for the forms, that lives build. Evolution and Involution do. All forms are patterns in the mind of the Logos and not produced by physical evolution. It is because of Involution, that we see a ceaseless inpouring, a continuous supply of simple and elemental organisms.

It is because of Involution, that mineral life can awake to plant

life, that plant life can move into animal life, that animal life can live, grow, move, feel and be raised to human self-consciousness, with free will and its many new awakenings of inner psychic life. These steps or births, from life to life and form to form, are possible because in each case, there has developed a consciousness capable of receiving from the Divine a new revelation,—thereby awakening a new degree of consciousness. One more potentiality awakes to actuality, and hence more consciousness. Each new phase of consciousness within, expresses itself in new forces, properties, powers or faculties in the without, in new forms and activities. From One Divine Source, One Common Centre of Life, do all these powers proceed, varying in manifestation according as they act on physical, astral (plane of sensations), mental, psychic or spiritual substances, through the centres of being or lives of creatures dwelling on one or all of these planes of consciousness. Man alone can learn to dwell on all, as he learns to receive the vibrations of each, by higher and higher thoughts and motives. Ceaseless knowledge will be revealed to man from the One Intelligence, The Logos, as he evolves the inner consciousness to receive. This is revelation, imitation, and thereby is man destined to learn all truth. This is a law of Divine Alchemy, taking place ceaselessly in the centre of each life and form, because of the One Life brooding over and dwelling in all. It is that of transformation, expansion and progress, three aspects in one law. It is beautifully illustrated by the plant-chemistry and Sunlight. It is only in the sunlight, that mineral substance drawn up through the roots, can be transformed into plant life, producing the green chlorophyl. This is the outer view.

The plant has reached the stage in which its life can respond to one more degree of life or consciousness, and something new, a revelation comes to it through the sunshine. This is the inner view. The subtle warning power in the light awakens new sentiency, feelings, or phases of consciousness. This inner differentiation, new activity or higher, more sensitive rate of vibration, produces in the form what we know as green cells—chlorophyl. The inner transformation, initiation into a new field of consciousness is an expansion, whose increased rate and amount of vibrations, result in progress. The same sun shines in rocks but gets no response there to produce

plant life. It receives its own from the vital forces in the sun, but its consciousness has not reached that degree of activity, that high rate of vibration, which can accord with and respond to the higher life which is pervading the sunshine for the plant. The two elements are necessary. The below must be able to receive the next above into its consciousness, for evolution to proceed in orderly fashion. Each life can only take the logical step, for the essence of progression is continuity. Every awakening of Divine Involution or potentialities must combine the conscious soil for the reception of, and response to, the new property or activity. Two elements are necessary for the birth of the human soul, the animal consciousness and the spark of the Divine Self.

Where the modern evolutionist makes his mistake is, in supposing that any vegetable, animal, or human consciousness is born into vegetable, animal, or human forms for the first time it ever took birth or the last time it ever will; that this life within any form, of whatever stage of evolution, is something created of nothing at birth, for its first and last life on earth. His own evidence contradicts and disproves the statement. "From chemical action is born plant life; from plant life, animal sentiency, emotion, memory and reason; from these, rational life, and we hope immortal life."* How can scientists ignore the fact that past evolution of each phase of life is the guarantee of future evolutions that each phase of conscious powers and activities is conservation of past lives, built from substance of past development of consciousness, as is each form built from physical substance? When scientists see the gradual evolution of inner life from kingdom to kingdom, they overlook the fact that this view of invisible Nature, forces upon them the necessity of a past development for the active powers in any form; of past lives in past forms, as the means of evolving present lives in present forms. The inner life or consciousness is born from heredity of past lives the same as the body is born from heredity of past bodies or ancestors. The law of Continuity, which enables scientists to read in the genus of any intermediate type, the future possibilities in the highest example of that type, is an unbroken law of past as well as

* ("Evolution," Joseph Le Conte.)

future. Why should scientists begin in the middle at either plant, animal, or rational life, picture out the future and refuse to recognize the necessity for the past? Evolution, or the law of Continuity in Progression, without middle, beginning or ending, is false, unless both future and past are included in the present. Because of the past is the present possible and the future certain. Every life is born in its appropriate form where it left off in the past life. It is the internal stage of evolution or state of consciousness that decides whether that being is born as a plant, animal or man. The internal view is the cause and substance of the outer. The Being evolves through repeated forms, building through lower kingdoms into higher Evolution, which does not acknowledge increase of powers of life in past forms, as the only possible avenue of birth into present forms, is a *reductio ad absurdum* and presents not the slightest hope of future evolution with consciousness. Evolution, or the expansion of the powers and consciousness of an inner being, through experiences in repeated incarnations, thus climbing the ladder of life in form after form, is the only theory of Evolution worthy the name.

Evolution has no meaning without Reincarnation, except to the antiquated materialist who believes that the brain secretes a soul or mind and that death of the body ends conscious existence. He alone is consistent in the belief that each life inherits its sentient, mental and moral powers through physical particles, and that evolution thus proceeds through physical heredity. The modern up-to-date scientists know that powers of sensation and intelligence appear by a law of growth. When they see in the conscious principle in animals, a development of the lower phases of life-force, that in turn the sentient and vital forces are derived from the chemical and vegetal activities of nature, they ignore the fact that any conscious being, born into the present, is bringing its powers and faculties over from a past and that past acquirement is the cause of the present innate powers of perception.

Thus the ancient theory is more sensible, in that it sees the evolution of this consciousness, from life to life, the cause of form-building. The internal view is the slide which throws the picture on the outer screen. Species die out, because there are no longer any inner beings

who need that special form. Inner beings have grown beyond them and the forms disappear. The clumsy, burdensome forms of early ages of the animal races have disappeared because the inner beings have increased powers of agility, grace, and intelligence in their many lives in many forms. This is shown in forms of our finely and delicately organized smaller animals of to-day—especially in the domestic ones.

This inner view is the true cause of sterility in the species and races of men also. The need for the individual life, or a soul of man, is the primary cause of birth, and as each organism must exactly fit each inner stage of evolution, there are found phases of “selections,” natural, physiological, sexual, etc. It is Nature’s method of finding the law of affinity or repulsion, the right birth for her beings. There are souls or individuals who are drawn to and can take birth only through certain parents; on the other hand, there are no beings or souls who are attracted by, or need certain parents for birth. Hence some species, individuals or races are sterile and dying out.

And this brings us to the second vital difference between the ancient and modern theories of evolution, namely, the view of the individual. That which Moderns generalize into law, form into their collection of facts, and apply to whole species, kingdoms and races, Ancients apply as a universal law to the development of each separate life, in each species or race. They say that, as whole kingdoms have developed in complexity of form, with increasing subtlety of powers, on the same line has each individual life evolved in those kingdoms; that as each species or kingdom represents a past evolution, so does each individual in the species represent past lives of evolution. It is the combination, aggregation of similar inner lives through attraction and birth into similar forms, which, taken together, produce the class or species. It is the individual threads of inner lives, which, averaged, interwoven and linked together, represent the stages of evolution we speak of as mineral, vegetable or animal. The forms or lives of consciousness in these forms, are only a means to an end. This goal, far out of sight of the present humanity, through many stages of inner development and outer etherealizations of present human forms, will reveal through inner, now latent senses, etheric,

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astral, mental and spiritual vibrations or processes of building and creating. These further awakenings for man are as glorious as they are inconceivable to brain-consciousness.

Moderns follow the inner evolution of sentient and intelligent forces through mineral, vegetable, animal and human activities as a whole, by means of various correlations, differentiations of those activities, selections, etc., according to outer environments. Ancients apply this same law to the individual, regarding these phases of life of different kinds of selections, etc., as the inner affinities or repulsions, as the expression of inner states of feeling, antipathy or affinity in each individual life. It sees each inner consciousness, tending through gradual differentiations and individuations toward final complete individualization in the human form. It regards the increasing consciousness, from life to life through all stages or kingdoms, as the germinal process of embryonic human consciousness or individuality, toward final birth and self-consciousness in the human form and kingdom. The Ancients' theory never loses sight of the fact that Divine revelations, initiations, accompany every step of the way, supplying patterns for forms, giving of the essence of consciousness, which creates energy and matter in progression. To the Ancients, the lives in lower kingdoms are divine and therefore immortal in their essence, but not conscious of their divinity. Only man, who receives the knowledge, through self-consciousness, after the birth of this Higher Self, is conscious or can even conceive of immortality.

By means of this Spiritual Involution, out of the substance of matter (itself spiritual and eternal in essence), in ever more complex forms, through repeated buildings and births in the past, is the human form evolved or builded around the divine pattern; out of the substance of consciousness (the essence of matter) in these repeated lives in the past, is a self-conscious entity evolved, created, born in a human form, never again to be born in the animal. At last, because of Divine Involution and Evolution, can the spirit of selfhood, unconscious, asleep, embryotic in the animal consciousness, awake in man. At last a spark or ray from the Divine Self, Father in Heaven, the image of that self, can find response to its call, can find lodgment and take up its abode in this consciousness, built through long ages

of time and experiences, for its use and further evolution, out of human into knowledge of the Divine Self. This true spiritual birth, which links the animal to the human consciousness, never takes place except in the human form, and that not at physical birth, but at the age of the body in years corresponding to inner development. To quote from Prof. Joseph Le Conte again: "The new born child has animal life only. The emergence of self-consciousness, a change so wonderful that it may well be called the birth of the spirit, takes place at two or three years of age." * * * * "Now for the first time, we have phenomena distinctive of humanity."

This modern philosopher and scientist, viewing the race as a whole, evidently claims that this takes place, once for eternity, without attempting to explain the differences between individuals, between savage and philosopher, criminal and saint. Why are the powers, accompanying this birth, so unconformable to any reasonable law; sometimes bringing in criminal propensities to parents of good morality, and at other times prodigies with inherent talents on special lines? As mentality is not a physical emanation, physical evolution alone cannot explain man's spiritual faculties. Organic Evolution is not all of Nature, and does not account for the true man. It only supplies him with a body. We must go to evolution of consciousness, invisible spiritual evolution, for answer to such questions as: Since law and not chance rules the Universe, what law gives one soul birth in environments of fine physical heredity and association with high mental and moral influences, and dooms another to criminal heredity in slums of vice and ignorance, or the darkness of a degraded and savage nation? It is granted that a philosopher could never arise in the physical heredity of the coarse brain of the Australian black, and the question is: Where is justice and law in dooming one soul to a life of misery, and presenting another with physical brains and nervous systems and surroundings, inviting mental, moral and spiritual attainments? Is there any answer to these questions save that of mental, moral and spiritual evolution of the inner being, life after life? As a body grows and matures day after day, is it not rational to suppose that souls grow to perfection of maturity life after life? Does not

age and morality of the inner being, on its journey toward conscious perfection, account for these otherwise inexplicable conditions of life?

Moderns are very fond of generalizing on this grand idea of man as the end and aim of Nature's long travail. Ancients acquiesce, but ask; Which man, savage, criminal, peasant of average mental and moral development, or a philosopher, a St. Francis, the Buddha or the Christ? Is it the physical form or an inner spiritual being, that is the goal of this Creation? They answer that as the physical form of all animals below man, reaches the limit of perfection, in man, the highest type; so there is in the spiritual evolution, the highest type for the many, and all below that type. The highest type visible in the series is the goal set for all. As any physical type, not human, is an intermediate, with past and future each side of the present; so is any mental, moral and spiritual type, which is intermediate and not Christlike in knowledge, power and love, only an intermediate, with past and future lives each side of the present life. Right here on earth, must each reach this highest type. It is life and not death, activity and not rest which awakens soul faculties and builds the invisible, eternal body or soul vesture. The last birth in a physical body, is always accompanied by so-called miraculous powers and self sacrifice because of the conscious use of this divine body, interpenetrating the physical and invisible to physical sight. Of such were the saints, Appolonius of Tyana, and a host of Eastern sages whose names are unknown to the young West. Man may hasten this inner evolution and far outstrip the race by using his Divine Free Will in choosing right knowledge and seeking this introspection, the highest, noblest, most loving motives of action. To the Ancients, it is the development of individual inner consciousness whose future limits millions of years hence, man to-day cannot conceive of, which is the goal of manhood, the true heavenly man. The mineral becomes a plant, the plant a beast, the beast a man, the man a spirit, the spirit God, each consciously functioning in his appropriate form, substance or vesture, whether it be solid, liquid, gaseous, etheric, astral, mental or spiritual. As it has taken many lives and buildings of forms in past cycles of time to complete the physical body for and through its indwelling consciousness, so it will need many lives and form-build-

ings (unless he intelligently choose the shorter path, to perfect the next ethereal, astral body and learn to function in it consciously. This is the body of feeling, desire and emotion, with psychic or clairvoyant faculties, for its senses of consciousness. Higher still is the mental body, whose essence is intelligence, pure reason, real knowledge and whose powers through use of the essence of Will and faculty of intuition, in its highest spiritual significance, are miracles to the half-animal man to-day. The final perfect and spiritual body is that of the Heavenly Man in the image and likeness of God. It is the resurrected Christ body, as inconceivable to the average man of to-day, as is the human form with its senses and faculties, to the fishes at the bottom of the sea, whose coming to the surface and air means death.

What future increasing subtlety and delicacy of brain and nervous system; what future refinement and etherealization of this human form; what future expansion of the limits of his consciousness is in store for man right here on this earth, not the modern but the ancient theories can scientifically explain. Why? Because Ancients see in this expansion of life and consciousness the purpose and object of evolution of forms. Because they see in this expansion, an increase in intensity and quality of consciousness, the cause of vibrations which produce forces and forms in mineral, vegetable, animal, human, astral, mental or spiritual substances, seven kinds or degrees of fineness. The evolution of these conscious entities is the sole aim and purpose of form-building. Modern theories are only half the truth. They give, in Nature, no place for the Spiritual man, only the physical. The Ancients by adding Involution, the other half of the process, have a rational science of both. Man has reached his limit in physical evolution; next in order is the mental and moral. During the etherealization of the form, necessary for the awakening of the new senses, the earth herself will develop with her creatures. Nature always provides suitable environments and the future earth will not be the dense earth of to-day. From fine mist she condensed to solid mineral. What her future etherealizations will be, man to-day cannot conceive. We have only a hint in the discovery of the X-ray showing the penetrability of

matter. The time will come when man will develop a sense, corresponding to this rate of vibration of the new Ray. Those who do not develop this vision in this life will, in later lives, in future incarnations. Only he who is conscious of the Christ Consciousness, of self-sacrifice, of love and knowledge of mental and moral laws, bringing the power of so-called miracle working, can conceive of the state of being of those who are living their last lives on earth in a physical body.

HELEN I. DENNIS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT.

When the purple sea lay trembling in the opalescent tints of the Dawn, when Nature began her prelude to the Day, I went to the hill tops, and to roam through the meadows and fields; to listen to twittering birds, murmuring leaves, and the soft music of falling rills; to meditate upon the mysteries of Nature—to glean from her lessons of silence, and those inscribed upon her tablets of living things, better, truer thoughts.

The great rocks on the craggy hillside told of endurance, and upon their wrinkled faces was written the language of storm and decay, and both told of change, of evolution. The violet, the rose, and all beautiful things in the kingdom of flower-land sang songs of love, seeming to say, in pleading voices: "love me—that I may know that the mission, upon which the Master sent me, is fulfilled."

The hours sped quickly away in this sweet, wild Nature-land. I saw the day at last pass down the western heavens, and bending low peer over the edge of the world, flashing across the sky her gorgeous flames of light, that seemed to tell of some triumph won, and with smiling glance—plunge over the abyss. Like the noble music of some heroic anthem—that thrills the soul with an inexpressible rejoicing—the rich colors trembled on the rippling sea, faded out—over the abyss—and were gone. The skies paled to tenderest tints of pink and gray—that told of rest, peace, slumber and happy dreams. Then, from far away, I heard the soft footfall of the Night

coming over the eastern hills, and I saw her fling myriads of flashing stars upon the retreating footsteps of the Day, the brightest and choicest from her casket of jewels in the purpling heavens, in honor of her triumphant sister.

Standing in the gathering shadows, I was awed by the Power that preserves the symmetry, the harmony, of this mighty, throbbing life of exhaustless Nature, which forever and ever surges on. I observed the harmony of change; how the sunsets lose nothing of their splendor; the Nights nothing of their soft mystic beauty. With all my soul questioning, expectant, I stood, listening for some message from the hidden forces around me, waiting to learn something of that invisible Power back of all things. The soft loveliness of the hour rested like a benediction upon my tired, feverish heart. I felt the Night breeze upon my cheek, and the stars thrilled my soul with their enchanting beauty—when—from out the silence, a voice whispered: "In Nature each thing has its time and place and all things unite in loving harmony. Day does not trespass the rights of the Night; Night does not encroach upon the rights of Dawn; summer suns do not glow through all the year; nor the rosy tints of the Dawn seek to lend beauty to the Midnight hour. Each follows the other in harmonious succession. Here—God's Laws remain inviolate! Hast thou understood? Then translate the lesson to thy kind."

ADELAIDE GREENE CLIFFORD.

The ruling faculty does not disturb itself. I mean does not frighten itself or cause itself pain. But if any one else can frighten or pain it let him do so, for the faculty itself will not by its own opinion turn itself into such ways.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

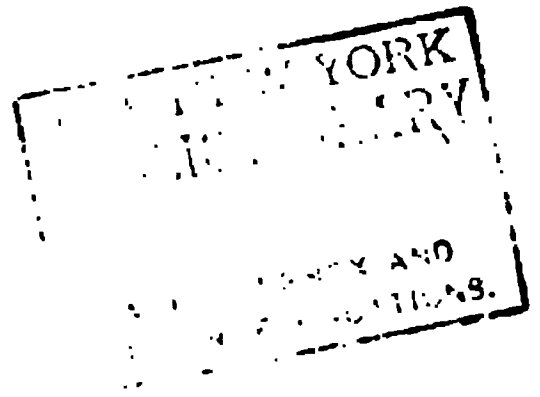
The doctrine of Metempsychosis may almost claim to be a natural or innate belief in the human mind, if we may judge from its wide diffusion among the nations of the earth and its prevalence throughout the historical ages.—*Prof. Francis Bowen*.

The ideal man is he who in the midst of the greatest silence finds the intensest activity, and in the midst of the intensest activity finds the silence of the desert. He has learned the secret of restraint; he has controlled *himself*.—*Vivekananda*.

FAMILIAR DEATH.

I sat beside my dying, in deep grief.
“Oh, Lord!” I cried, “make light the path for her,
Nor let her spirit fear to enter in
The shadows of the valley all must pass.”
And then, outworn with watching many nights,
Upon my knees I fell asleep and dreamed—
• And in my dream there came a form so bright,
And gently touched my shoulder, then he said :
“Friend, Death is not a path of utter dark—
And she who passes, well will know her way ;
For, as she goes, her spirit will renew
The knowledge, had long since, of all the past ;
How she has often crossed that portal’s gate,
And naught of terror will her heart invade.
Thy lives are as the pearls upon a string,
That string, strong and unending, ye call Death—
And all, to reach the next bright pearl, must pass
The narrow bridge of Death, true gate to Life.
The fading look and deadened senses here
Betoken that the portal now is reached,
Not grim and gloomy, showing bright beyond
Familiar fields, where peace and sunshine reign,
And your farewell to her in twilight hour
Is echoed there in glorious floods of light,
As a sweet welcome to the traveler’s home
After the weariness and measured pain
Of one more journey in her soul’s long life.”
I woke, to speak such comfort to my friend,
But, as I bent, I saw that she was dead ;
Upon her face a smile of knowledge told
Truth of the words I thought that I had dreamed.

HENRIETTA EDITH GRAY



THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

EDITORIAL EXPANSION.

It is with a great deal of satisfaction that we announce to our readers the completion of arrangements whereby the coöperation of Professor C. H. A. Bjerregaard, of the Astor Library of New York City, has been secured, in the editorial preparation of **THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE**. Professor Bjerregaard has from the first felt a sincere interest in the work undertaken by this periodical and brings to its editorial columns a mind ripe in knowledge of philosophical and metaphysical literature and the teachings of all the Eastern Schools, on the various subjects to be dealt with; there are few, if any, so thoroughly equipped for obtaining continuously the information necessary to produce an editorial department rich in all the phases of thought which it is our purpose to propagate.

With these additional facilities we shall now proceed to carry out our long-cherished plan to make **THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE** a thorough Review of the Higher Sciences and Arts, Philosophy, Metaphysics and Occult Thought, including important excerpts from the leading foreign publications, to be translated for the purpose.

To facilitate this new work we shall in future maintain only two departments—an Essay department for signed articles, and “The World of Thought” department, editorial, in which all miscellaneous material will appear, and including the work of Professor Bjerregaard, other than full Essays. Special editorials will bear the initials of the writers.

We believe this work will make the periodical indispensable to every sound thinker and earnest seeker for truth. It will begin with the February number, now in preparation.

FUTURE PURPOSES.

In assuming the editorial office of the Review of Philosophical Literature in the METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, it seems proper and necessary that I should say something to the readers about the purposes and plans for the future.

The primary object of this department work is advancement of learning, especially in such ways as it relates directly to Mind; it follows by necessity, that the corresponding work must be confutation of errors. Following in the footsteps of Bacon, who both advanced learning and confuted error, it will be well at the outset of our work to listen to him. He labors against what Bishop Copleston called the "magic-lantern school," whose writings have the startling effect of that toy; children delight in it, but grown people soon get tired of it. These schools have during the last five years flooded the market with theories which are not new nor always of value. There is, of course, "nothing new under the sun," but that saying, like most similar ones, is only a half-truth. There are new forms or presentations, which are so original and fundamental, that they amount to new theories or visions of life. These new forms are not offered to-day as often and as richly as they ought to be. Too many "teachers" "seek the sciences in their own narrow worlds, and not in the wide 'one,'" as Heraclitus has rightly said nearly two thousand years ago. This periodical will not lend itself to the propagation of these "children of the mist," but will sometimes be compelled to throw the strongest sunlight upon them, to their confutation. That is both just and right! Yet, it is not aggressive, but only iconoclastic.

We will ever preach "the divine idea of the world," and from time to time will quote what ancient sages have said; but it will be the policy, as a rule, to quote especially the moderns, and with preference European thinkers. Foreign philosophical journals of non-English

speaking people are rich with thought and material for the study of Mind, and they overflow with energy for its realization. To them our editorial department will especially refer. Truth and beauty were, of course, found and known in the past, but we will endeavor to show how people in the present *now* discover them for themselves. We shall always point to the *Universal* Mind, for there it is that the reader wants to live, exist and have his being. "Who hath access to this Universal Mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only sovereign agent."

The universal mind is unlocked by two precepts: "Know thyself" and "Study nature." We shall often use the last key, though it is not implied that it is different from the first. The two dicta mean to-day the same. But proceeding with the Objective to the Subjective, we shall have the advantage of using all the results of modern science. The Objective Mind, "when it breathes through the *intellect*, is genius; when it breathes through the *will*, it is virtue; when it flows through the *affection*, it is love." This is fundamental.

It is also fundamental, that we are "Men, first, and members of a class, second." We will, therefore, urge the reader to "plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide; the huge world will come around to him." Mere formal thought is lifeless and without power to regenerate man. The reader will remember the two boys in the tale of *Sandford and Merton*, who built a house and made the roof flat, so the water could not run off, but soaked through. Merton proposed to lay on more straw, but Sandford was wiser and rebuilt the roof, making it sloping. We do not propose to enlighten incorrect reasoners by additional knowledge; the world has already enough of that. But we will always endeavor to show how to build the house, and will show that Mind is the Master. Some of our modern metaphysicians are not strict in their obedience to Duty. They talk too much, hence the world is not made better. Obedience to known light is better than a barn full of philosophy. It is the duty of the true teacher to show us that Being is not WAS; that earth and the heavens ARE passing into our minds; that we ARE drinking forever "the soul of God," if we fall in with "nature's order," and, nature is but Being as "the coming to be." These are laws revealed by Reason, but it

requires a "will to do" to realize them. This "will to do" is our Ethics.

But there is not only a metaphysics of the true and the good, there is also a metaphysics of the beautiful. "Truth and goodness and beauty are but different faces of the same All," but

Spirit of Beauty
Thy light alone—like mists o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent,
Thro' strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

In this editorial department we shall often treat of Beauty and try to show our readers the way to Being that runs through Æsthetics. Beauty is, as defined by Lotze, "the appearance to immediate intuition of a unity among the three powers [law, matter and idea—a unity which our cognition is unable completely to grasp]." By a control of life impulses and their clarification by reason, we swing ourselves into new standpoints which afford unexpected insight to the world of the "beautiful souls" and the sphere of love.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light
And joy its own security.

We feel assured that we can carry out our plans and realize our purposes with this department. We trust that our readers will quickly discover the new roads opened for modern metaphysicians; they are roads leading into rich mine-districts untrodden, save by individual prospectors, and, as far as we know, none of them have revealed the whereabouts and the location of the mines. We shall not hesitate to direct our readers to those we know, and shall readily help them to the use of the precious metals found there. Though we have mined for many years, we shall be pioneers in teaching others how to mine, but we trust that we shall soon become familiar with our fellow-travellers, and, we shall all reach the goal, if we remember that "the divine idea of the world" is our real guide, beginning and end.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

METAPHYSICAL HEALING—PHILOSOPHY.*

Because investigation has been confined to the sense plane, where every faculty is limited in power and scope, only one part or form of the manifold expression of Life has been recognized at a time. Becoming acquainted with each mode of action separately, the erroneous conclusion has been formed that many different, distinct and separate kinds of life exist; *e. g.*, mineral life; vegetable life; animal life; human life; and, perhaps, spiritual life. These are presumed to be separate kinds of life, and usually each is supposed to be absolutely distinct from all the others. Investigation shows that the same methods and forms of activity are expressed, in varying degree, in every discovered variety, from mineral to spirit. This fact suggests that these various kinds of life are at least closely allied. The more this subject is studied the more apparent the fact becomes that the same life animates every form, from the atom to man. This universal activity, or life, we consider to be ONE IN NATURE AND IN ELEMENT; a universal ONE of life; the Life of the Universe; the one BEING, with many partial manifestations. It is fundamental Truth, and nameless because not fully comprehensible in any finite process of thought.

Each kind of life *seems* separate because we have not studied Life under one universal heading, therefore have failed to notice the universal resemblance. From the moment, however, that such study is entered upon, the student is most forcibly impressed with the close resemblance of all varieties of Life. The activities and forms differ mainly in degree of fineness, complexity of structure, or in the intensity of their action.

We shall pursue this study under the heading of BEING, understanding this word to include all *real* Life or intelligent activity, whatever the name, nature or kind—everything that is REAL.

All the qualifications and characteristics of any lower variety of Life are always contained in the next higher variety or kind. Each higher variety consists of all that is contained in the next lower, with the addition of something else, finer in structure, higher in grade, and more pure in character. This "something" is the only real difference between the two.

The substance of the Mineral is contained in the Vegetable, which feeds upon it, building its structure with its materials. The *body* of the vegetable, therefore, is principally mineral in solution and combination. The Mineral and the Vegetable mingle in the Animal structure in

*Continued from Page 494, Vol. VIII.

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a similar manner, but with the addition of still higher activities not common to either or both. The Mineral, the Vegetable, and the Animal, are combined in the Human form, and the pure essence or life element of all these forms comprises the SPIRITUAL BODY. When all Vegetables are resolved into their elements by chemical analysis they are found to contain all of the minerals, combinations differing in each species. Some Vegetables subsist on one kind of soil (mineral), others require different materials for their form and structure; but all absorb and subsist upon the elements next lower in grade than themselves.

The same holds true with regard to the physical body of the animal and of man; when resolved into their primary elements, these prove to be the same as in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and no microscope has yet been produced sufficiently powerful to disclose in the cell structure of the protoplasm of the first Amœba, as it takes form, whether "a pine-tree, a dog, a fish, or a man" is the ultimate object of the purpose of that particular creation; the first material cells are exactly alike in these and in many other physical forms.

All material solids (so-called) can readily be reduced to liquids, and in turn every liquid becomes gas. The Diamond is about the hardest known material; yet, when heated in oxygen gas, it burns to pure carbonic acid, which, at ordinary pressure and temperature, is a colorless, transparent, elastic fluid, gaseous and invisible.

All physical elements are combinations of gaseous elements resulting from the various fixed modes of motion in the universe. These modes of motion are varieties of action reflected from the pure activities of Living Force—BEING itself; the Supreme ONE of Reality.

The vegetable unquestionably lives and grows; therefore it must have life. That which has life must BE in order to live or to *do* anything; hence it has Being of some sort or grade. To *be* it is, and that which *is* endures. To endure it must be changeless, else it would pass away, and cease to *be*, in the process of change. Matter constantly changes and can meet none of these requirements; therefore it is *not* BEING. Only that which lives has Being.

All Life is Being and all BEING is necessarily Spirit; no other element stands the tests or meets the absolute requirements of Reality.

These statements being true (and how are we to intelligently refute them?) the life apparent in the vegetable is essentially spiritual life in some specific degree of action. Not perforce the whole, not inevitably the highest grade or the fullest degree of active power, nor yet necessarily self-conscious; but it possesses some mode of life that responds to purpose and moves forward to perform its part in the grand scheme OF SPIRITUAL LIFE MATERIALLY EXPRESSED.

That which we know as a Vegetable is the *body* of an outward, material expression of that particular degree of living action, when inverted or externalized from the ONE WHOLE LIVING ACTIVITY which is the BEING. In its active impulse, which cannot be material but is necessarily spiritual, may be found its Being. It slumbers in the seed, awakes into awakening song in the blossom, and sedately performs the duties of its *day of life* in the fruit.

The late Professor Joseph Le Conte, of university fame and scientific reputation, has concisely expressed the relative life action of mineral, vegetable and animal as follows: "Stones grow; plants grow and feel; animals grow, feel and move."

There is only one kind of life, *i. e.*, *real* life. The life of the mineral, of the vegetable, of the animal, and of the man, in every real factor is the same in kind; the only difference is in the degree of development, or of its expression of intelligence. This view does not pantheize God, or degrade Intelligence to the material plane, but it properly elevates the ACTIVITIES of material life to a plane of reality where each may be understood. All Life is real and necessarily eternal; only the external form or expression perishes, and this only when Intelligence ceases to animate the form.

The Infinite Spirit of Intelligence created everything from its own Consciousness, according to definite law. Its own eternal life was in the beginning instilled into—caused to animate—every established entity. In a clear process of reason no other act of creation by a Being of Infinite Intelligence seems possible. Every life, therefore, possesses infinite spirit, and as such it is eternal.

"There is one subjective life pervading all space and animating all objective things." Physical things are simply the outward inverted reflection of the conscious ideas involved in that one universal life. Spiritual subjective life never ceases to be. It is always Life. The physical, alone, seems to change. We notice this seeming change only through exercise of the physical senses. In spiritual perception of the principles of life it is not even observed.

All qualities and characteristics of the life of the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal, combined, are contained in the human being—the physical in the bodily form and the spiritual in its mental mechanism and spiritual faculties. All human faculties exist in the intelligence of man. There is only one real intelligence—the active intelligence of the One Spiritual Being; therefore all intelligence and all real faculties are spiritual. Intelligence is Conscious Spirit—LIVING REALITY.

Every real intelligence is a part of the one whole Intelligence—BEING. Each part possesses the same qualifications as the whole—

otherwise there would be no whole; in that event, nothing could really exist or be. There are no parts without a whole.

Spirit is the ONE REALITY of the universe, pervading and giving being to all things; it is essentially Divine in all its parts.

All reality is spiritual, both in nature and element; therefore, if a proper study of Spirit can be made, the whole may be understood. If, however, our attention is confined exclusively to the lower forms, studying the external body but failing to recognize the soul of the object, we never acquire any knowledge of the spiritual facts of existence, in any phase of life.

It is a well-known fact that material scientists commonly fail to recognize Spirit as a factor in any of the problems of life. This accounts for their utter failure to demonstrate many of the most important demonstrable truths, as well as for the countless errors, differences of opinion, and constantly changing theories in all branches of material Science. There is no one so likely to fall as he who boasts a *final* discovery of a "scientific" *fact*.

In his attempts to investigate Being, the material scientist invariably begins with the lowest forms of the particular activity which he desires to study, even endeavoring to go below any degree of activity whatever for a starting point—not satisfied until he can reach the darkest depths of nothingness. Here, groping in the darkness and uncertainty of materiality, trusting the illusive evidence of his material senses, he tries to reason *from* mineral *to* vegetable, from vegetable to animal, from animal to human, and from human to the divine; thinking to account for the higher quality of the one by the quality of the next lower grade, in which the "higher" never was and *never can be contained*.

The Materialist invariably begins his statement with the premise that the lower can contain and produce the higher. If this means anything it must mean that something can be taken from nothing—a self-evident absurdity.

The Emotionalist—always a Materialist at heart—in vain and fruitless attempt to support the materialistic theory, presents the equally absurd and unscientific statement that from nothing whatever God made all that is. Trusting the evidence of his senses, his eyes are closed to all that lies beyond their narrow horizon. Because he does not see anything from which things can be made, he assumes all to be made from nothing, and postulates a miracle as the only solution of the problem. Lacking evidence, he invariably demands blind belief in his statements, and, whenever allowed, he vigorously applies the screws of dogma in the place of demonstration.

The Materialist, when he admits that Spirit is worthy of investigation, searches for and expects to find it *in* matter, through the exercise of sense faculties. These faculties only act upon earthly things; therefore, through them he would not recognize anything spiritual, even if met face to face. Lacking spiritual sight, Spirit passes unrecognized, and Reality remains veiled to his visionless eyes.

After centuries of this sort of search and investigation, meeting with no satisfactory results, he skeptically interrogates, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" The reply is: Not by searching in matter, nor yet in personality, which is based upon materiality; for, "God is Spirit; and they that worship must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth."*

The objective reasoner forms external theories, pursues each for a while, eventually discarding it for another scarcely less material. He never obtains satisfactory results. He may be found to-day, searching and believing in materiality, seeking the living among the dead, scoffing at Spirituality, denying Spirit any important position in this world, loath to admit it for any; he obstinately turns his back on the only possible solution of his problem, and finally declares "There is no God!" This is the inevitable conclusion of a problem which started with a Godless premise, namely, that the lower can produce the higher; the smaller can contain the greater; that something can come from nothing.

On this inverted theory the materialist has based all his reasoning with regard to Life. What wonder, then, that to him it inevitably ends in death—the reverse of Life. Starting with nothing (the absence of life), he grovels awhile in matter (the stagnation of life), the search finally culminating in the same "nothing" with which it began. To him it seems to be something, and theories which he forms carry a semblance of reality, in his estimation.

The photographer desiring to reproduce an object in picture, first throws upon a plate a reflected image of the object. Through experience with the inverted action of reflection, he knows that the image is exactly reversed in the negative; consequently, to get a true reproduction of the object, he repeats the operation of reflection, again reversing the image, thus obtaining a materially correct likeness. If he is ignorant of the law of inversion, or is obstinate and refuses to act in accordance with that law, accepting the first production as a likeness of the object because it was reflected from it, he thereby deprives himself of the true result which, through compliance with the law, he

* Greek text.

might have obtained, and accepts a supposed likeness which is false in every detail. The result obtained is exactly the reverse of true. Believing it he believes in a falsity. He cannot, however, believe it firmly enough to make it true.

This is the exact position of the Materialist to-day; his mental picture of life is an INVERTED SENSE REFLECTION of the true idea of life spiritual and eternal.

To avoid the unhappy results of previous errors we must decide correctly, and start right in the beginning. The Materialist began with the lowest, hoping and expecting to find all therein; and, with his eyes on the ground (materiality), he sees only reflected and inverted images, meanwhile remaining blind to the bright, clear light of SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING which shines above. His search invariably ends in failure. At the end of his winding path of false belief inevitably yawns the grave. His God is certain to become a devil.

If, however, we turn to the source where Reality subsists, seeking earnestly to know the right, the true, the real, we may learn the Facts of life, realize the *spirit* and recognize BEING.

When we rightly comprehend the Infinite Spirit, we must necessarily understand matter, which proceeds from Spirit, though inverted in action through the lens of sense. Until we recognize the spirit which animates matter, we never can rightly know matter itself. Until we understand the God nature in Being we never can recognize the God in man. If we understand man, we shall also know the animal, for all animal nature is included in man. Knowing the animal, we also comprehend the vegetable life, which is all contained therein, and complete knowledge of vegetable life will clearly explain the mineral; therefore, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you;" *i. e.*, first seek the good and true—the Spirit of Reality through *right thinking*—and all knowledge shall be yours. This we claim is absolutely true and a possibility to the human mind.*

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

MUSIC AND ITS EFFECTS.

For many years music has been found to have a calming effect upon the insane. Numerous cases of violent mania have been repeatedly soothed into quietness after all other means have been exhausted. Many people, on more than one occasion, when in a state of extreme nervous irritability, have been tranquilized by the notes which seemed

*These extracts are taken from the "Philosophy" Course of The American School of Metaphysics.

to exactly touch the sore or tender spot with a soothing and healing influence. A sympathetic harmony executed by a master has frequently brought tears and sighs of relief to the suffering and sorrowful, with nerves strained to the utmost. Often the simplest melodies have brought sweet repose to the invalid suffering from the severest pain and torture. Many instances are recorded where a death-like nervous sleep has been terminated and the sleeper reclaimed to sense and feeling by the tones of that king of instruments, the violin. On the contrary, the proper use of the same instrument with its mellow music, soft, low and caressing, has lulled to sleep thousands of people who have suffered from insomnia or sleeplessness, either as a result of pain or nervous excitability. The action of the music in these cases is probably first to divert the mind outside of the patient's personality, and then, by its soothing, monotonous, repeated tones to lull the nerves to that quiet, refreshing rest, found only in sleep. Music has not alone this direct action, but experiment has shown that by the loosening of the tension or strain upon the nerves, the blood vessels receive healthful stimulation, causing the blood to circulate more readily, removing congestion of the brain and nervous centres and increasing nutrition of the whole body, thus giving an impetus to recovery which could not be readily obtained by other means.

The result of the discovery of the effect of music upon what is known as inanimate bodies cannot easily be foretold. Many instances are on record of the speedy recovery of the sick under the soothing influence of soft, sweet music; also of what influence it has over animals, wild and domestic, and some knowledge has been had of the effect of "time" and music upon bridges, but as the mere finding of a new effect does not satisfy the human mind, the cause must be hunted down.

It has been discovered that light, heat, air—the breezes—are controlled by vibratory motion. From the rhythmic chirpings of the insect creation to the deep breathing of the ocean, the story of harmonic vibration is told and retold, but to apply this law to the benefit of humanity, and how to get the greatest utility out of the discovery, is now the study of the scientists. Doubtless, this vibration principle underlies the creative and motive power of the universe, and greater wonders are yet to come through this discovery than through any other.

Surely this is a spiritual discovery, as it belongs to nature's finer forces, and as its problems are worked out in the thought-realm, they will be handed to susceptible mortals for use.

Music should be cultivated and encouraged in every household where there gleams the faintest spark among children or parents.

DR. WILKINS in *The Progressive Thinker*.

JOHN EMPTY.

EPIGRAM VI.

Filled with the essence of eternal being,
 In the majestic whole I saw everything;
 From the globes gravitating in Immensity,
 From the forces of infinite intensity,
 From the clusters of suns, from the nebulæ
 To the impalpable gas, to the molecule,
 To the affinity and Ether, measureless,
 Even the atom was for me a true fulness.
 In the plain field of numbers did appear
 The symbolical zero, to me clear,
 As a determination, which, to find,
 Both pleases and gives power to the mind.
 But only through *your* brain and its darkness
 Could I realize, John Empty, nothingness!

J. FONSECA, L

WHAT IS SPIRITUALITY?

He then is most spiritual who is master of most forces, who rises superior to most obstacles, can vanquish the most enemies in his inner life, who has greatest dominion over matter. The old seafarers were groping after a profound truth in the superstitions of the strength of every vanquished foe passed into the conqueror's spirit does gain strength by that which it overcomes. The pure of heart see God, not in heaven, but on earth. They penetrate to the heart and God bursts into view in flower and fruit; his face is in the rose of the daylight, his majesty is revealed in the star-lit spaces of the night. The pure of heart see God in his glory riding upon the clouds and feel his "peace that passeth all understanding" quieting the throbbing heart, bringing smiles out of tears, peopling the deepest solitudes. To believe that God once wrought upon this wondrous world of Nature was a movement of spirit altogether noble, but to find that power still working in creation, the creating hand now making chaos into cosmos, to read the unending genesis of life to-day. Isaac Newton and Charles Darwin, is to attain a spirituality comparable with which the timid faith of the ecclesiastic in the first chapter of Genesis is as the flitting of the sparrow to the flight of the eagle.

* * * * *

The love of truth, the thirst of the intellect, have lifted man above his physical wants and made him independent of material surroundings.

and physical comfort. "I have no time to make money," said Agassiz. "I have no need of fire," says the astronomer in the midnight solitude of the observatory, "if I can only place a satellite." And so he sits there in the midnight solitude of the midwinter cold, trailing his camera over that speck in space from four to six hours at a time, while substance unrevealed to human eye through the greatest telescope reveals itself on the sensitive plate behind the lens. "What care we for body or its life when truth is at stake?" ask the countless martyrs of the world. Let him who would be spiritually minded learn to think. If you would seek after spiritual gifts, magnify your reason. The most spiritual cry to-day is that which calls upon men to give their heads to God.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES *in* "THE DUAL MYSTERY."

SIGNIFICANCE OF SLEEP.

Our sleep is a significant symbol of the Soul's antecedence. Shall I question that I now am, because I am unconscious of being myself while I slept, or because I am conscious of being then unconscious? I am sure of being one and the same person I then was, and thread my identity through my successive yesterdays into the memory out of which my consciousness was born; nor can I lose Myself in the search of myself. At best our mortality is but a suspended animation, the Soul meanwhile awaiting its summons to awaken from its slumbers. Every act of sleep is a metamorphosis of bodies and a metempsychosis of souls. We lapse out of the senses into the preëxistent life of memory through the gate of dreams, Memory and Fancy opening their folding-doors into our past and future periods of existence:—the Soul freed for the moment from its dormitory in Space and Time. The more of sleep the more of retrospect; the more of wakefulness the more of prospect. Memory marks the nadir of our consciousness, Imagination its zenith. Before the heavens thou art, and shall survive their decay. Were man personally finite he could not conceive of Infinity; were he mortal he could not conceive of Immortality. Whatever had a beginning comes of necessity to its end, since it has not the principle of perpetuity in itself. And there is that in man which cannot think Annihilation, but thinks Continuance. All life is eternal; there is no other. Despair snuffs the sun from the firmament.

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

Nothing is so much to be feared as fear—Atheism may comparatively be popular with God himself.—*Thoreau*.

PAX.

I sent my soul upon great waves of Silence,
 Into Space.
 She spread her wings; gazed for one quivering moment
 In God's face
 And then returned to me; bearing triumphant
 One sweet thought
 From Heaven's Song, to cheer me: "Peace" the one note
 She had caught.

HENRIETTA EDITH GRAY.

OUR HEROES.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
 To do what he knows to be right.
 When he falls in the way of temptation
 He has a hard battle to fight.
 Who strives against self and his comrades
 Will find a most powerful foe.
 All honor to him if he conquers!
 A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
 The world knows nothing about.
 There's many a brave little soldier
 Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
 And he who fights sin single-handed
 Is more of a hero, I say,
 Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
 And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
 To do what you know to be right.
 Stand firm by the colors of mankind,
 And you will o'ercome in the fight.
 "The right" be your battle-cry ever
 In waging the warfare of life;
 And God, who knows who are the heroes,
 Will give you the strength for the strife.

PHŒBE CARY.

Give pleasure! Lose no chance to give pleasure, for this is
 ceaseless and anonymous triumph of a truly loving spirit.—*He*
Drummond.

SILENCE.

In the night the soul is near to God; with divine music fraught
Comes a language from the silence, by some finer hearing caught.
As Æolus sweeps the wind-harp, so it sweeps across the thought.

There's a melody of silence. There is music in a star.
There is music in the moonbeams, as they sweep the waters o'er.
There is music in the waves of thought that strike our Being's shore.

J. A. EDGERTON.

BEYOND.

Tell me, spirit, if you can—
I would know—
Is the ending of a man
Weal or wo?

And the spirit answered fond:
Man may enter The Beyond,
But his ending
None can know.

GEO. WENTZ.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS. By Frank H. Sprague, Cloth, 238 pp.
F. H. Sprague, Wollaston, Mass.

This book goes deep into the substance of things, and, in a series of metaphysical essays, the author manifests a remarkable degree of clear perception of Absolute Truth, and the rare gift of expressing this truth in a way to appeal to rational minds. To quote briefly, the author says: "The first step toward overcoming the world is to cease struggling, striving, battling, with imaginary forces as Don Quixote contended with the 'windmill giants.' Nature makes no conscious exertion. The potential energy represented by ocean tides is inconceivable, yet the ocean rises and falls without effort, because it is receptive to the attraction of the sun and moon. The plant simply grows, unfolds according to the law of its being." The volume will be welcome to all who are seeking help and suggestion in their efforts to explore metaphysical or spiritual fields, and we predict for it a widespread success.

THE MOSAIC SYSTEM AND THE CODEX ARGENTEUS. By Edward
B. Latch. Paper, 69 pp. The Gazette Publishing House, Philadelphia.

While we do not attempt to give a thorough review of this interesting book, we appreciate the ingenuity by which the author establishes a perfect analytical

symbolism, showing the incompatibility of the two chronologies—the Mosaic and the Symbolical Argenteus. Should ulterior archæological monuments confirm the questioned Codex and bring out from the exigetical field into the light of Science, both the cosmogony and chronology attributed to Moses, and the symbolical meaning of the Codex, we should have the foothold on which to solve many problems. It seems to us, however, that many hypotheses may be grounded on the Mosaic Cosmogony, and that the broad and prolix symbolism and the figurative character of Oriental literature may furnish the scientific investigator a wide space to speculate, wherein will only stand that which Archæology and Geology in their slow movement shall prove as objectively evident.

SOME MARKED PASSAGES AND OTHER STORIES. By Jeanne G. Pennington. Cloth, 219 pp. Price, \$1.00. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

The tone of these stories is pure and wholesome, and one cannot fail to see the practical side of the writer's philosophy. She tells how a simple marked passage in some good book has turned the tide in a hopeless life and set it going in the true direction. The book is well written, and to those readers who need helpful, optimistic suggestion, it can be especially commended.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

UPLANDS. A Novel. By "Aida." (Frances Davis Baker.) Paper, 116 pp., 30 cents. G. M. Hausauer, Buffalo, N. Y.

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM. By Ernest Loomis. Cloth, 135 pp., \$1.25. Ernest Loomis & Co., Chicago, Ill.

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN. By J. Howard Moore. Paper, 43 pp., 25 cents. Frances L. Dusenberry, McVicker's Theatre Building, Chicago, Ill.

NATURE VS. DRUGS. By A. F. Reinhold, Ph.D., M.D. Cloth, 538 pp., \$2.50. A. F. Reinhold, 60 Lexington Avenue, N. Y., and Nichols & Co., 23 Oxford Street, London.

EXCHANGES.

THE LITERARY DIGEST. Weekly. \$3.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. Furt & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, N. Y.

PUBLIC OPINION. Weekly. \$2.50 a year, 10 cents a copy. The Public Opinion Company, 13 Astor Place, N. Y.

THE OPEN COURT. Monthly. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

MERCURY. Monthly. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. William John Walters, Odd Fellows Building, San Francisco, Cal.

THE ARENA. November–December. \$2.50 a year, 25 cents a copy. Published monthly by The Arena Company, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.



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LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR

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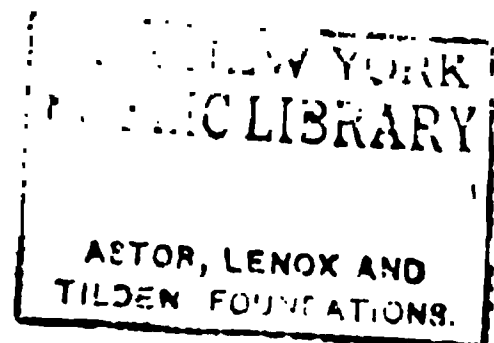
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THE REALIZATION OF NOTHINGNESS.

All the greatly religious teachers, sages, philosophers and mystics agree that the personalities of men and women are in themselves nothing but illusions, and that God is the only Reality in the universe. Almost every church-going Christian knows the old hymn:

“This world is but an empty show,
For man’s delusion given,” etc.

But perhaps few only of those who join in the singing would be willing to count their own dear “self” as one of the delusions that go to make up that empty show. The Bible (Psalm 103, v. 14) says that “we are dust,” and adds: “As for man, his days [reincarnations] are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.” The Hindoo philosophy teaches that all creation, ourselves, as created beings, included, is only a *Maija*, or “illusion,” and a Persian poet expresses this still more forcibly in the following words:

“For in and out, above, about, below,
’Tis nothing but a magic shadow-show,
Play’d in a box, whose candle is the sun,
Round which we phantom figures come and go.

“And if the wine you drink, the lip you press
End in the Nothing all things end in,—yes—
Then fancy while thou art, thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing;—thou shalt not be less.”

All this is poor comfort to those who know of nothing better than that thing which they call their own person, and of no higher state of

existence than that which belongs to the evanescent personality. To identify ourselves with the personality we represent on this earth and then to persuade ourselves that we are nothing but a bundle of illusions is not an elevating or ennobling thought. In fact it is the doctrine of the worst kind of materialism, unspiritual, debasing and inviting to suicide; for if we have to end sooner or later in nothing, then the quickest way for those who are dissatisfied with life is to make an end to all misery by entering into nothing without further delay, by means of a rope or a pistol shot. To believe that we are nothing and that no one is immortal but God, and at the same time to imagine that this God is somebody outside of us, unknown to us and separated from us, but capable to save our nothingness from destruction by some special favor or miraculous intervention, is to open the way to the most debasing kind of superstition, selfishness and hypocrisy born from fear and cowardice; for those who hold such a belief do not actually believe in their own personal nothingness; they only pretend to that belief, while they are really still expecting that their personality may be protected from destruction by worming themselves into the favor of God by making a show of humility. And there is still another class of those who misunderstand this doctrine of nothingness—namely, those who believe that they are something now, but will be nothing in the future, and who therefore live after the rule which says: "Let us eat and drink and be merry to-day and obtain all the pleasures we can, for to-morrow we die."

Fortunately such a doctrine of nothingness is actually believed in only by a few; for a merely intellectual persuasion or mental consent to logical inferences does not constitute true belief. Moreover, philosophical reasoning teaches that if there is something in us which understands that the thing we call "*we*" is nothing, this something must be superior to that "*we*" and superior to nothing; for it is impossible that a nothing should realize its own nothingness; because in nothing there can be nothing to comprehend or realize itself. It only contains itself, and that is nothing. It is therefore not the "*we*," which is nothing, that can realize its own nothingness; but the "*I*," which is free and not bound to any personality, which real-

izes the nothingness of everything that is not itself. In other words, that which is real and eternal in man, and not bound to or enclosed by any mortal form, realizes its own immortal presence and also the nothingness or illusiveness of those images which are not that "I," but merely modes of its manifestation. We cannot know light unless we know darkness, nor darkness without knowing light. We cannot truly know the nothingness of our own personality unless we feel and realize the presence in us and above and around us of that which is immortal, eternal and real and independent of that mask which we call our "personality." Only the real in us recognizes the eternal reality, and we can know nothing of that until that recognition comes to our personal consciousness. For this reason the great sage Sankaracharya teaches in his "*Tattwa Bodha*" that the first requisite for the attainment of real self-knowledge is the possession of the power to distinguish between the permanent and the impermanent. This power does not arise out of the ever-changing and mortal personality; but it belongs to the higher and immortal part of man; it is the light of his divine spirit, reflected in the personal mind, and therefore rightly called the *spiritual consciousness* of man.

In this spiritual consciousness in its pure state there exists no sense of "*Ego*" or separateness, no "I" and "Thou" or "we" and "they." There are in that state no brothers and sisters nor husbands and wives; for in it the soul recognizes its omnipresence and its oneness with the essence of all things; it sees in other creatures not its brothers and sisters; but everywhere its own divine and universal Self, manifested in an innumerable variety of existences and forms. Not that the soul "*imagines*" itself to be "as one" with everything; but it realizes the presence of God as the one indivisible reality in everything, and that God as its own real Self. Brotherly and parental and connubial affections, estimable as they may be, are only higher animal attributes, and are shared alike by animals and human beings; but true divine love has no special object to prefer to another; it arises from the realization of its divine state of being, it loves itself alike in everything.

In that state the soul loves nothing but its own universal Self and beholds its manifestations, the sum of which is called the universe.

It sees and knows and realizes that there is nothing real in the universe except its own divine Self, just as a man may know that the thought images arising from his mind are not his own Self, but merely images, whose play he enjoys, yet which in themselves are nothing but images and have no permanent existence. Let us suppose that a man were in possession of such a magical creative power that every picture which he imagines would arise before him in a corporeal, visible and tangible physical form, he would nevertheless know that these forms were nothing real and self-existent in themselves, but only shapes formed by his own imagination, shadows created by his own will and thought.

By the magic power of this divine imagination the personality of man is created by his own immortal spirit and by means of the elements furnished by material nature. The desire for experiences to be obtained in material life, arising in the disembodied soul, causes the projection of a new thought-image, which becomes incarnated as a new personality. Those who do not know the laws of reincarnation usually do not believe in it, because they have formed a false conception of it; they rightly reject their own misconception. Those who know what takes place in reincarnation naturally believe in it, and they know, moreover, that we all are only partly incarnated at present, and that the best part of our essence has not yet become flesh. If the Christian catechism says: "I believe in the resurrection of the flesh," and if the meaning of this is rightly understood, it will be seen to mean the same thing as the assertion of the Buddhist, when he says: "I believe in a reconstitution of the *Skandhas*"; because the "*Skandhas*" and the "flesh" both mean the same thing, namely, the mortal elements and attributes that go to make up the new image, called the personality of man. Let us throw a glance at this process of reincarnation or reorganization of the "flesh":

1. When conception has taken place, a centre of force is created in the maternal organism to which material elements are attracted, and the child's body grows. The maternal organism does not create matter out of nothing; but the universally existing element of "matter" acting through the instrumentality of the mother's organism incorporates or incarnates itself in the foetus and builds up the

child's body; and as the growth goes on we have a "reincarnation" of the material principle.

2. The air is the carrier of the life principle. While the child is in the womb it is supplied with life energy by the mother, it lives of the mother's life. After it is born it begins to breathe, and with the first breath which it draws it has a life of its own. Thus takes place the incarnation of the universal life principle in the body of the child. It does not create life, but the life principle becomes incarnated and manifested in it.

3. The "astral image." This is the thought image, upon which the physical body of the child is built, and which serves as its pattern. The physical body is merely the outward and visible expression of that ethereal image. If there were no such astral germ no physical form could become developed. This is a process that goes on invisibly, but it is known to every occultist and stands to reason for the rest. If the child were now to die it would have been an incarnation of only these three lower principles.

4. It will not be long after the child is born until the fourth principle, the animal soul, begins to manifest itself and to grow. The child desires food, which is an expression of the animal soul, just as eating is an animal function. In proportion as it grows and becomes a man other desires and passions spring up and grow; neither could they grow if they were not fed by corresponding principles attracted from the astral light. Each germ of a principle in man attracts its corresponding principle from the macrocosm, is fed by it, and returns to it after the separation called "death." Thus we have now a reincarnation of the animal soul of the world in the body of the child. If the child grows to be an idiot, knowing nothing better than the gratification of its animal desires, and dies, it cannot be said to have been a man, for there has been in it no incarnation or development of mind.

5. As the child grows up, an incarnation development and manifestation of the next higher principle, called the "mind" takes place. Intelligence manifests itself. The child does not create its own thoughts out of nothing; but by means of its mind it grasps, gathers, combines and analyses ideas collected from the universal storehouse of

the region of thought. Ideas come to its brain through reading, teaching or intuitively, even if it does not know their origin, and it assimilates those which are suitable to its nature. It is fed by ideas, which is the same as to say, already existing ideas become incarnated in its mind. But there is nothing everlasting about such collections; they belong to the "flesh" and to the "treasures that will be eaten up by the moths." Opinions and aspects change; they are not the lights of truth, even if they may be relatively true. There is no realization of truth in sticking to an adopted opinion. No true self-consciousness is contained in an external belief in the veracity of what somebody whom we regard as an "authority" has said, or in a credulous adherence to an idea which we have gathered somewhere. A real man is not built up of theories; a person may be very learned and still a fool. Thousands of people grow up, live, marry and die, without ever having attained true manhood, that is, without the higher principle, the light of the spirit (*Alma Buddhi*), ever become incarnated and manifested in them. In fact, these higher principles do not become incarnated in us at all; the light of truth cannot be separated from its source; it can only illumine our mind and we will have to rise up to it in our consciousness, if we wish to attain it. But if the light of truth fully penetrates the personal consciousness of man, then we may say that God has become incarnated in man and that man has become that which he is destined to be: the image of God and the son of his Heavenly Father.

Plato says that the soul of man is much greater than the body, and "Eckhart," formerly Archbishop of Cologne, says that it is more correct to say the body of man is in his soul, than to assert that his soul is in the body. Our soul is in us and outside, above and around us, and thus we are only partly incarnated. That part of us which is visible is only a manifestation of the soul, a shadow created by the true self, in itself a nothing, an illusion, whose nothingness we cannot realize unless we realize our real existence as a spiritual being.

Theophrastus Paracelsus says: "Mortal man is set into the three principles, called *Sal*, *Sulphur* and *Mercury*"—(they correspond to what the Eastern philosophy calls *Tamas*, *Rajas* and *Sattwa*). "From these arise his material constitution, his selfish desires and

his intellectual powers. They form the man of flesh; but besides this is the invisible man in and above it, who is beyond the action of these three principles. This is the celestial man, our Father in heaven. Both are united here upon this earth, in a manner comparable to two persons who are united in marriage, and the higher man is to be the master of the lower one, while the lower and mortal man ought to be obedient to the master, so that the knowledge of the father may become manifest in the son." There is no "going together into heaven" after the death of the body between the true self and that illusion of personality, which is a product of our own misconception. The two have to separate. We cannot pray an illusion into the kingdom of truth; but if the light of truth arises within man's consciousness, all illusions, his own self-conceit included, are dispersed by it, as the clouds disappear, when the sun arises in his glory. When the true divine consciousness of the real self arises within the spirit of man, then will the new-born god in his human body behold his own terrestrial personality as a marriage on the sky of his external existence, or as one of the many dreams which he has dreamed in the past and in each of which he really believed himself to be the person which he dreamed to be. Thus, having awakened to the realization of being himself one with the external creator, he will, beyond the possibility of a doubt, realize the nothingness of his created images, which appear to be real but have no reality of their own. Let us therefore always live in the recognition of the truth, that God is the *one* real unity, and man without God the *naught*, and that the naught can have no other real value as a number except in its union with the one. Nothing can be gained by putting the naught first and the one afterward; this only renders the illusion that self, which is nothing, is apparently greater than God; but if we recognize the One as the all and add to it the naught, then will the value of the naught appear, because the greatness of the one will be manifested in this union with naught and form the perfection of *Ten*, in which all the numbers in the whole universe are contained.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D.

THE IMPERISHABLE PRINCIPLE.

“Knowing me to be the imperishable principle in all things.”—KRISHNA.

When that aggregation of vitalized and spiritualized molecules which charms our senses, engages our thoughts, and enthralls our hearts, suddenly loses its cohesive power, and changes from something tangible and responsive into that which becomes repellent—what happens? This question remains unanswered by the profoundest thinkers, and most patient investigators of the past and present, and to-day the solution of the problem seems no nearer than it was centuries ago. All the deductions of science and theology fail to pass the realm of hypothesis. Science has explored to the domain of the primordial cell without any advance towards a solution of the mystery, while theology has exhausted itself with theories and speculations without lessening the density of the obscuring veil. All that has been recorded concerning this enigma has been the theories of those who have, vainly, explored this unknown ocean. No reliable tidings have come from the other shore. Reasonable as are many hypotheses, and comforting as are many assurances, still the riddle remains unread. The human being, the animal, and the plant, influenced by decrepitude or accident, exhibit the same phenomena.

Entities below the level of humanity have not been the subjects of much speculative thought and are, usually, relegated to the domain of the mortal. Concerning man the general teaching is that he possesses something which has a post-mortem existence, and that it passes from the physical body into a spiritual state. The Western theologian conceives it to be an immaterial individual entity which is created *de novo* at its advent upon this planet, and leaves its material condition freighted with the seeds of sin or righteousness sown during its finite existence, the harvest from which will be infinite, and teaches that this harvest is as much of its own determining as is that of the agriculturist. Another teaching of this theology rapidly losing its ascendancy is, in effect, that a supreme husbandman apportions to each sower certain seed and thus predetermines

the result. The actuality of this doctrine is denied by its promulgators, who, by fine distinction between "foreknowledge" and "foreordination," seek to make man alone accountable. Unfortunately for them these two much criticised words represent "the sides of a stupendous arch, the keystone of which is lost in the clouds."

Another and an older theology teaches that the survival of the material body is an ethereal or "subtile" body made up of the "spiritual organs of sense" (resident in the nervous system,) and the mind also of ethereal materiality, which disengages from the coarser material envelope when the synchronous vibration of the two is, by any cause, interrupted, and seeks other associations. In these it remains active until the fruition of the seeds sown during earth-life, when it becomes passive, and, in obedience to the laws of cycles and vibration, is again drawn into a physical incarnation—reincarnates; further, that these reincarnations occur until the entity has lost all affinity for terrestrial life, when it passes to higher states of being and continues to progress until its spiritual unfolding reveals its identity with the "universal spirit" which has been the *visat ergo* through its varied experiences. It has now attained its true immortality and rests, as a self-conscious spiritual unit in the absolute Whole. This philosophy also maintains that all material manifestations are revelations of the one universal spirit through an interminable series of evolutions and involutions.

Opposed to these theologies is the doctrine of the materialist who recognizes no life beyond the physical and views all as the fortuitous working of a blind law. Can we accept the Western theology and believe that when man appears on this earth he comes as a fresh creation, and is assigned to one of the countless conditions which surrounds us, by a Supreme ruler? Or, that he comes as a pure spirit at once plunged, *nolens volens*, into the apparent corruption of earth life? If we think of the Deity as possessing the attribute of *absolute equity*—how can we do otherwise—how shall we harmonize this conception with the conditions of wretchedness into which the greater part of the human family are born, and from which they do not escape during their mortality? Inherency is a law of nature. All things coming into earth-life possess certain traits and characteristics

which mold their individuality, and differentiate them not only from other species, but from others of the same species. We should have to think of man as being made up of prearranged elements, which make him precisely what he is, and this would suggest the question as to whence came these determining factors unless from the Master mind which projected his being. Again it is difficult to think that a being endowed with evil tendencies could become regenerate during the brief period of a human life. Our knowledge of nature's slow evolutionary steps fosters the thought of an extended probationary season.

If the real man is entirely spiritual, and after one earth-life is eternally divorced from a body in any sense material, we cannot avoid the thought that his state might possibly be one of passivity, or even of potentiality. We do not readily conceive of activity in the abstract. We think of sound in association with a body which transmits or reflects it, of light as it illuminates something, and of force and energy as opposed by resistance.

By projecting this line of thought we awaken a conception of a disembodied spirit as a possible eternal potential, which seems irrational. The characteristics of a human being are, presumably, the product of a bundle of subtilities known as the mind functioning through, and much influenced by, a material body. Dissociated, the manifestations of each must be quite different than when in union. Science assigns the body to new atomic groupings which do not suggest the past. May not the same law apply to the mind? If so, the idea of a limited individuality suggests itself, which, though it may be logical in sequence, is generally repugnant. Further, how can we associate the idea of immortality with man if he is at birth a new creation, as claimed by Western theology? Immortality implies eternal existence. If we study the theories of the Eastern theologians we find much that appeals to our reason. Their belief in the post-mortem existence of an entity formed of material from the nervous system, so subtile in quality as to transcend familiar laws, which, with the "mind stuff" disengages from the physical body at its death, is one that at least challenges our attention.

We know that the external instruments of the senses can reveal

nothing unless the corresponding internal organs in the "nerve centres" function properly. On the other hand, there are authentic records of sense perceptions when the external instruments have been inoperative.

Our knowledge of the nervous system is very limited. The interior of the "axis cylinder" (of the nerves) is a *terra incognita*, as any attempt at exploration at once changes its condition. May there be, in these mysterious labyrinths, matter of an ethereality beyond our experience, which can pass into other associations without loss of individuality? If so, we can conceive an invisible counterpart of the physical body, which survives it, and energizes denser matter elsewhere. The question again arises, Would the former individuality remain unchanged? We know the potency of the external material envelope to influence inner activities, that even a slight variation in the physical organs seems to affect man's moral nature. Accordingly we might expect that a "subtile body" which had reincarnated in a finer or coarser material than its former would give manifestations of a higher or lower type. This thought would be in harmony with another tenet of the Eastern metaphysicians, viz.: "That all animated organisms are progressing towards higher conditions, not however without retrogressive steps." When a dominant element bars the avenue to advancement, it is drawn to a condition where it will exhaust itself and cease to be impeditive. Then the "subtile body" at its next incarnation will advance beyond the point from which it receded *pro tempore*. The Eastern philosophy assigns to the "subtile body" an interval of rest between each incarnation, during which (in a subjective state) it exhausts the impressions garnered in its past life. We cannot deny to the advocates of this idea the striking analogy to be found in plant life, where periods of activity and repose alternate, especially noticeable in the seed wherein a season of latency succeeds that of manifestation. Further, the seed contains a miniature storehouse of nourishments which is not quite depleted until the birth of the new plant. Another fact, worthy of some thought, in passing, is that the seeds of all animated things, from plant to man, require certain environments in order to develop, which being obtained, the "psychic factor" immediately appears in each. There

are facts in nature, not to be disregarded, upon which strong analogical reasoning concerning the future of man may be founded.

It is probable that one law governs the universe, and that in the simplest forms may be found the key to the most complex groups. If bold thinkers are not quite willing to accept the charts offered by Eastern and Western theologies, where will they find a "pole star" for their guidance? Is it possible that by combining the twin forces of concentration and meditation they may discover it within themselves? If so, and one ray could be utilized, might it not reveal avenues of thought which, though diverse from those already pursued, would invite exploration? Can we think of the Universe as eternal but constantly changing; that apparent and historical creations are but awakenings at the dawn of new cycles; that the "birth and death of worlds" are simply initial points in their evolution and involution, which are periods of activity and repose, an eternal "flood" and "ebb" in the tides of the universe? That an infinity of planetary systems issue from central primaries, in time to disintegrate and form other combinations; that the "primaries" are resolved into their original *element* and reappear in new forms and states?

Can we think that the two great controlling forces of nature are the centrifugal and centripetal, and that these are the resultants of different rates of vibration? We know that sound, heat, light and electricity are but changed vibratory conditions. Is it not reasonable to think that the law is universal in its application? Can we think that all nature is pervaded by an IMPERISHABLE PRINCIPLE which is eternally active, and that this imperishable principle is an infinite ocean of vitality, force, intelligence, consciousness, and every known attribute and emotion in such subtile combination, and harmonious correlation as to produce a "perfect whole," which surrounds and includes *all things*, its currents passing through them as the water of a terrestrial ocean flows through porous bodies? If so, let us think of every living organism as capable of reproducing its kind, having "the seed within itself" in, and through the agency of this sea of vital, physis and spiritual force. If we can think of this "perfect whole" as the sum of all elements, attributes and emotions in *equi-*

librium, then we can realize that a redundancy of any one principle would destroy the perfection of the whole. We know that the individuality of a complex chemical group is destroyed by the slightest shade in value of any one of its elements. We know, too, that analysis will reveal the presence of rank odors in the most delicious perfume, that exquisite tints contain heavy colors, and that "dissonances" exist in ravishing harmonies. We also know that material substances have varied absorptive powers, and are capable of producing every degree of interference in the passage of a subtile fluid. This is illustrated in the phenomena of light, heat and electricity. Now, can we imagine this ocean of "imperishable principle" to be filled with entities in limitless diversity, which can absorb its elements in illimitable combinations? If so, we might have a key to the multiform character exhibited in human beings. The question arises: If the material body disintegrates, what becomes of the imperishable principle which was incorporated in it? Does it return to the general ocean, and would it be freighted with the individuality of the entity which it had left? A salt disappears in water, but its characteristics remain in the fluid, in time and under favorable conditions to reappear. The inquiry might be answered by assuming that the imperishable principle never rests in the body, but is ever flowing through it, as the water of our ocean passes through the sponge which it vitalizes and sustains, and that the "individuality" is a persistent *grouping of elements* in the current of "imperishable principle" which, under like conditions, manifests.

Continuing this line of thought, can we believe that the great Essence, Being or Personality which is worshiped, under various titles, as the Deity, *is* this "Ocean of imperishable principle" in which "we live and move and have our being"? That it is "without beginning of days or end of years"; that it is "without variableness or shadow of turning," being unconditioned; that it is "Omnipotent" because it is the source of all force and energy; "Omniscient" in that it is the sum of all intelligence; "Omnipresent" as it embraces and pervades all things—"all Holy" being the aggregate of all attributes in harmonious combination? Can we believe that this current of Deity is flowing through all things, creating, preserving

and changing them in an infinite series of self-manifestations? That it is of absolute purity in itself, but is refracted, distorted and obscured by the material bodies through which it passes? That it is the true "beingness" of every existing thing, yet remains separate from them? In the Bhagavad Gita, Krishna says: "I am the seed of all existing things. All things exist in me but I do not exist in them. All this universe is pervaded by me in my invisible form; there is nothing animate or inanimate which is without me. My divine manifestations are without end." Can we believe that man, as we know him, is an incarnation of this "imperishable principle" which his, as yet, imperfect body perverts into such inharmonious combinations and reflects in such distorted images? Can we believe that this body will in time evolve to such a degree of purity and lucidity as to receive and transmit the Divine impression correctly? And further, that man will ever escape the bondage of corporeality? The optician, after years of patient toil, has from the crude instrument of early times evolved a lens that will transmit the image of an object without "achromatism" or "spherical aberration." Can we expect that, in the great workshop of Nature, man's material body (here or elsewhere) will be raised to a condition wherein he will recognize and realize his oneness with Deity, and in which he will be emancipated from the affinities which impel incarnation? He would then remain a conscious part of the perfect whole. Can man hasten the evolutionary steps? Perhaps! He *can* so regulate the vibratory condition of external things as to change their atomic groupings. Has he not power to work within and dissipate the veils which obscure the true light? Certainly there has been one notable instance in which this hypothesis seems to have been a fact.

Three subjects engross the human thought. Whence the origin of evil and suffering in the world? How are matter and spirit related? Wherefore the multiple manifestations of the Deity? We are familiar with certain physical laws and their action. We recognize the destructive cyclone, the thunderbolt, the volcano, earthquake and tidal wave, but we do not judge their effects ethically. We see in each instance an effort of certain elements to regain their equilibrium. Disastrous as these convulsions may appear we accept their

inevitableness, knowing them to be the work of natural laws past our control. May we think that what we recognize as sin and sorrow, pain and suffering, are miniature cyclonic storms in the microcosm (man) caused by the throes of nature to readjust a disturbed equilibrium? Would not the hypothesis be more reasonable than that which robs Deity of the attribute of absolute equity, or supposes the existence of a power which limits his Omnipotence?

Regarding the second subject, we have the views of the Western theologians who recognize duality and conceive of a material universe governed by a spiritual ruler, and the two conceptions of the Eastern philosophers, one being that matter and spirit are discrete; the former being energized by the latter; the other that all is spirit and the universe as it appears, entirely illusory. Or in other words, that spirit is immanent and matter non-existent. Though an element of truth appears in each hypothesis, fallacies, not easily dissolved, are equally recognizable. The latter is especially difficult to grasp by the finite mind conditioned by relativity. Can we think of a nucleus around which each teaching may have crystallized and can they be harmonized? A mass of iron may be vaporized. The vapor is not *de facto* the iron, nor the iron the vapor, yet each must exist in the other. Can we think that matter by a series of intensified vibrations may be spiritualized, and that spirit, obedient to the same law, through successive pacified vibrations may be materialized? Each though differing from, would embrace the other. We might think of spirit and matter as interchangeable. Can we do so? Are there not facts that fortify and encourage the thought?

The third and last inquiry is from its own nature as unaskable as it is unanswerable. We can conceive that were there no alternating seasons of darkness, there would be no inquiries or theories concerning light, no conception of time or question of periods; that an infinite line being immeasurable, admits of no thought relative to its length, and that an eternal principle eternally manifesting being, infinite in itself and its acts, is equally beyond interrogation.

Our views have been taken from the domain of *relativity*. If we cross to the realm of *actuality* our thoughts must pursue another channel.

If our hypothetical ocean of "imperishable principle," our sea of Deity is all producing, it must be all containing. It must be the maker, the material and that which is made; the knower, the knowledge and the subject; the thinker, the thought and the object of thought; the speaker, the word and that which is uttered; the light and the illuminated; the shadow and that which is veiled; the lover, the love and the loved; the father, the mother and the son; the seed, the soil and the harvest; the cause and the effect; the *One only reality*.

Can we conceive that all things, visible and invisible, are rising, by vast evolutionary cycles and countless transformations to a realization of this One reality through Self-Knowledge? Let us try!

EDWARD G. DAY, M. D.

REALITY AND EXPRESSION.

As we look out upon the world we see the fields, the woods, the sky, the water. These are all the material expressions of the Natural Laws of Life. When these pictures are registered upon the retina of the eye, they are apprehended as objects by the mentality. The essence, back of these phenomena, of Beauty, Goodness and Love are comprehended only by our Higher Self, through the interpretation of Reason.

External Nature is the manifestation or effect of Natural Law. Natural Law is the inverted effect of the Spiritual Cause. The Spiritual Cause has only for its effect Spiritual Man, who has, however, been privileged with free will to perceive the real as it is or the unreal *as it is not*. In the dual condition of Man, the forms of external nature are perceived in their material expression, only, on the lower or personal plane and through perversion, not as phenomena, but as realities, which is indicative of the wrong use of free will by Man.

Material expression or Matter in Form is the division made by our Perception between the different results of Force.

Would there be any material expression without the Consciousness of Perception? How do we know that there is any Matter except through this Consciousness?

If Life, as expressed or considered on the Personal plane, should cease, would there be any consciousness to know or recognize Matter? Taking the question from the Metaphysical point, both "Life" and "Material Expression" must be considered as to their causes.

The Vibration of Matter or Motion of Atoms producing cohesion, the sympathy of atoms for each other, the evolution of these atoms from the lowest forms to Man, are all the material expressions of the Descent of Spirit in its Inverted phase.

This Life and this Matter are co-existent facts, taken on this Personal plane of Consciousness. The question of Life being apart from Material Expression must be examined from its proper standpoint.

Life, considered as Pure Spirit, which is Reality, is the Cause of all Real Effects.

Matter or material expression is the effect of an illusionary condition—a dream state of Spiritual Man—an effect perceived from the sense-plane only. Both this cause and this effect are only a Seeming Life, and are *not* separated. But from the higher standpoint of Spiritual Being, material expression is placed apart from the Real Life, as Life on that exalted plane has only its *true* spiritual reflection.

"Life is that which holds all matter together." The Descent of Spirit into Matter, or the willful turning of Man away from Truth, the "Fall of Man" to the lowest depths of understanding of Truth, is materially expressed in the rigid formation of Rock; and the slow working upward or evolution of this perversion of the Free will of Man, back to the beginning, through all the forms of Nature, learning by this extended experience the error of belief in the Separateness of Man from God, would seem to illustrate the twofold aspect of Life—the Seeming and the Real: the Seeming, which travels hand and hand with material expression, as a necessary adjunct, and the Real, which, when arrived at and realized in its fullest meaning, needs no matter as an adjunct, as it is complete in Itself—a full mental expression of a spiritual reality.

EZRA NORRIS.

RELIGION.

The history of Theological Doctrine shows, between adherents, an almost continuous contention about the nature and meaning of Religion.

The Latin word from which the English word was derived is *Religio*; the Latin derivation is doubtful, and its source has not been determined, conclusively. Webster defines Religion as “Right feeling toward God as rightly apprehended.” This definition is fully comprehended only when the true meaning of “right” is entertained. Intelligent understanding of the principles of Being, is essential to the establishing of action in the affairs of human life, on such a basis that Religion shall prevail.

Webster says: “Religion, as distinguished from Theology, is subjective (spiritual), designating the feelings and acts of men which relate to God, The Deity; while Theology is objective (material), and denotes those *ideas* of God which Man entertains respecting *the God** which he worships.” Theology, therefore, is the term which is rightly used to express the worship of the various “Gods” which the different peoples have established according to their own blind beliefs and to suit their own ideas. Graven images, all of them, and every such deluded worshiper, an idolator.

“Theology is a vessel in which men try to limit and confine religion.” Webster again says: “Religion denotes the influences and motives to human duty which are found in the character and will of God. Sanctity.” Now, sanctity denotes primarily “That purity of heart and life which springs from habitual communion with the inner spirit of infinite reality, and a sense of its continual presence.”

Religion denotes human duty toward God—the Principle of Being. Morality denotes human duty toward man—the Manifestation of Being. The substance of the action of true Religion is necessarily pure goodness. It must have its basis in a full under-

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standing of the FUNDAMENTAL GOOD of the universe; the eternal RIGHT; Reality—the one and only GOD. As a course of action, pure Religion is a gathering together or binding into one, again, of the ideas of goodness and truth, which have been seemingly scattered, through failure to understand the UNITY of the one Reality of all things. The earlier use of the Latin derivation, *Re*—again, and *Ligare*—to bind, strongly suggests that this meaning was prevalent among the learned of that time, although some ecclesiastical minds try to interpret this definition as meaning “to bind as with a creed.”

The true office of Religion is to gather or unite in harmony all of man's faculties, thus adjusting the actions of his life to the Divine or perfect purpose. It must begin in right education, which must necessarily be based upon true knowledge of reality.

Religion is Subjective—spiritual—internal, true, and real, while Theology is Objective—material—external, false, unreal.

True Religion is both Spiritual and Intellectual. It is a living manifestation of Eternal Truth. It cannot exist in forms and ceremonies, for all form is objective, therefore external, inverted, and erroneous.

One who desires to live a religious life must know the facts of the infinite goodness of Deity—the one only Being. He must be able to demonstrate and prove both the truth and the goodness of ETERNAL REALITY. Then his former blind and ignorant belief in the opinion of others will be lost in knowledge, and he will gain understanding, thereby developing wisdom which comes with knowledge of fundamental Truth.

“Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not.” *Proverbs IV., 5.*

“Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.” *Proverbs IV., 7.*

To rest content with a belief is to admit that you are ignorant, and willing to remain so. To ask another to believe an opinion and to be content with it as a belief, is to demand that he, also, shall remain ignorant and indolently allow some one else to do his thinking for him, while he continues a mere machine; to “Hide his talent

in the earth"; in which case "there shall (eventually) be taken from him even that which he hath"; which means, that to believe, only, without exercising thought and judgment, is to fail in understanding, to forget wisdom, and to lose instead of gain knowledge.

In the Parable, the talents divided among the servants by The Master, represent the various mental faculties and the powers for their use. They may all be developed, through just and intelligent exercise, for the purpose of gain in knowledge and increase of understanding, which is the only road to the palace of the Wise. God manifests himself eminently in those who recognize his qualities in the highest degree; and the most religious man is he who in the various actions of his life conforms the nearest to the fundamental principle of Religion; viz.: that all Reality is a unit, all seeming parts belong to ONE WHOLE, and *all men*, absolutely, are of one family—the children of God—and necessarily good, irrespective of sex, race, color, station or condition. Until this mighty truth is recognized and used as a balance in which to weigh our prejudices, we shall never be able to discriminate between the true and the false, in theory or in doctrine, and our boasted religion will be swallowed up, as in the past, in a theological labyrinth of conflicting opinions kept in agitated motion by hatred of one another.

In its final analysis Religion is pure goodness. If not, it can be nothing whatever to man. The *religion* of goodness is its *action* in life; while the *goodness* of religion is its fundamental essence of absolute RIGHT, which becomes known through recognition of Ultimate Truth. The progressive formula of this conception should be: TTUTH—RIGHT—GOODNESS—RELIGION—DIVINITY. The light of Truth, shining in the heart of the sincere man, prompts TRUE action, which must be entirely right; i. e., according to the principles of Truth. Right action results in the performance of deeds which must be *good*, just because they are *right* in both principle and operation. Such an act is necessarily based upon the Unit of principle and operates through the conception of unity in life, hence it is distinctly religious regardless of sect or opinion; and a religious life based upon united goodness and upon the *rightness* of Truth itself, is a Divine existence.

True Religion is the pure aspiration of the soul-man to the heights of actual knowledge of Reality.

According to all true meanings of the words and by all right sense of the fitness of things, actions, and ideas, religion and goodness must always be found together. In fact, this truth is recognized, and so stated in various ways, even by those who argue for a one-sided theory of bigotry and intolerance, the mistake being that these sectarians connect goodness and right with their own distorted views and call that mixture Religion.

In estimating the religious character of any act, theory, or subject, it is entirely safe to judge it by the *inherent good* that can be found in it, and by the goodness expressed in its action in life. If good, both fundamentally and operatively, it cannot fail of being religious in nature, and it will surely stand every fair test that can be made; while if it lacks goodness in character, it will fail in justice, will prove unsound, and on examination it will certainly be found non-religious in all ways. It will stand no test whatever.

Do not either believe or disbelieve this, on the statement alone, but put it in operation in your own daily life, study the effects of so-called religion and see for yourself what are its results in human life. The human and the divine are by nature so closely allied that they must abide together and operate as one whole; otherwise, one or the other will vanish from view and its qualities be lost from life. Without the divine essence the human qualities deteriorate to nothingness; and without the human expression the divine remains hidden from the progressive mind and soul-nature of man. The Reality of one is the Reality of the other, and one Truth pervades the being of both. Wisdom is the conscious and superconscious recognition of that truth; and Religion is life-action in conformity with the united reality of the whole—action which will be absolutely RIGHT because based upon fundamental truth. That which is *fundamentally right* cannot by any possibility be bad, and evil cannot be predicated either of its action or its results; it is, therefore, essentially good and all its influences tend upward. Any other effect that may become apparent is simply the result of imperfect observation and consequent failure to understand the true nature of the subject under examination.

In a majority of minds the words Religion and Theology are confused with each other to the extent that they have become synonymous, and either one is used regardless of its actual meaning. The result of this is that frequently a speaker is credited with the meaning of the word he did not use, and errors become established as truth.

While Religion means the essential GOODNESS of the eternal RIGHT of *Divine Reality*, Theology, on the other hand, signifies the particular views that any sect or group of men hold with regard to Divine action and their own relation to spiritual life. There are, therefore, as many Theologies as there are differing sects, or groups of human minds; but ONLY ONE RELIGION; and this must be founded on the inseparable unit of Reality, which calmly awaits recognition by the spirit, after the contention of words, carried on by the external mind, has reached its limit of argument.

The sort of mind which calls theology religion and deems the forms of theological dogma to be religious action, usually fails to recognize the essential *goodness* of religion, and denies that the word God bears any direct relation to Good. His so-called religion does not consist of a "gathering together" in knowledge, of all the seemingly separated parts of truth, into ONE WHOLE OF PURE REALITY; but, rather, it is a theological belief which *separates* each thought and each thing under consideration, scattering far and wide all which does not find a responsive chord in his own befogged intellect. His congregation is invariably divided before his biased gaze, into sheep and goats—*he* and *his* always being on the favored side; and too often with the unsound conception of an angry father, seeking vengeance on those who do not agree with these distorted theological views of a separate life and special rewards for the favored few. In such a mode of thought the conception of goodness is impossible, and one's very religion becomes a millstone about his neck, which sinks him into total oblivion of the light of truth.

Because Divine Reality is infinite and all-inclusive, man, although spiritual in nature and divine in character, cannot use the limited instrument, in a degree of activity sufficiently high to recognize Divinity in its entirety, while operating on this external mental plane, and his fragmentary recognitions become to him entities, starting the

processes of his thought on a round of limited conceptions which develop theories correspondingly weak, and inefficient to explain the mysteries of life here and hereafter. The weak point in his philosophy is its lack of unity and consequent scattering of the facts of reality until goodness and truth are impossible of realization. Comprehension of the fact of **UNITY IN REALITY** leads straight to the conception of truth, and to recognition of the innate good, without which reality cannot be true and truth cannot be real.

Reality and Truth are one entity of Divine Being, reality representing our conception of its substance and truth signifying its activity. Religion is the conscious knowledge of all right phases of the truth, and the reality of actual Being, and it is sound, or not, according to its wholeness; real, or not, according to its completeness; and pure, or not, according to its goodness.

WHOLENESS.

No feature of Religion seems to be generally doubted more than that of "wholeness"; yet a recognition of the all-inclusiveness of truth is suggested, almost to the degree of proof, by the very bigotry of religious enthusiasts who, in their zeal, exclude all teaching not bearing their particular seal, and denounce all those who do not accept their teaching, as "not having the truth." Even in the bigotry of a narrow conception the immutable wholeness of truth holds sway, and compels the mind to a recognition that attaches "all-inclusiveness" to its own convictions, which allows of none remaining for "heretics." Wholeness of conception of truth, in any form, is essential to knowledge; because, an unwhole conception is imperfect and leaves out some part of the truth, which allows an error of some sort to take the place of the missing fact, and the incomplete thought becomes a belief which, in turn, falls short of knowledge. Belief invariably begins in separation and proceeds in its speculations along lines of partial recognition only, denouncing that which it does not recognize. Belief, therefore, is not knowledge, and theological faith is not religion.

If a Belief begins with a correct statement of truth, it rapidly assumes proportions of wholeness, and, becoming a complete com-

prehension, it evolves into knowledge; then its garb of belief disappears and knowledge of truth illumines the soul with absolute faith. Until belief reaches this state of wholeness of conception it is not knowledge, and until faith worships at the shrine of *knowledge of spiritual reality* it does not indicate religious action. Imperfect knowledge is a mere belief, which, if trusted, establishes ignorance; and unwhole faith is credulity which leads to every form of superstition, intolerance, and unsound doctrine, but never into religious channels of spiritual truth. The faith which rests upon knowledge of spiritual reality, will show such wholeness of conception as to include everything which is real, whether or not it be yet recognized consciously.

This does not mean that one cannot exercise faith unless he knows *all there is to be known*, or absolutely all of any one subject; but, that such as is included in the act of faith must be *known*, through examining its laws and experiencing its principles; else it is only *believed* and may be false. The knowledge, so far as acquired, may possess the quality of wholeness in all of its phases, yet not extend to every phase of being to which it can apply. In this event the mind will expand to take in other activities, and will comprehend each with the quality of WHOLENESS, which will compel the exactness of mathematics and the inexorableness of logic in all its processes. The conclusions of such reasonings about any subject of religion will necessarily be whole and sound, because the processes of thought "gather together all parts of knowledge" on a given subject, and abstract the essence of truth from each. The result is what is termed Religion and it will be the highest order of Faith. Its principal feature is its WHOLENESS because without that quality none of its features would be real and the truth would not be in it.

Wholeness does not mean all-inclusiveness only, but the *quality* of being whole, sound; a state of perfection, including purity of construction, all-inclusiveness, soundness of constitution, and healthy activity in all its being, whatever the subject under examination.

The roots of wholeness and health are the same, both words tracing back through the same channels. Because of this, both words are very properly used in religious thought, and it has always

been understood that true religion *should* carry a healing power. It does; and the power rests entirely within the ability of the mind to comprehend the wholeness, soundness and absolute health of the individual, who, because his being is an inseparable complement of the Universal Being, must share its qualities, which are all necessarily whole; and, in realization of that wholeness, as a matter of course, he is hale, healthy, sound and whole. External appearances do not in the least modify the facts of spiritual truth. The conviction brings realization and the realization expresses itself in healthy activity because it is whole. In this manner true religion becomes a healing philosophy and its knowledge is the "Tree of Life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

The Wholeness of pure religion carries all necessary power for the healing of the race; not alone of pain and of physical ailments (all delusions of inverted sense) but of mental and moral disorders, so hopeless under worldly methods, and such obstructions to the progress of the soul upward to its home in heaven—the harmony of the whole activity of truth. It is because the "Wholeness" has been left out of modern religion that the healing power which the early churches possessed has been lost, and Religion has deteriorated into Theology. Leaving it out in one part it vanishes from all; and with the wholeness goes the health, both of the doctrine and its adherents—a sickly brood at best.

That which is whole is sound and that which is sound must be good. The logic of this is inexorable; shall we for opinion's sake reject the reasoning and so withhold ourselves from both wholeness and goodness? That which is good is whole, and not until its wholeness is recognized can its goodness be realized, for one dwells within the other; the spirit of one is the spirit of the other. Holiness is only another name for wholeness. Both words have the same root, and Whole and Holy have been used synonymously by all religious philosophers. A religious life is a holy life, because it is impregnated with the quality of wholeness in all its actions; remove this quality from the thought processes and holiness vanishes with it. This holds equally true of either personal life or theoretical teaching. Holiness, Goodness and Wholeness all unite in Religion, and pro-

duce a Divine Nature. Truth is the essence of each and the knowledge of one includes all of the others.

The beauties that unfold before the soul while these truths are calmly contemplated can only be felt; they cannot be described for want of terms. Nothing so stirs the soul as conviction of an idea of universal truth, when its application to human life comes with the comprehension. A true conception, thus evolved, can never be taken away; it becomes established as a mode of activity in that individual soul, and changes only in order to progress further along the line of that principle.

PURITY.

Religion is usually considered as pure in nature, and the requirements of a religious life are commonly understood to include purity of both action and purpose. In what matter, then, shall we judge an action, to determine justly whether it be pure? Of what does the purity of Religion consist? How may one's life be both religious and pure? Can it be one of these without the other? Is there a mode of *religious* life that is not pure, or a *pure* life that is non-religious. It is clearly manifest that there is much of action in human life which passes for religion, that is far from purity. The word pure means unmixed; clear; sound; complete; and, in its ultimate whole. The highest conception of the word purity is—ABSOLUTE RIGHT.

These are its real meanings, which carry the word to its highest ground, where we may use it intelligibly and forcibly, conveying clear ideas in pure understanding of the spiritual principle of the thing or condition that is under examination.

In the common use of the words pure and purity a sentimental meaning is frequently given the preference—a custom which leads the mind to overlook the deeper meanings, because of the attractiveness of these more superficial views of the idea. Yielding to the emotional nature, it is easy to sentimentalize any phase of thought; that is, to think of the idea in ways which most readily appeal to the feelings, alone. This phase of thought action finds such an easy response in the warmth of the heart that one with emotional tendencies is apt to linger with it, thereby failing to look far enough to

recognize the deeper phases of the idea, in which the most powerful action always rests. In this way the true nature of the idea is lost sight of, and feeling takes the place of true understanding. If properly comprehended, however, the actual nature of the idea will be found, alike, in the scientific meaning, and in the true feeling; because, the emotional nature, when not emasculated by superficial sentiment, responds harmoniously to the pure activities of the real nature of the idea, and reproduces, in pure feeling, the truth contained within its principle. In this manner the idea of purity in religion and in religious affairs has by some been diverted from its true sense of ABSOLUTE RIGHT, and has become established as a sentiment, varying in its meaning according to the thoughts and feelings of each thinker. It is then easily turned into the channel of whatever each one has adopted as correct form in religious matters, and criticism is based upon conformity with man's established rules of conduct, frequently with little or no regard for matters of actual Principle or real Spiritual Law in the Universe. In this manner the *letter* may be complied with but the *spirit* left out of our dealings with others, and while we indulge self-satisfaction in our supposed purity of life, our actions, which do not conform to permanent law and principle, are not RIGHT and cannot be *pure*, either in purpose or result.

On the other hand, if we search out the true Principle of activity involved in the subject which occupies our attention, and adapt our action to the real Law through which it must be made manifest, thus understanding the subject as regards its reality, its substance, and its truth, we will then recognize its real character and know how it should be adapted to human life to produce right results. When this is recognized, a perfectly true and pure sentiment will inevitably arise in the heart, which will be impartial in its application to individuals, because of the essential justice of that which, acting according to principle, must, in all respects, be *absolutely right*.

The purity of any subject rests in that action which conforms to the true laws that alone can express its principle. The Principle produces the law, the Law produces the action, and the LAWFUL ACTION OF THE PRINCIPLE is *pure* in every feature. From this point

of view Purity is not a matter of opinion, but a demonstrable fact. Any question of purity can be submitted to this test, which will determine its character according to the absolute truth of the subject. The Principle, when discovered, will disclose the Law of its operation, the Law will demonstrate the true Action involved in the subject, and the Action will necessarily be entirely pure, in purpose, in plan, and in operation.

The Principle is based upon its Truth, the Law evolves from its Goodness, the Action demonstrates its Wholeness, and the *Eternal Right* of the WHOLE sets forth the purity of its Being.

True Religion, therefore, represents man's conception of the Eternal Right, and must necessarily be whole, good and pure in its substance, qualities and actions—a philosophy which gathers and unites, in one understanding, all the conceptions of truth that have yet taken root in the heart of man, who, in his real nature, is the pure and perfect manifestation of the Love of God. To the pure all things are pure, and in holiness everything is Whole. “Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.” *

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

THE ON-LOOKER.

Through Time and Space the Fates shall take my soul
 For purpose of their own, to play with it at will;
 But I—who am I?—looking on shall learn the reason of the
 whole,
 To write it in my Book of Life when life is still.

For when at last my soul returns alone
 Over the path that all some day must tread,
 There shall be waiting I, unchanged, in presence of the Great
 Unknown,
 Where Fate is dead.

ANNE THROOP.

* From the Ethical Course of the American School of Metaphysics, New York.

LITERATURE AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

To define "new thought" is no part of the present writing, though one might pause to question why "new," since the principle it embodies is old as time itself. Lost to sight it is true; so lost that men believed it had never had existence; overlaid by the ages in which the human body was despised and ignored—the human soul forbidden to think. The searcher for truth, the soul that asserted its inborn freedom and rights fared but ill, for dungeon and stake were the only goal priest and church allowed it to attain. Yet the old thesis maintained itself; each generation had martyrs who proclaimed it, till a more tolerant day dawned in which we saw it clearly face to face, christening it "new," since only its martyrs knew that its age was that of the beginning of wisdom for human kind.

Since the coming of this faith it has had many phases, most of them now familiar to the public. On one side, that of so-called Christian Science, it has apparently learned nothing by the lapse of years, but holds steadfastly to its original crudities, its chief reason for continued existence lying in the protest of its beginning against the materialism that then seemed uppermost. Conservative and narrow to a degree belonging to the Dark Ages rather than to an enlightened present it has frowned upon knowledge as vain—science as useless waste of time and trouble, and art and literature as unnecessary to the illuminated soul. And if this be true for the sect which proclaims itself first in the "new thought," it is hardly less so of the many that have arisen founded on the shades of difference in treatment or statement which from time to time defined themselves.

In the meantime the true scientist the world over, has been compelled out of a materialism barely a generation ago almost universal, into full acknowledgment of what one of their noblest representatives, Lester F. Ward, has made the title of one of his most notable volumes, "The Psychic Factors of Modern Civilization." The latest word from science defines the psychic quality in the cell, its power of selection and therefore of conscious choice and conscious growth, thus

making our bodies a congeries of intelligences as it were—each organ with specific voice of its own, yet the mind imperial, absolute ruler over all. The morning newspaper brings us miracles and each day demonstrates more clearly the unity of law, the natural in the spiritual, the spiritual in the natural, world.

Of all this the average mental scientist takes small heed. The few who do are counted unfaithful to their creed, gleaners in forbidden fields. For the most part the disciples of cure by the mental method, appear to count it a special personal miracle, and accept no knowledge or wisdom, no book or discourse however noble, in which mention of mental healing has no place. The facts they have acquired loom large and overshadow all others. Myriads of the cured become healers and most of them make books.

It is at this point that we may deal with them for a space. Card lessons, papers, pamphlets, magazines, volumes, pour out upon the public, all saying much the same thing with various degrees of incoherence but a singularly unanimous weakness. There are fine exceptions, but these speak for themselves. In the most of these productions is a vast self-complacency, and the investigator who has frequented the general meetings of these believers, sees reproduced on the pages he turns, the distinguishing expression of the average disciple. Content with their quasi-metaphysics, serene in their unpractical, dreamy, abstract life, they wear the perennial smile, mysterious as that grin on the countenances of Assyrian kings in those early sculptures that are an entertaining phase of the dark ages in art.

As to their creed it is no less mysterious. Let the people die rather than at any crisis call in the services of a trained physician or surgeon, however skilled, however wise. Perish all literature that distracts for a moment from the contemplation of other thought than the "new." "All is good." "A mush of concession" is the chief portion of the holders of this faith. At bottom a sacred truth, it is made vain words by its use as explanation of or cover of all sad facts in life, and no less by indiscriminating acceptance of all lectures and lecturers, books and general periodical literature bearing on the question. Perspective, literary or otherwise, is lost, the mental scientists having, it would seem, no more place for it than has a Chinese picture. At

mes the wildest phases of Orientalism are grafted on this singular tree. Christianity on its human and genuinely practical side has no further recognition, and in the jumble of faiths the power to judge of acts, the discrimination, literary or scientific, that marks the trained mind becomes no less impossible than undesired.

For, the next step in evolution, what is it? Are men to take it on their own feet, consciously searching out the law of progress, consciously obeying the divine call onward—or to float dreamily on a sea of abstraction toward a harbor unknown and undefined, flying a flag which bears the legend, "We are already perfect. Seek no farther."

Out of this singular state of things has arisen a literature unique of its kind, but bringing to sensitive critics—men and women who know a real book when they see it—first rage, then a contempt too deep for words. It is an unhappy fact, that their actual historical value, as an index of the singular time we shall presently consider from the philosophic standpoint in history, gives them no place on the reviewer's table. That long-suffering servant of the public has no reason. He knows as he glances at the thing that calls itself a book, since covers and title and printed pages are all there; but, above all, when fiction presents itself, he knows that it is but the ghost of a book; that healthy, natural, noble human life has left no trace in the stilted, so-called philosophy, the unreal conversations, the devitalized pictures of things as we may well pray heaven they may never be.

For the most part these books are quite harmless. Their silliness bars them out for the majority of rational readers. But side by side with these is arising another order so pestilential that the authorities which class them under the head "religious," might better rank them with books to be suppressed: Crude knowledge of the mysteries in life; a little study of old myths, and of the rites of undeveloped religious faiths; a smattering of cheap science; another smattering of occultism; and with it all an obtuseness not only of phrase but of feeling—utter lack of spiritual perception, of real life in any of its deeper meanings. It is this combination that is the despair of one who watches to hail the real Book born of the thought of a thinking, feeling, believing, living, loving human being.

On the table before me as I write, lies a book of this last order.

The first and most apparent fact is its utter absence of even the slightest literary quality. The second is its all-pervading, but what one must in justice to the author, a well-known and earnest-minded Rosicrucian, accept as its quite unconscious, grossness of word and implication. It is supposed to hold the gospel of a purer, higher living. In actual fact it should come under the head of obscene literature. Its pages of attempted ethical teaching count as worse than nothing in face of the bald and offensive picturing it calls the truths of human life, and its relation to the spiritual world. The devil of the past, horns, hoofs and forked tail is an angel of light compared with the elementals depicted as surrounding and debauching man. Its place is the gutter, and it is extraordinary that any rational reader should allow it to lie on the family table.

This is one order of book—happily the number is few—born of what the authors believe to be “new thought,” to fall in good time by their own weight of mud, into the slough from which they proceeded. There follows another, entirely unobjectionable in tone but equally hopeless as literature. It is a fairly well-made book to the eye, but its illustrations carry with them that sense of hopeless crudity that marks others from like sources. The author in a preface, otherwise frank and to the purpose, announces that he has procured them at great expense and trouble as works of art demanded by the high purpose of the volume. Yet one of the chief spiritual teachers among his characters has the expression of a rather seedy gambler, and the Hindoo adept, deducting the turban, might be the portrait of a prosperous Pullman car porter.

Turning from these bewildering conceptions, one finds an atmosphere of great good will, a keen ethical sense, and much preaching in good English to fairly good purpose. But here, too, our author knows only Chinese perspective. Construction, characterization, faithfulness to life, picturesqueness—of these essential bases of any live work of fiction there is not a trace. His people are convenient pegs upon which didactics are hung—his philosophy is a bundle of old clothes. His evident honesty, his excellent intention, disarm one, yet each page is an affliction since it holds absolute ignorance of the soul of words, often even of their customary meanings. For ex-

ample: "His face was a study of pathos and human instinct." "In the midst of the livid silence, the clock purred forth the hour of twelve." "A revulsion of feeling sprang to his temples." "The stillness seemed livid with a holy presence of divine love." At this point the reviewer closes the book permanently.

It is evident that the author thought these sentences, as his own expression is, "vibrant of meaning," and has read into his favorite word "livid" all that the dictionary has failed to give it.

These two extremes of fiction founded on the "new thought," are chosen simply because they are the extremes. Between them lies a mass of matter chiefly inert and lifeless, its motives of the highest order, its results only personified didacticisms. Its heroes are prigs, its heroines abstractions, its people as a whole with no place or possibility in the living world. Yet they find thousands of readers and undoubtedly have a mission at present unknown and unknowable to the lover of a real book.

Turning from fiction we find on the abstract side, piles of well-intentioned but crudely put books, and a few not only helpful but of genuine literary value. One thoroughly trained philosophical student who follows the course of physiological, as well as abstract, psychology, has given us a series in which high thought has found the expression it deserves; and two trained journalists show in the keen vitality of their well-phrased pages what training stands for. There are others less thoroughly equipped but simple, sincere and earnest, sounding a note that is full of cheer and courage; and one business man notably has added his crisp, clear, decisive word in a fashion that has won a host of joyful readers. But close on the heels of these follows the long series of varying degrees of washiness, till we come to the faint edges of the cloud, and the thousand puttings of the weary phrase, "There is no matter." No problem of the world's life, no individual question is touched at any point; and action and its meaning are lost in the misty sentimentalisms over which the angels that *do* the will of the Father may well weep.

Is this state of things a necessary art of the "new thought"? Only as the singular surface disturbance is part of the new and desired chemical combination long sought by the earnest student. Work re-

mains the law of life, work always happier as its nature and effect are comprehended. Useless toil drops out. Deliverance from that is on the way, is near. But the dream must pass into action. The dreamer must put his hand to the plow if the world, sad-hearted, thick-headed, knowing little but dull question, dull longing for the something better, sought each in his own fashion by every child of man, can pass from shadows into light. Night is past and morning gray has come; but before real day dawns, must be the practical word, the positive help, the positive knowledge even now hour by hour foreshadowed, every fact of science, no less than the opening out of spiritual law, pointing to that future of wonder all men are to share.

In that day the new thought will have been sifted out; a whirlwind of chaff will have vanished and the misty philosophy have found working formulas that add to themselves all good that has been ours since time began—for the most part unconsciously, but to be a tested, proved possession. Body then will have its rights no less than soul; and soul and body will be developed, cultivated, taught, together. Knowledge so gained, so used that its name is wisdom must be the portion of all who teach, of all who really live.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

ONLY.

Only a stray sunbeam? Yet it cheered a wretched abode—gladdened a stricken heart.

Only a gentle breeze? It fanned aching brows, cheered many hearts by its gentle touch.

Only a frown? But it left a sad void in the child's heart—quivering lips and tearful eyes.

Only a smile? But how it cheered the broken heart, engendered hope, and cast a halo of light around that sick bed.

Only a word of encouragement, a single word? It gave the drooping spirit new life and led to victory.

Always remember a kind word can make not only human, but all dumb, creatures happy.—*Exchange.*

Let not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them, if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which now thou usest for present things.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

A JUNE NIGHT.

The wind-stirred leaves rustle from gentle touch.
Chanting and broken sounds lull through the night.
The herds lie in the pastures; and the birds,
Sheltered beneath the leaves, cozily rest.
Nature is still. Men lie in gentle sleep.
I only wakeful, 'mid the dews of night,
On earth's broad face, beneath the Mystery
That crowns our little, visible universe,
Lie awed and try to think.

Out from the depths of space—the blue-veiled depths—
Look down the scattered jewels of the night.
The fields of heaven are broad and figured beautiful
By hand of Infinite Thought. The wavering rays
Of light, struggling from out Immensity,
Break on the shores of earth.

The worlds whirl on through space. Planets revolve
About their mother suns. The suns move on.
Vast systems roll, which go in turn
To make up vaster systems.
Space stretches to Infinity and stretches on,
Peopled with worlds.
Immensity, unwall'd and limitless,
Reaches and reaches on and reaches still
Until the mind follows no farther,
But, shuddering at the trial, wearied recoils.

Yet all this infinite host, these numberless worlds,
Peopled with teeming life, they are not all.
Nature has yet another greater phase;
The phase of which we know not, yet may dream;
Toward which we yearn, but which we cannot reach;
The phase of which we see, through matter's forms,
Faint, glimmering rays of light,

Which are, e'en what we see, so beautiful,
 That to the spirit of man they gleam like stars;
 They stir within our souls a deeper thought;
 They shine into our natures and give joy;
 It is the hidden light, the secret force,
 The spirit of the worlds.

When all the stars that glimmer through the night
 And all that go to fill the measureless depths,
 Which lie beyond our ken, are rolling on,
 They move by perfect law—the law of worlds—
 The outer workings of some inner mind
 That in itself is method, and whose thought
 Thrills through all matter, springing into life
 And forms of beauty;
 That guides the Universe and yet e'en stoops
 To forms the most debased; and at whose will
 The smallest atom moves and is impact
 With all the forms of force
 Of myriads of globes;
 The infinite, the all-imbuing soul,
 That warms the heart of life
 And lights the beautiful;
 Whose body is Existence and whose thought
 Quivers along the whole wide Universe.

J. A. EDGERTON.

SPIRITUALITY.

Born daily out of a world of wonders into a world of wonders, that faith is most ennobling which answering to one's highest aspirations, touches all things meanwhile with the hues of an invisible world. And how vastly is life's aspect, the sphere of one's present activity, widened and ennobled the moment there step spiritual agents upon the stage, and he holds conscious communication with unseen powers! . . . The religious Life transcends the scientific understanding, its light shining through the clouds to those alone whose eyes are anointed to look behind the veils by lives of purity and devotion. A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

CHILDREN OF THE KING.

AN ALLEGORY.

Once upon a time some little children wandered through a beautiful garden. These children were of all sizes and ages—some almost babies, other little fellows nearly half grown, while a few—a very few—were fast approaching manhood, and stood quite tall among the lesser children.

Now, this garden in which they all lived belonged to their father, the King, who loved them so dearly that he had planned it for his children, and meant, when they had grown wise enough, that they should have the whole kingdom for their own, to care for it as he had always cared for it.

Strange as it may seem, the little children did not realize that they were princes, nor that the great kingdom was some day to be their own. Nor did many of them know that the King was their father. The most of them had heard that the mighty ruler lived in the heart of the garden in the midst of a thicket of thorny bushes. These grew so close together, and stretched out their briery arms so far into the many paths that led to him that the children always felt afraid to even try to approach the King. If they had only known how kind he was, how tender, how just and loving, they would have dared all the brier stings, and have sought him in the heart of the garden.

For they longed unconsciously for the perfect love that would understand their little needs, and comfort them in their childish sorrows; but the thorny bushes grew so thick, and the way seemed so dangerous that they were unable to draw close to him. Nor were they certain of his sympathy.

All they knew of their father had been told them by a few of their elder brothers, who had grown so tall that they could look over the lower hedges that hemmed in the heart of the garden. And what these older ones saw was so strange, yet so familiar, that at first they did not venture to speak of it—not even among themselves.

But, after a while, those who had looked took heart, and questioned one another; and, lo! each prince had a different story to tell about the very same thing that each one had seen. At length they differed about it loudly, and, hearing their voices in dispute, the younger children wanted to know what the quarreling was about.

But the older brothers would not tell the little children what they had seen. They made up allegories which hid the truth of that which their eyes had been permitted to see, and told them these. Some of the younger ones believed implicitly that the stories one brother told them was true; some believed another's version, until each elder brother had his following of little ones, and, beguiling them with what most pleased their childish fancies, the bands of children separated and went to live in different parts of the garden.

And all the time the King, who was close at hand, heard them, yet felt no sorrow. At the right time his children would each find the true gate that led to him in the heart of the garden. Each would at last discover him; and so he waited for the coming of the little wanderers, who to-day and to-morrow must pass by the gate.

And yet there stood the true gate, always open before them, always the sunlight of truth shining down upon the pure white posts, whose golden hinges held the swaying portals. How was it that their eyes failed to see and to know that this was the way to the father?

All day the children wandered about, some playing idly; some building for themselves pretty arbors out of vines and boughs, some seeking nuts and fruits; and others, alas! trying to kill the beautiful wild things which lived in the dark forests of the great garden. Some were kind; some were cruel; and all were watched over by their elder brothers, who taught them things that were sure to make them afraid. By frightening the smaller children, they could be made to obey; and besides this, the little ones, to propitiate their big brothers, would make offerings to them of the nuts and fruits and other good things they found in the beautiful garden.

So the elders sat at ease on the comfortable heaps of grass and fern and shining leaves, and allowed the little ones to work and wait upon them.

The days were short in the garden, but the nights were long.

When the sun sank out of sight, all the princes fell fast asleep, and there were as many dreams dreamed as there were slumbering children. Some there were who were awakened by terrible visions evoked by selfishness, and these found the night hideous indeed, and, as they wandered aimlessly amidst the sleepers, longed for that blessed forgetfulness which came to others in the sweet and peaceful sleep from which they themselves had so cruelly been awakened yet which they could not regain.

And, so it chanced, that when the dawn began to creep on rosy wings across the eastern sky, these little children, who had been awake while others slumbered, fell, at last, into a heavy sleep, and did not awaken when their brothers, rested and refreshed, opened their eyes once more upon the sunny world. And while the others wandered about the garden for another day, those who had been so disturbed slept on, and lost the whole of the glad, bright day that formed a shining rung in the ladder that leads forever upward—even as high as the highest heaven.

The babies had grown somewhat larger in the night, the little fellows had grown much taller, and the tall princes almost as big as men. So big were they that they could see over still higher hedges; and again they quarreled over what they saw. But now some of the half grown children could see a little, too, and one or two of these rebuked the older ones.

“That which you told me yesterday was not true!” cried one of the younger princes, and, turning to the listening children, he gave them a glowing account of that wondrous mystery of which he had caught a glimpse. The delighted children pressed eagerly around him, and, when he paused, bade him tell them more.

“The King is not the terrible monster our big brothers would have us believe him to be,” cried the child who had looked beyond the near hedges. “He is not a monster, and I am no longer afraid of the briars that grow across the paths. Let them sting me—what care I?—our father lives yonder in the garden’s heart?”

“Beware!” cried a big brother in anger; “Enter not that path lest ye perish! The thorns will tear your flesh——”

“What matters that if I find my father?” and leaving them all

the brave young soul pushed open the gates that swung on the golden hinges.

He was gone—whither? To the cowering children who shuddered as they listened, the elder brothers described his awful end. They shrank appalled at the pictures drawn for them of the awful lake of burning brimstone which lay ready for the foolhardy soul that dares to leave the beaten paths. They wept aloud at thought of what was in store for any who dared follow the footsteps of their lost brother, for many of them were longing to go after the dear gentle young hero they had loved so well, and missed from among them. But visions of the burning lake stayed their eager feet, and they could only weep, and wring their helpless hands in their great grief.

Thus the joy of many children vanished from them, and these desolated ones wandered aimlessly about, longing for some tangible support upon which they might lean and find comfort for their weary souls, yet finding none.

“They no longer obey—they have lost their fear,” said the big brother who had told them of the lake of brimstone. “Something must be done to frighten them—they are unruly and no longer contribute a portion of their stores. I shall make an awful image, and set it up for them to worship—an image so hideous and terrible that they will fall in fear before it!”

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

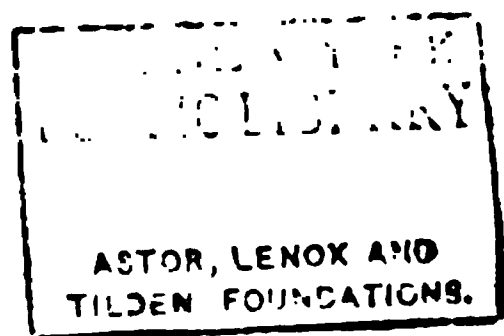
Nature is that world of substance whose laws are laws of cause and effect, and whose events transpire in orderly succession under those laws.—*Bushnell*.

The first and most necessary point in philosophy is the use of the precepts; for example, not to lie.—*Epictetus*.

Make sure that thou shalt have no fault to find with *thyself*, and thou art inaccessible to unhappiness.—*W. R. Alger*.

It is not within the power of the animal or intellectual nature of Man to desire or to love that which he does not know.—*Paracelsus*.

Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig.—*Marcus Aurelius*.



THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW.

In this number we begin the Philosophical Review work announced in January, which we feel confident will prove to be a feature of the greatest value in our educational work. It necessarily takes a little time to gather sufficient material suited to this purpose, and the variety cannot be quite so great at first as it will be in succeeding numbers, but careful selections are being made and give promise of a rich treat in the near future.

Thought along the lines of philosophy and the metaphysical aspects of the various sciences, is rapidly coming forward in all intellectual circles, and an intelligible review of the attempts made cannot fail to be instructive, as well as exceedingly interesting. We intend to leave no stone unturned to make this the most valuable feature of the future work of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, and we hope all friends will help make this feature known to those who would appreciate its benefits.

WHAT IS MEANT BY IDEAS.

I suppose that every one will grant, that we perceive not the objects that are without us, immediately and of themselves. We see the sun, the stars and infinite other objects without us; but it is not probable that the soul goes out of the body, and takes a walk, as I may say, about the heavens, to contemplate all the objects therein. It sees them not, therefore, by themselves, and the immediate object of the mind, when it beholds the sun, is not the sun, but something intimately united to the soul; and that same thing is what I call our "idea." So that by the term *idea*, I mean nothing but

that object which is immediate, or next to the soul in its perception of anything.

It ought to be well observed, that in order for the mind to perceive any object, it is absolutely necessary that the idea of that object be actually present to it; this is so certain as not possibly to be doubted of. But it is not necessary there should be anything external like to that idea; for it often happens that we perceive things that do not exist, and which never were in nature. And so a man has frequently in his mind ideas of things that never were. When a man, for instance, imagines a golden mountain, it is indispensably necessary that the idea of that mountain should be really present to his mind. When a frantic, or a man in a fever, or asleep, sees some terrible animal before his eyes, it is certain that the idea of that animal exists. And yet the mountain of gold and this animal never were in being.

Notwithstanding men being, as it were, naturally inclined to believe that corporeal objects exist, judge of the reality and existence of things quite otherwise than they ought. For when they perceive an object by way of sense they will have it most infallibly to exist, though it often happens that there is nothing of it without; they will have, moreover, this object to be just the same as they perceive it; which yet never happens. But as for the idea which necessarily exists, and cannot be otherwise than we see it, they commonly judge, without reflection, that it is nothing at all: as if ideas had not a vast number of properties (as that the idea of a square, for instance, were not very different from that of any number), and did not represent quite different things; which is not consistent with *nothing*, since nothing has no property. It is therefore undoubtedly certain that ideas have a most real existence. But let us inquire into their nature and their essence and see what there is in our soul capable of making to her the representations of all things.

Whatever things the soul perceives are only of two sorts, and are either within or without the soul. Those that are within the soul are its own proper thoughts; that is, all its different modifications. For by the words "thought," "manner of thinking," or "modifications of the soul," I mean all those things in general which cannot be in the soul without her perceiving them; such as her own sensations, her imaginations, her pure intellections, or simply her conceptions, as also her passions and natural inclinations. Now, the soul has no need of ideas to perceive all these things, because they are within the soul, or, rather, because they are the very soul itself, in such or such a manner: just as the real rotundity of any body and its motion are nothing but the body figured and translated after such or such a sort.

But as to the things without the soul, we can have no perception of them but by the means of ideas, upon supposition that these things cannot be intimately united to it; and they are of two sorts, *Spiritual* and *Material*. As to the Spiritual, there is some probability they may be discovered to the soul without ideas, immediately by themselves. For though experience certifies to us that we cannot, by an immediate communication, declare our thoughts to one another, but only by words and other sensible signs whereunto we have annexed our ideas; yet we may say that God has ordained this kind of economy only for the time of this life to prevent the disorders that might at present happen if men should understand one another as they pleased. But when justice and order shall reign, and we shall be delivered from the captivity of our bodies, we shall possibly communicate our thoughts by the intimate union of ourselves, as it is possible the angels may do in heaven. So there seems to be no absolute necessity of admitting ideas for the representing of things of a spiritual nature, since it is possible for them to be seen by themselves, though in a very dark but imperfect manner.—*From The Search After Truth, by MALEBRANCHE.*

PSYCHOLOGY FOR METAPHYSICIANS.

It is sad but true, that very many metaphysicians have a knowledge of the great facts of spiritual science, but are ignorant of the steps, that have lead the great leaders to that knowledge, which now is their property. It is especially in psychology, that they are ignorant, the very last branch they ought to neglect. We recommend to-day a good book for them to read in. Its title is "Psychology in Education." By Rusic N. Roark. It is published by the American Book Company (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago).

Though designed as a text-book for other teachers than teachers in modern metaphysics, the book suits them, nevertheless. Roark's "Psychology in Education" is elementary, yet complete and rich in illustrations upon such phenomena of mind as not only all general readers ought to know, but metaphysicians especially.

Doubtless some teachers will be unpleasantly surprised when they by means of this book discover how much unsound teaching they have given their pupils. We trust, however, that they will be wise and correct their errors. We do not recommend them to follow this book blindly, nor to copy all its precepts as infallible truth. It descends at times to regions where the metaphysicians will not follow, nor will they give assent to certain doctrines of modern psycho-physics, but the

cautious student, the illuminated mind and introspective teacher, will do well to follow its teachings. The Preface to the book is short. Here it is:

“PSYCHOLOGY is the science of mind,—mind in whatever manifested. Its applications are numerous,—in biology, sociology, criminology, education,—and each application is rapidly becoming a specialty.

“It is with psychology in education that this book is concerned. But although it is intended mainly and primarily for teachers, it is hoped that others whose business it is to educate the human mind, and to influence its growth, may find something herein that will serve them also. If the book aids in quickening an interest in mind study as applied to education, in the narrower or in the broader sense, its chief purpose will be accomplished.” . . .

The reader understands now, that the book offers only manifestations of mind—no more. It is not a work of Ontology, that is offered. It is not Pneumatology, that is recommended; only some of the phenomena of mind as understood by modern psycho-physics; and, that science concerns itself mainly with the intercourse between soul and body. It defines none of them, and is sometimes so cautious that it uses those two terms only as suitable terms expressive of certain opposite forces. It is the intercourse between soul and body that metaphysicians ought to be studying, no matter whether they be monists or dualists. Here are some extracts from the book:

“There is no room for dogmatism in psychology; and, though some of the definitions may appear dogmatic and final, they are merely intended to present concisely the writer's views of present knowledge, and to afford some assistance in constructing a psychological terminology. The writer does not believe that difficult language is in any degree necessary in a psychological discussion.”

That this book is not “dangerous” and not dogmatic psycho-physics, will appear from the following:

“Any text-book on the physiology of the sensitive system describes with more or less fullness the form, structure, and functions of the organs that constitute the physical basis of mind. But the hard fact remains,—a fact which the ‘new school’ of psychologists seems to forget or not to perceive,—that the physiology of the nervous system is not *in any sense* psychology. Undoubtedly, a knowledge of physiology materially aids the student of psychology, but so does a knowledge of chemistry and physics. Yet the materialistic school of psychologists would doubtless be the first to smile at a ‘chemical psychology.’ In the concise words of Benedict, ‘Physiology will never *front the inner side* of a single sensation.’” . . .

This is what is said in “Chap. IV. Mind: Consciousness”:

“No teacher can long observe the growth of the child mind, if indeed he will but observe it, without finding himself face to face with the question,

What is this that gains power from day to day, that seems to be *hungry to know*, and grows in strength from what it feeds upon; that thinks, and feels, and wills, and makes up the personality of the child ?'

He knows, of course, it is *mind*; but what is mind? No reply is possible that does not raise more questions than it answers. But some consideration of this question is well worth the while of those who suppose there is no miracle in what is familiar.

Every intelligent human being is aware that there is a something he calls 'myself,'—a something that is not his limbs, nor body, nor brain, nor all of them taken as a whole; for he speaks of 'my hand,' 'my body,' 'my brain.' The *self*, then, the *ego*, is universally felt, even by those who do not think upon such subjects, to be a something apart from the physical being,—a something that bids the muscles contract, that sees and hears and tastes; a something that loves and fears, compares and decides. While this something is closely connected with and dependent upon the physical organization, it is not in any sense identical with it." . . .

After speaking about mind in relation to body, the author continues:

"But while these analogies are peculiar and of great interest, still they afford no explanation of what mind *is*. It may be stated at once that it is not possible to know what anything *is* in its essence,—what snow is, what iron is, what air is. We know things only through their *attributes*. We define snow by its *attributes* of whiteness, crystalline structure, etc.; and thus with everything. We can define mind only in the same way, by naming its attributes, or those manifestations that distinguish it from other things. Such a definition is the one usually given: *Mind is that which thinks, feels, and wills*. It may be possible to get nearer to the truth with this definition: *Mind is that force which manifests itself, through organization of nerve substance, in knowing, feeling, willing*. No greater objections can be offered against this than against other definitions of mind; and it seems to suggest explanations of some phenomena that no other definition does." . . .

The author remarks that the most striking fact of mind is consciousness (not to be confounded with conscience) and says among other things about consciousness, this:

"*Consciousness* is another fact which the materialist must, to be consistent, either flatly deny or silently ignore. While it is true that changes in the blood supply of the brain, or in the substance of that organ, directly affect consciousness, yet by no stretch of even the scientific imagination can consciousness be consistently conceived of as identical with any arrangement or organization of *matter*, or as a property of matter. The matter of the brain, as a part of the body, changes completely in a relatively short time, is not the same to-day that it was yesterday; but *normal consciousness is the same all the time,—a fixed awareness of self-identity*.

Consciousness may well be compared to the circle of clear white light thrown

on the screen by a stereopticon. In this circle must appear all the pictures before they can be seen and enjoyed. The senses and memory may be compared to an attendant who places the slides." . . .

The following quotation ought to prove the high spiritual standard of the author. It is a rare paragraph in modern text-books of psychology:

"CONSCIOUSNESS BELOW MAN.

"Modern psychological methods have opened up anew the interesting inquiry whether the lower animals have mind. No intelligent observer of the acts and habits of animals can doubt that they afford all the *indications* of mind that man exhibits. They can attend, and form habits; can feel fear, joy, shame; can reason in some degree; and can will. It remains to be determined whether animals have a sense of guilt following upon wrong doing, and a sense of pleasure after right doing; and whether they have real *self-consciousness*. Those who are interested in mind as mind can gain much from a study of its manifestations in the lower animals.

It is even claimed by some that a lower form of consciousness, not rising into self-consciousness, marks the lowest life forms. If that be true, then there is a dim consciousness in the oyster, in plants, in the monad. When it comes to proof of such possibilities, there is more to be found in favor than against. There could be no grander demonstration on the part of science than to show that there is a *universal* consciousness working everywhere, animating and transforming lower life forms into higher, manifesting itself as the divine purpose." . . .

It is not only the school teacher who labors to get the pupils *to attend*. The whole subject of "attention" is to-day creating a large literature. It may rightly be said that all knowledge rests upon attention. It is an application of "psychic force." C. H. A. B.

PROF. WM. JAMES ON IMMORTALITY.

Prof. Wm. James has just published through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company (Boston and New York) his "Ingersoll lectures" on Immortality. The title of the book is "Human Immortality; Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine."

The Professor recognizes that "immortality is one of the great spiritual needs of man," but is surprised at his election as lecturer, because

"the churches have constituted themselves the official guardians of the need, with the result that some of them actually pretend to accord or to withhold it from the individual by their conventional sacraments,—withhold it at least in the only shape in which it can be an object of desire." . . .

Nevertheless he enters bravely upon his undertaking and as our readers will see with much profit to them. He says:

“The whole subject of immortal life has its prime roots in personal feeling. I have to confess that my own personal feeling about immortality has never been of the keenest order, and that, among the problems that give my mind solicitude, this one does not take the very foremost place. Yet there are individuals with a real passion for the matter, men and women for whom a life hereafter is a pungent craving, and the thought of it an obsession; and in whom keenness of interest has bred an insight into the relations of the subject that no one less penetrated with the mystery of it can attain.” . . .

Lamenting that the subject is an enormous one, he proceeds to say:

“In the hour that lies before us, I shall seek to justify my appointment by offering what seem to me two grains of truth, two points well fitted, if I am not mistaken, to combine with anything that other lecturers may bring.

These points are both of them in the nature of replies to objections, to difficulties which our modern culture finds in the old notion of a life hereafter,—difficulties that I am sure rob the notion of much of its old power to draw relief, in scientifically cultivated circles.” . . .

It is now clear that the subject is simply “a life hereafter” without reference to what it is that lives hereafter, and without reference to any cause for such life. The lecture opens thus:

“The first of these difficulties is relative to the absolute dependence of our spiritual * life, as we know it here, upon the brain.

Not only physiologists, but numbers of laymen . . . say that our inner life is a function of that famous material, the so-called ‘gray matter’ of our cerebral convolutions. How can the functions possibly persist after its organs have undergone decay? . . .

It is indeed true that physiological science has come to the conclusion cited; and we must confess that in so doing she has only carried out a little farther the common belief of mankind. Every one knows that arrests of brain development occasion imbecility, that blows on the head abolish memory or consciousness, and that brain-stimulants and poisons change the quality of our ideas. The anatomists, physiologists, and pathologists have only shown this generally admitted fact of a dependence to be detailed and minute. What the laboratories and hospitals have lately been teaching us is not only that thought in general is one of the brain’s functions, but that the various special forms of thinking are functions of special portions of the brain. When we are thinking of things seen, it is our occipital convolutions that are active; when of things heard, it is a certain portion of our temporal lobes; when of things to be spoken, it is one of our frontal convolutions. . . .

Special opinions may have to be corrected; yet so firmly established do the main positions worked out by the anatomists, physiologists, and pathologists of

*The reader readily understands that this word is here taken in a limited sense, meaning something like conscious life.

the brain appear, that the youth of our medical schools are everywhere taught unhesitatingly to believe them. The assurance that observation will go on to establish them ever more and more minutely is the inspirer of all contemporary research. And almost any of our young psychologists will tell you that only a few belated scholastics, or possibly some crack-brained theosophist or psychical researcher, can be found holding back, and still talking as if mental phenomena might exist as independent variables in the world." . . .

The reader understands that this is the declaration of a psychophysicist and not of a metaphysician. Yet no sound student of metaphysics needs get into harness to fight the Professor. A little below we shall hear him explain himself. For the present he continues and asks us to subscribe "to the great psycho-physiological formula: *Thought is a function of the brain.*" And he propounds the question: "Does this doctrine logically compel us to disbelieve in immortality?" What his answer is, follows below.

[It will be of interest here to call to mind some of the sayings of Ludwig Büchner, the famous materialist philosopher, whose world-wide known book, "Force and Matter," is a typical materialist textbook. From the English translation we quote:

"That the brain is the organ of thought, volition and sensation, and that the latter cannot be conceived without the former, is a truth about which hardly any physician or physiologist can be in doubt. Science, daily experience, and a number of the most telling facts, of necessity force this upon their conviction." . . . Quoting Valantin (Textbook of Physiology) he continues: "Not the quantity only, but also the quality of the nervous tissues, and the consequent amount of energy, and of the reciprocal action of the individual elements, forms the measure of the proportionate value of intellectual activity."

This is the materialistic standpoint and justified by its determinate reiteration of facts. It is both undignified and unphilosophic to ridicule it as some fanatics have thought necessary. Many scientists abandon the position when they grow older and riper in experience. Huxley came to the final conclusion that consciousness was perfectly unaccountable, and Tyndall declared that consciousness was a "rock on which materialism must inevitably split."]

But to return to Professor James's lecture. He accepts then, as stated, the doctrine that thought is a function of brain, and says that those who hold that doctrine must also declare themselves against immortality. The reader has observed that the Professor has spoken of "our spiritual life," of "our inner life," and of "thought" as dependent upon the brain, and that he has not defined either of the three terms. The presumption is that they are synonymous with "consciousness."

This reasoning against immortality from the standpoint of 'thought,' 'spiritual life' or 'inner life' as a result of the brain is not necessarily a factor against immortality.

"I must show you that the fatal consequence is not coercive, as is commonly imagined; and that, even though our soul's life (as here below it is revealed to us) may be in literal strictness the function of a brain that perishes, yet it is not at all impossible, but on the contrary quite possible, that the life may still continue when the brain itself is dead.

The supposed impossibility of its continuing comes from too superficial a look at the admitted fact of functional dependence. The moment we inquire more closely into the notion of functional dependence, and ask ourselves, for example, how many kinds of functional dependence there may be, we immediately perceive that there is one kind at least that does not exclude a life hereafter at all. The fatal conclusion of the physiologist flows from his assuming offhand another kind of functional dependence, and treating it as the only imaginable kind." . . .

In notes appended to the printed lectures, the Professor says:

"The philosophically instructed reader will notice that I have all along been placing myself at the ordinary dualistic point of view of natural science and of common sense. From this point of view mental facts, like feelings, are made of one kind of stuff or substance, physical facts of another. An absolute phenomenism, not believing such a dualism to be ultimate, may possibly end by solving some of the problems that are insoluble when propounded in dualistic terms. Meanwhile, since the physiological objection to immortality has arisen on the ordinary dualistic plane of thought, and since absolute phenomenism has as yet said nothing articulate enough to count about the matter, it is proper that my reply to the objection should be expressed in dualistic terms—leaving me free, of course, on any later occasion to make an attempt, if I wish, to transcend them and use different categories.

Now, on the dualistic assumption, one cannot see more than two really different sorts of dependence of our mind on our brain: Either

(1) The brain brings into being the very stuff of consciousness of which our mind consists; or else

(2) Consciousness preëxists as an entity, and the various brains give to it its various special forms.

If supposition 2 be the true one, and the stuff of mind preëxists, there are, again, only two ways of conceiving that our brain confers upon it the specifically human form. It may exist

(a) In disseminated particles; and then our brains are organs of concentration, organs for combining and massing these into resultant minds of personal form. Or it may exist

(b) In vaster unities (absolute 'world-soul,' or something less); and then our brains are organs for separating it into parts and giving them finite form.

There are thus three possible theories of the brain's function, and no more. We may name them, severally,—

1. The theory of production ;
- 2a. The theory of combination ;
- 2b. The theory of separation." . . .

Returning to the main lecture, Professor James continues:

"When the physiologist who thinks that his science cuts off all hope of immortality pronounces the phrase, 'Thought is a function of the brain,' he thinks of the matter just as he thinks when he says, 'Steam is a function of the tea-kettle,' 'Light is a function of the electric circuit,' 'Power is a function of the moving waterfall.' In these latter cases the several material objects have the function of inwardly creating or engendering their effects, and their function must be called *productive* function. Just so, he thinks, it must be with the brain. Engendering consciousness in its interior, much as it engenders cholesterolin and creatin and carbonic acid, its relation to our soul's life must also be called productive function. Of course, if such production be the function, then when the organ perishes, since the production can no longer continue, the soul must surely die. Such a conclusion as this is indeed inevitable from that particular conception of the facts.

But in the world of physical nature productive function of this sort is not the only kind of function with which we are familiar. We have also releasing or permissive function; and we have transmissive function." . . .

As releasing function is mentioned the action of the trigger of a crossbow, etc. In the case of a colored glass, a prism, we have transmissive function, etc. Charging the ordinary psycho-physiologist with leaving out of his account the permissive and transmissive functions, the Professor assumes a new standpoint approaching a ground from which he can defend immortality. He says:

"Suppose . . . that the whole universe of material things . . . should turn out to be a mere surface veil of phenomena, hiding and keeping back the world of genuine realities. Such a supposition is foreign neither to common sense nor to philosophy. . . .

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

. . . Suppose, now, that this were really so, and suppose, moreover, that the dome, opaque enough at all times to the full super-solar blaze, could at certain times and places grow less so, and let certain beams pierce through into this sublunary world. These beams would be so many finite rays, so to speak, of consciousness, and they would vary in quantity and quality as the opacity varied in degree. Only at particular times and places would it seem that, as a matter of fact, the veil of nature can grow thin and rupturable enough for such effects to occur. But in those places gleams, however finite and unsatisfying, of the absolute life of the universe, are from time to time vouchsafed. Glows of

feeling, glimpses of insight, and streams of knowledge and perception float into our finite world.

Admit now that *our brains* are such thin and half-transparent places in the veil. What will happen? Why, as the white radiance comes through the dome, with all sorts of straining and distortion imprinted on it by the glass, or as the air now comes through my glottis determined and limited in its force and quality of its vibrations by the peculiarities of those vocal chords which form its gate of egress and shape it into my personal voice, even so the genuine matter of reality, the life of souls as it is in its fullness, will break through our several brains into this world in all sorts of restricted forms, and with all the imperfections and queernesses that characterize our finite individualities here below.

According to the state in which the brain finds itself, the barrier of its obstructiveness may also be supposed to rise or fall. It sinks so low, when the brain is in full activity, that a comparative flood of spiritual energy pours over. At other times, only such occasional waves of thought as heavy sleep permits get by. And when finally a brain stops acting altogether or decays, that special stream of consciousness which it subserved will vanish entirely from this natural world. But the sphere of being that supplied the consciousness would still be intact; and in that more real world with which, even whilst here, it was continuous, the consciousness might, in ways unknown to us, continue still.

You see that, on all these suppositions, our soul's life, as we know it, would none the less in literal strictness be the function of the brain." . . .

The Professor now enters at length upon definitions of what "function" is, but those we cannot reproduce here; they must and ought to be read by the students of the subject of immortality. We ought to be grateful for the work done for us. Those of us who have dared to handle the subject of immortality and have tried to find satisfactory reasons for our instinctive cravings for continued existence have been materially helped by Professor James. We have not yet proofs, nor do we care for them—they would not confirm us, but we have lights which we can use in our own private way. We are not Professors, but simply believers and we wander in darkness, yet our darkness is a light we would not care to have scientifically illuminated. We do not fear any such light, but we do not believe that it reaches very deep. We are situated like the cave-dwellers of Plato's myth, and Professor James has revealed to us some of the meanings of the lights that fall upon the wall in front of us. We have understood his language, because we have in ourselves a light, which we believe is identical with the light outside our cave.

Let us return to Professor James's lecture:

"My second point is relative to the incredible and intolerable number of beings which, with our modern imagination, we must believe to be immortal, if

immortality be true. I cannot but suspect that this, too, is a stumbling-block to many. . . . And it is a stumbling-block which I should thoroughly like to clear away.

It is, I fancy, a stumbling-block of altogether modern origin, due to the strain upon the quantitative imagination which recent scientific theories, and the moral feelings consequent upon them, have brought in their train.

For our ancestors the world was a small, and—compared with our modern sense of it—a comparatively snug affair. Six thousand years at most it had lasted. . . .

But, with our own generation, an entirely new quantitative imagination has swept over our western world. The theory of evolution now requires us to suppose a far vaster scale of times, spaces, and numbers than our forefathers ever dreamed the cosmic process to involve. Human history grows continuously out of animal history, and goes back possibly even to the tertiary epoch. From this there has emerged insensibly a democratic view, instead of the old aristocratic view, of immortality. . . .

An immortality from which these inconceivable billions of fellow-strivers should be excluded becomes an irrational idea for us. That our superiority in personal refinement or in religious creed should constitute a difference between ourselves and our messmates at life's banquet, fit to entail such a consequential difference of destiny as eternal life for us, and for them torment hereafter, or death with the beasts that perish, is a notion too absurd to be considered serious. Nay, more, the very beasts themselves—the wild ones, at any rate—are leading the heroic life at all times. And a modern mind, expanded as some minds are by cosmic emotion, by the great evolutionist vision of universal continuity, hesitates to draw the line even at man. If any creature lives forever, why not all?—why not the patient brutes? So that a faith in immortality, if we are to indulge it, demands of us nowadays a scale of representation so stupendous that our imagination faints before it, and our personal feelings refuse to rise up and face the task. . . .

Not a being of the countless throng is there whose continued life is not called for, and called for intensely, by the consciousness that animates the being's form. That *you* neither realize nor understand nor call for it, that you have no use for it, is an absolutely irrelevant circumstance. That you have a saturation-point of interest tells us nothing of the interests that absolutely are. The Universe, with every living entity which her resources create, creates at the same time a call for that entity, and an appetite for its continuance,—creates it, if nowhere else, at least within the heart of the entity itself. It is absurd to suppose, simply because our private power of sympathetic vibration with other lives gives out so soon, that in the heart of infinite being itself there can be such a thing as plethora, or glut, or supersaturation. It is not as if there were a bounded room where the minds in possession had to move up or make place and crowd together to accommodate new occupants. Each new mind brings its own edition of the universe of space along with it, its own room to inhabit; and these spaces never crowd each other,—the space of my imagination, for example, in no way interferes with yours. The amount

of possible consciousness seems to be governed by no law analogous to that of the so-called conservation of energy in the material world. When one man wakes up, or one is born, another does not have to go to sleep, or die, in order to keep the consciousness of the universe a constant quantity. Professor Wundt, in fact, in his 'System of Philosophy,' has formulated a law of the universe which he calls the law of increase of spiritual energy, and which he expressly opposes to the law of conservation of energy in physical things. There seems no formal limit to the positive increase of being in spiritual respects; and since spiritual being, whenever it comes, affirms itself, expands and craves continuance, we may justly and literally say, regardless of the defects of our own private sympathy, that the supply of individual life in the universe can never possibly, however immeasurable it may become, exceed the demand. . . .

I hope now that you agree with me that the tiresomeness of an over-peopled Heaven is a purely subjective and illusory notion, a sign of human incapacity, a remnant of the old narrow-hearted aristocratic creed." . . .

And now we must part with pleasant and helpful company. The readers of our magazine will, as said before, feel grateful to Professor James for much new thought and helpfulness. Among them are probably not many who desire to be extinguished in Oriental fashion. We of the West reaffirm our allegiance to life every time the subject of this review comes up; not that we expect or wish to rise as once a Catholic priest said to me: "I expect to rise with these very finger nails, yes, with the dirt behind them." We assert our identity, though we are not able to define scientifically or scholarly what we mean. Professor James has kept his promise to remove two supposed objections to the doctrine of immortality and brought us nearer to such a definition.

C. H. A. B.

ABSTRACTION.

We may reason by drawing particular truth from a general truth, antecedently known or postulated. That is deduction. Metaphysics and the mathematical sciences are deductive. We may also reason by rising from particular truths to general. That is induction. Physical sciences and psycho-physics are inductive. In "Outlines of the Law of Thought," 3d ed., Thompson says:

"*Induction* is usually defined to be the process of drawing a general rule from a sufficient number of particular cases; *deduction* is the converse process of proving that some property belongs to the particular case from the consideration that it comes under a general law. . . . That all bodies tend to fall toward the earth is a truth which has been obtained from considering by *induction* a number of cases in which that tendency has been displayed; if from this general principle we argue, that the stone we throw from our hands will show the same tendency, we *deduce*."

From Roark's "Psychology in Education," reviewed elsewhere in this number of the magazine, we quote:

"In the common affairs of life, induction is as much used, and is as important, as in the widest ranges of scientific investigation, and its methods are the same. When we say such a man is not to be trusted, such a business method is sure to result disastrously, or such a line of conduct is immoral, we simply announce special applications of the conclusions we have *inductively* reached.

Induction builds a broader basis for our individual and social morality. The establishment of our ethical relations to the lower animals; the duties of society to the unemployed, the incompetent, and the weak; the principles upon which social reforms are being worked out,—all are arrived at, tested, and corrected through *induction*.

It is easy to show that all reasoning is based upon induction. Take, as illustration, geometry, which may fairly be considered sufficiently abstract to serve as a test. . . . The method of argument in geometry runs as follows, if carried out in full: the sum of all the angles of this triangle is two right angles; this is true of a second and third triangle, and of all triangles that have been seen. Therefore, since these represent all possible triangles, the sum of the angles of any triangle is two right angles.

In any form of the syllogism, the value of a *conclusion* depends *solely upon the truth of the premises*." . . .

It would seem that the author here is guilty of what he in the following quotation warns against, hasty generalizations. It will not do to say, that all our ethical notions rest upon induction, nor can he prove that their test by induction is their sole warrant for existing. The author entirely overlooks "the imperative ought" of Kant. The Sermon on the Mount is revered by all as the sublimest ethics, but no experimenter wrote it, nor did it ever fail to bring much sorrow upon the devotee who tried to realize it.

. . . "The error we need to guard against most, in reaching conclusions, is *generalizing from insufficient data*, which means jumping at conclusions before enough facts are known. The human mind has a strong natural tendency, especially observable in the young and in the untrained, to formulate *general truths*, to reach working rules of action, before enough particular cases have been noted to justify a conclusion. This tendency needs restraining and directing, and careful disciplining. The desire to formulate general truth, mingled with the taint of superstition which is inherent in every human mind, leads to such absurd beliefs as that the moon's phases affect the shingles of a roof, the making of soap, or the planting of seeds; that ill luck follows carrying a hoe through the house, or breaking a mirror, or spilling salt, etc." . . .

I hope the readers of this magazine and some of the modern metaphysicians to whom this warning is pertinent, will not be offended because I say that our modern metaphysical platforms too often are the theatres for the exhibitions of gross ignorance and unintentional

false teachings, all on account of hasty generalizations or abstractions. Hoping that the following extracts from Prof. Ribot's paper entitled "Abstractions Prior to Speech," in *The Open Court* (January, 1899), may help the reader, they are printed here. The reader will understand from the above introduction, that Prof. Ribot's paper is to be classed as *inductive*, that it is experimental, and mind is here spoken of in the general, every-day sense.

"Save in extremely rare cases,* where the mind, like a mirror, passively reflects external impressions, intellectual activity may always be reduced to one of the two following types: associating, combining, unifying; or dissociating, isolating, and separating. These cardinal operations underlie all forms of *cognition*, from the lowest to the highest, and constitute its unity of composition.

Abstraction belongs to the second type. It is a normal and necessary process of the mind, dependent on attention, i. e., on the limitation, willed or spontaneous, of the field of consciousness. The act of abstraction implies in its genesis negative and positive conditions, and is the result of both.

The negative conditions consist essentially in the fact that we cannot apprehend more than one quality or one aspect, varying according to the circumstances, in any complex whole,—because consciousness, like the retina, is restricted to a narrow region of clear perception.

The positive condition is a state which has been appropriately termed a "psychical reinforcement" of that which is being abstracted, and it is naturally accompanied by a weakening of that which is abstracted from. The true characteristic of abstraction is this partial increment of intensity. While involving elimination, it is actually a positive mental process. The elements or qualities of a percept or a representation which we omit do not necessarily involve such suppression. We leave them out of account simply because they do not suit our ends for the moment, and are complementary.† . . .

. . . The elements of abstract representations are the same as those of concrete representations; only, some are strengthened, others weakened: whence arise new groupings. Abstraction consists in the formation of new groups of representations which, while strengthening certain elements of the concrete representations, weaken other elements of the same.

Abstraction depends genetically upon the causes which awaken and sustain attention. I have described these causes elsewhere,‡ and cannot here return to their consideration.

It is sufficient to remark that abstraction, like attention, may be instinctive,

* For example, in moments of surprise and in states approximating to pure sensation.

† Schmidkunz, *Ueber die Abstraction*. Halle: Stricker, 1889. This little work of forty-three pages contains a good historical and theoretical exposition of the question.

‡ This was done in a book entitled "Psychology of Attention," published by the Open Court Publishing Co.

spontaneous, and natural; or reflective, voluntary, and artificial. In the first category, the abstraction of a quality or mode of existence originates in some attraction, or from utility; hence it is a common manifestation of intellectual life and is even met with, as we shall see, among many of the lower animals. In its second form, the rarer and more exalted, it proceeds less from the qualities of the object than from the will of the subject; it presupposes a choice, an elimination of negligible elements—which is often laborious—as well as the difficult task of maintaining the abstract element clearly in consciousness. In fine, it is always a special application of the attention which, adapted as circumstances require to observation, synthesis, action, etc., has functions as an instrument of analysis.” . . .

The author then proceeds to defend abstractions against those who associate them with obscurity, etc. Against philosophers such as Hamilton (though he does not mention any), he holds that abstractions are of a positive character. As seen from the above, he takes a middle ground between those philosophers, who hold that abstraction is a withdrawing of certain qualities from the objects, and those who say that it is the withdrawing of the mind from a large number of qualities in the object, in order to concentrate upon one or a few. It cannot be denied that middle grounds are often preferable to extremes because they allow the mind freedom to think and to act. The “new groups of representations” Ribot speaks of are apt to be full of Life and deny the very reasoning that produced them. In that originality is born the New.

The author discusses at length the operations of perception and representation.

One more important quotation must be made. It relates directly to the main subject of generalization or abstraction. The author says that

“The sense of identity, the power of apprehending resemblances, is, as has justly been said, ‘the keel and backbone of our thinking’; without it we should be lost in the incessant stream of things. Are there in nature any complete resemblances, any absolutely similar events? It is extremely doubtful. It might be supposed that a person who reads a sentence several times in succession, who listens several times to the same air, who tastes all the four quarters of the same fruit, would experience in each case an identical perception. But this is not so. A little reflection will show that besides differences in time, in the varying moods of the subject, and in the cumulative effect of repeated perceptions, there is at least between the first perception and the second, that radical difference which separates the new from the repeated. In fact, the material given us by external and internal experience consists of resemblances alloyed by differences which vary widely in degree,—in other words, analogies. The perfect resemblances assumed between things vanishes as we come to know

hem better. At first sight a new people exhibits to the traveller a well-etermined general type; later, the more he observes, the more apparent uniformity is resolved into varieties. 'I have taken the trouble,' says Agassiz, to compare thousands of individuals of the same species; in one case I pushed the comparison so far as to have placed side by side 27,000 specimens of one and the same shell (genus *Neretina*). I can assure you that in these 27,000 specimens I did not find two that were perfectly alike.'"

C. H. A. B.

EVOLUTION.

The term evolution nowadays is used in three senses. (1) Loosely by the half educated and the professional reformer; (2) Biologically by Darwinists, and (3) in the Spencerian sense. The latter use is a modification of the meaning of the word Development, which played such an important part in the Hegelian philosophy.

Prof. W. K. Brooks of Johns Hopkins University delivered lately a course of lectures on Evolution before Columbia University. His lecture, entitled "Zoology and the Philosophy of Evolution," was printed in *Science* (December 23d, 1898). It deals mainly with the Darwinian and Spencerian use of the term and contains a great deal of information both useful and interesting to the non-professional scientist. The lecturer's position is this:

"The writer yields to no one in admiration of the doctrine of evolution. So far as it is a scientific generalization from our knowledge of nature, it is one of the greatest triumphs of the human mind, rivalled only by its reciprocal, the doctrine of dissolution.

Experience seems to show, very clearly, that our system of nature is, on the whole, moving toward what commends itself to our minds as evolution, or progress to greater and greater perfection. While there is just as much evidence that each step in evolution is also a step toward dissolution, we have the same rational ground for expecting that this movement will continue, without any sudden radical change, that we have for other expectations which we base on knowledge of nature."

This duplicity of Nature, I have pointed to very often in my essays on Being, published in this magazine. "Nature is neither kernel nor shell, she is both at the same time," Goethe has said. She is always *both-and*; all extremes deny her and she can be explained only as a system of contradictions, that is to say, when we intellectually try to comprehend her.

Prof. Brooks recognizes Evolution as a useful working-theory, but he will not tolerate any system of evolution. He says:

"So far as the doctrine of evolution is based on knowledge, it is not only a part, but one of the most valuable and suggestive parts of the system of science,

for the scientific law of evolution is part of science; but the philosophy of evolution is held by many as a creed, superior to and able to direct science. As men of science, we, like Huxley, have 'nothing to say to any philosophy of evolution,' except so far as it stands in the way of scientific progress." . . .

He calls evolutionary philosophies "idols of the theatre," and says:

"They who worship this modern idol of the theatre hold that everything which has taken place and everything which can take place in our universe is deducible from the primal distribution of matter and energy. They tell us that everything in the past and everything in the future follows, of necessity, from this starting point, inasmuch as it all might have been predicted; but while science knows laws—laws of evolution and others—it knows no necessity except the logical necessity for stopping when evidence stops.

The evolutionist tells us that if we start with a homogeneous universe, with all the matter uniformly distributed, and all the energy kinetic; and if any break in this indefinite unstable homogeneity exist or be brought about, all the rest must follow of necessity, as a matter of course, from the nature of things; that all things must go on along their predetermined course until all the matter shall have fallen into stable equilibrium, and all the energy shall have become latent or potential.

As no one can say the basis for all this is not true, and as it seems much more consistent with scientific knowledge than other systems of philosophy, we must admit that, for all we know to the contrary, it may be true; and we must ask whether, if true, it is any substitute for science; although we must remember that there is no end to the things which, while no one treats them seriously, may nevertheless be true.

All the fancies of the poets which do not involve a contradiction may be true; but while anything which is not absurd may be good poetry, science is founded on the rock of evidence." . . .

The evolutionists here attacked are Haeckel and Herbert Spencer. But now he turns against all the rest of us, who have not got our learning in the biologist's laboratory, but have been enthused by the dream of the universe, who have dared to think there was an essential unity and identity of the subjective and objective. He remarks:

"Many have found the opinion that all nature is conscious and endowed with volition, that the morning stars sing together, that the waters laugh, that trees talk, and that the wind bloweth where it listeth, worthy of belief; and it is clear that we cannot oppose any belief of this sort by evidence." . . .

We hope that this is not said irreverently, and, we protest against having our belief identified with the wrecks mentioned in the following:

"The path of scientific progress is strewn with beliefs which have been abandoned for lack of evidence, as burst shells strew a battle-field, and it is our boast that they are abandoned, and not lugged along the line of march. As a shell which has failed to burst is, now and then, picked up on some old battle-field, by some one on whom experience is thrown away, and is exploded by him in the

bosom of his approving family, with disastrous results, so one of these abandoned beliefs may be dug up by the head of some intellectual family, to the confusion of those who follow him as their leader."

The belief spoken of above—and it is only a belief—has nothing to do with science. It was never claimed to be science or knowledge. We can have no science or knowledge of the Ultimate in the modern sense of science. It is an impression, an intuition, and, I say it is commensurate with the human mind. It is interpretive imagination and harmonizes perfectly with what true science may say or has said.

The Professor's argument against the "Philosophy of Evolution" runs on the line of "necessary law" and in other words:

"So far as the philosophy of evolution involves belief that nature is determinate, or due to a *necessary law* of *universal* progress or evolution, it seems to me to be utterly unsupported by evidence, and totally unscientific.

This system of philosophy teaches that, for purposes of illustration, our universe may be compared to an unstable, homogeneous, saturated solution, which remains unchanged so long as it is undisturbed, but crystallizes when shaken. The process of evolution may be supposed to start with a disturbance or shock. Something, inherent in the nature of things or outside, must press the button; but matter and its properties do all the rest, just as crystallization follows from the properties of the solution. Even if all this is granted, it is not apparent that the mind of the evolutionist has any power by the aid of which it could deduce anything whatever from homogeneity, even if it were present at the beginning.

There are homogeneous solutions of sugar and homogeneous solutions of brine, and no one without experience of similar facts has any way to tell what potencies are latent in a solution except by finding out. While we find no reason to suppose a homogeneous saturated solution has any power to initiate anything, we cannot think of it as inert. It is, as it were, alive with energy, and its inactivity is due to the exact balancing of all its powers. It is prepared to spring into energetic action the instant the bonds that chain it are broken by something that disturbs the balance and sets its forces free.

So, too, the primeval homogeneity of the evolutionist is imagined as instinct with world-producing energy, ready to evolve stars and systems and worlds and oceans and continents and living things and men, and all that is 'in the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man,' the instant it is set free; and so on to the end, which will come when all the energy has worked itself out in motion, and all the matter has found rest in stable equilibrium.

Unless he who worships this idol of the theatre is prepared to assert that there is only one kind of indefinite incoherent homogeneity, and unless he knows, in some way of which men of science are ignorant, what sort of homogeneous solution our universe was at the beginning, the only way for him to learn what potencies are latent in it is to find out by studying their products. It is hard to see how he can deduce anything whatever from his necessary law of universal progress except what he discovers. If his premises are admitted, all he can deduce from

them regarding our subject is that, if he finds natural selection, the potency of natural selection was latent in his solution." . . .

The Professor has come to the only logical conclusion his argument could bring him to. It is the same result that all past reasoners have come to, viz., that we cannot prove how the Beginning was made or even whether there was a Beginning. How Being comes to be the Becoming cannot be demonstrated. Reason swings between the dilemma of pantheism and theism. The Mystic and those of to-day who *live* Mind, rather than *think* Mind, have, however, abandoned mere reason and taken their stand in Being. "The tonic quality of the open air," to use John Burroughs's phrase, has brought out their original quality; they have trusted themselves to "the rushing stream of life which will not be analyzed." To them this dilemma does not exist. In immediateness they have solved for themselves the philosopher's difficulty. Prof. Brooks continues:

"The philosophy of evolution is of no more use as a substitute for science than any other system of philosophy, although it is, no doubt, not only the latest, but the most consistent with our knowledge of nature, and although it may, for all I know to the contrary, be true. All this fails to give it any value as a short cut to natural knowledge." . . .

It is a rather interesting admission we have here. "The philosophy of evolution is . . . not only the latest, but the most consistent with our knowledge of nature. . . ." It is indeed a far reaching declaration for a man who is so pronounced an agnostic as Prof. Brooks. If he does not disprove his agnosticism, he certainly undermines it, and, as far as non-professionals are concerned, they are given a strong encouragement to study the philosophy of evolution, and use it at least as a working theory. He now begins an argument against his opponent's objection:

"The true believer may say, however, that while our finite, imperfect minds may be unable to deduce anything from homogeneity, in the absence of knowledge drawn from experience, the outcome of the process must nevertheless be determinate. As it has all come out of the primeval homogeneity, he says this must have contained it all potentially.

I am no philosopher, but this does not seem obvious or necessary to me." . . .

But the arguments are too long for quotation. His main point, however, is that no determinateness in nature can be proved even if we had a complete history of our universe, because it would after all be only "the worthless analogy of a single experience" when we come to the history of all the universes. He can never reach certainty because the only "basis of our confidence in the order of nature is evidence";

g this, he quotes Huxley. The agnostics will not admit any plan
ture; any teleology is to them as the proverbial red rag is to the

The conflict in the case of Prof. Brooks turns on the term
essary." He expresses himself thus:

It is in my mind to ask a question. Will any amount of knowledge of matter
motion tell the evolutionist whether I shall ask it or pass it by and go on to
er subject? If he answer, Yes, I ask my question: How does he know?
assure me that a being so reasonable as I am known to be will not ask any-
that might not have been expected I thank him for the compliment, for I
be a reasonable creature. But if he assert that his confidence in my
hts and actions proves that they are *necessary*, I must ask him how he
s; for I fail to see how proof that an event is mechanical and neither less
ore than might have been expected shows that it is *necessary*; nor can I see
ore reason why my confidence in my freedom proves that my acts are
necessary.

The man of science quarrels with no man's opinions, but he will not be held
responsible for perplexities which are none of his making.

I am unable to share the dread of the evolutionist that the basis of science
is destroyed if we do not admit that all nature must be determinate. All
that the past is determinate, so far as the word means anything to us, and
seems to be valid ground for the belief that every part of the material
universe contains a permanent record of every change which has ever occurred
in every part.

If on a cold polished metal, as a new razor, any object, such as a wafer,
be laid, and the metal be breathed upon, and, when the moisture has had time
to disappear, the wafer be thrown off, though now the most critical inspection
of the polished surface can discern no trace of any form, if we breathe once more
upon it, a spectral image of the wafer comes plainly into view, and this may be
repeated again and again. Nay, more, if the polished metal be carefully put aside,
and nothing can deteriorate its surface, and be kept so for many months, on
breathing upon it again the shadowy form emerges. A shadow never falls upon
a wall without leaving thereupon a permanent trace, a trace which might be
made visible by resorting to proper processes. Upon the walls of our most
private apartments, where we think the eye of intrusion is altogether shut out,
our retirement can never be profaned, there exist the vestiges of all our

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Dr. Whewell has pointed out ('Ninth Bridgewater Treatise,' pp. 113-115) 'that
if we had power to follow and detect the minutest effects of any disturbance
any particle of existing matter would furnish a register of all that has happened.
The track of every canoe, of every vessel that has as yet disturbed the surface of
the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains for-
ever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may
pass by its place. The furrow which it left is, indeed, instantly filled up by the
surging waters, but they draw after them other and larger portions of the sur-

Draper, "Conflict of Science and Religion."

rounding element, and these again, once moved, communicate motion to others in endless succession. The air itself is one vast library, in whose pages are forever written all that man has said or even whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand forever recorded vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the testimony of man's changeful will.'

So far as we know, nothing that has ever been can be as if it had not been; and we seem to have good ground for believing that every portion of the material universe contains a record of every change that has taken place in all its parts, and also for believing that there is no limit to the power of minds like ours to read and interpret this record. Every new experience also shows that our expectation that the future will, on the whole, be like the past is reasonable. In these facts science finds a basis broad enough and firm enough for all our needs; for to this extent the data of science are latent in the physical universe, even if the future is, in part, to be what man and other living things make it." . . .

The argument against the philosophy of Evolution continues with somewhat incoherent statements to prove that determinateness in nature makes mind unnecessary, and, then it runs into a direct attack upon Herbert Spencer's philosophy, which all along was the object aimed at. After having destroyed him and his philosophy he does as the victorious duelist does, he turns upon him, offers to shake hands and unite to fight in the common cause. This is what he says:

"There are two reasons why biology and the 'Philosophy of Evolution' should be associated.

In the first place, there is a wonderful analogy between the problems of the sensible universe and the unfolding of the latency of the germ into the potency of the fully developed living being. It is not impossible that the key to the more specific problem may fit the lock which seals the greater.

In the second place, the two subjects are historically associated. So long as men believed that species are distinct creations, no philosophy of evolution could have gained general acceptance. By convincing all thoughtful persons that species have a history which may be studied by scientific methods, Darwin led many who would not otherwise have given it a hearing, to treat the new philosophy with respect, but natural science is not 'philosophy,' notwithstanding this intimate historical connection between the proof that species are mutable and the spread of belief in the 'Philosophy of Evolution.' I have selected the passage which I have put at the head of this chapter in order to show that the view of the matter which is here set forth is not new, even among advanced biologists.

Huxley's attitude will, no doubt, be a surprise to many who think they have read his book with diligence. He continually calls himself an 'Evolutionist,' and he can hardly blame a reader who, failing to draw nice distinctions, holds him to be one of the chief pillars in the temple of the new philosophy. Some confu-

tion may be permitted to those who remember his public lectures on 'Evolution,' his essays with the same title, and his declaration that the work of his life has involved him 'in an endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution.'

It is easy for one who understands his true position to see that his essays lend no countenance to the opinion that he has ever been or sought to be either a pillar or a disciple of any system of philosophy, for he has never ceased from affirming his ignorance of many of the subjects which philosophy seeks to handle.

His evolution is not a system of philosophy, but part of the system of science. It deals with history—with the phenomenal world—and not with the question what may or may not lie behind it.

During the last half century natural science has become historical. We have opened and learned to read a new chapter in the records of the past. The attributes of living things, which seemed to the older naturalists to be complete and independent in themselves, have proved to have a history which can be studied by the methods of science. They have been found to be steps in a long sequence of events as orderly and discoverable as the events which are studied by the astronomer or the geologist.

The cultivation of natural science in this historical field, and the discovery that the present order of living things, including conscious, thinking, ethical man, has followed after an older and simpler state of nature, is not 'philosophy,' but science. It involves no more belief in the teachings of any system of philosophy than does the knowledge that we are the children of our parents and the parents of our children; but it is what Huxley means by 'evolution.'

His lectures on 'Evolution' deal with paleontology, and narrate facts which are found in every text-book on the subject; but natural science, as it is taught in the text-books on botany and zoology and embryology and paleontology, is, most assuredly, no 'Philosophy of Evolution.' It fell to Huxley to fight and win a battle for science; and while he himself calls it a battle for evolution, his use of the word need mislead none, although it has misled many.

One word in its time plays many parts, and the word 'evolution' has had many meanings. To-day, in popular estimation, an evolutionist is not a follower of Bonnet; nor one who is occupied with the binomial theorem, or with the evolutions of fleets and armies. Neither is he a cultivator of natural science. Whatever the word may have meant in the past, it has, in common speech, come to mean a believer in that philosophy of evolution which, according to such evolutionists as Huxley, is 'premature.' Since this is so, and since the growth of language is beyond individual control, would it not be well for them to stand where Huxley stands, and 'have nothing to say to any philosophy of evolution,' to stop calling themselves 'Evolutionists,' and to be content with the good old name of 'Naturalist'?" . . .

I do not know how to conclude this review. The lecture reviewed is too limited and yet too deep. It involves the whole subject of Being and all that can be said on "the coming to be," the Beginning. Is it mechanics or is it mind? Dare we say with Jeffries *:

*The Story of My Heart. By Richard Jeffries. Boston. Roberts Bros., 1893.

"All nature, the universe as far as we see, is anti- or ultra-human, outside, and has no concern with man. These things are unnatural to him. By no course of reasoning, however tortuous, can nature and the universe be fitted to the mind. Nor can the mind be fitted to the cosmos. My mind cannot be twisted to it; I am separate altogether from these designless things. The soul cannot be wrested down to them. The laws of nature are of no importance to it. I refuse to be bound by the laws of the tides, nor am I so bound. Though bodily swung round on this rotating globe, my mind always remains in the centre. No udal law, no rotation, no gravitation, can control my thought."

C. H. A. B.

I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

HARGO; OR, THE AGE OF FIRE. By Francis Marion Yates. Paper, 383 pp. George S. Bowen, 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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HOW EDITH FOUND FAIRY-LAND. By Nina Lillian Morgan. Cloth, 90 pp. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

EXCHANGES.

THE COMING AGE. Monthly. \$2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy. The Coming Age Co., Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

THE THEOSOPHIST. Monthly. \$5.00 a year, 50 cents a copy. The Theosophical Society's Headquarters, Adyar, Madras.

THE DOMINION REVIEW. Monthly. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. 185 Queen Street West, Toronto, Can.

OMEGA. Monthly. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. 1562 Broadway, New York.

SUGGESTIONS. Monthly. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

THE LIVING AGE. Weekly. \$6.00 a year, 15 cents a copy. The Living Age Co., Boston, Mass.

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WHAT IS GENIUS?

In scanning a list of the most conspicuous personages of the distant past, it is easy to select some who by common consent must be reckoned as examples of true genius. Concerning Homer, Socrates, Michael Angelo, Milton or Beethoven there can be no discussion; all intelligent persons agree that these men are truly so characterized; but when conspicuous personages of our own generation are considered, the task of selecting becomes less easy; to declare that this particular one of the literary men, poets, artists, statesmen or musicians of to-day deserves to be singled out and crowned with the laurel, while another, seemingly of similar merit, is rejected, is a matter which at once arouses animated and even acrimonious discussion. Prejudice, different standards of excellence, different tastes, all clamor for their favorites, and a just decision seems impossible. But even if a decision with comparative unanimity should be reached, it would by no means be certain that posterity would ratify the verdict, or that the popular favorite of to-day would not be discredited or even forgotten, and the work of some less esteemed or even despised contemporary be remembered and praised.

With such uncertainty regarding persons in whom genius is supposed to be exemplified, how much more difficult the task to define and characterize genius itself! Indeed, with our present knowledge of psychology no one person may be able to give full and satisfactory answers to the questions which must arise; but with the newer interpretations of psychic phenomena and a more careful generalization, some interesting results may be secured.

As regards intellectual or psychic endowments, mankind may be broadly grouped in three classes, namely, ordinary men, men of talent and men of genius. The first, lowest, and by far the most numerous class, is composed of men who move in an environment which relates almost exclusively to physical needs and enjoyments and the most ordinary intellectual processes. In whatever they do they make use of the most ordinary products of nature or of other minds, and only in ordinary ways.

Those of the second and comparatively small class—the men of talent—occupy an altogether higher mental plane. They use the higher, perhaps even the highest, available products of nature or of other minds and in unusual ways, skillfully arranging and reorganizing into newer, more useful or more beautiful combinations the materials at their disposal.

The third class is composed of still fewer individuals, but these few by some seemingly unusual process find access to the more distant, the hidden and rarer regions of nature, explore new ground, find new material, new truth, new laws, new beauties, new uses; and these are the men of genius.

While of necessity there is a certain gradation from one of these classes to another, characteristic examples of talent and genius are in sharp contrast. The man of talent rearranges, the man of genius discovers and creates; talent possesses and controls its subject, genius is possessed and controlled by it; talent plods and arrives at its results by successive and carefully arranged steps, genius arrives at its results at a bound, or by steps of which it often is not conscious and which it can neither retrace nor explain. Talent must have education, culture, exercise; genius, while its expression may be facilitated by education and use, is essentially independent of them. Genius may be unpractical and indolent; talent takes the work of genius, simplifies it and prepares it for the comprehension of feebler or less perceptive minds. *Talent reasons; Genius sees.* Talent is a delightful mentor and guide; it is understood, appreciated, admired, and its possessors reap a goodly reward in their lives; genius is looked upon with suspicion; its revelations, especially when they conflict with conventional ideas and established institutions, are misunderstood

and doubted and often derided, while its possessors are tabooed and persecuted; but though stoned in their lifetime, in after centuries their sepulchres are garnished and their works appreciated, while the men of talent are forgotten.

What is this peculiar perceptive faculty in genius which goes straight to its mark and, independent of culture, use or environment, outstrips contemporaneous talent and learning, seizes the new truth, new law, new artistic form, or points out new methods for noble achievement which all others had failed to perceive? This has been the query of the ages, nor has it yet been answered. Religion, Science, Literature and Psychology have each in turn made the attempt, and each perhaps has contributed its quota to the sum of facts from which eventually the true answer must come.

It was in connection with the religious sentiment that the unusual work of specially endowed individuals was first observed and judged. Moses, Isaiah, David, and the unknown author of the sublime drama of Job—Homer, Hesiod and Æschylus all wrote of the relation of gods and men, and of men to each other—of Justice, of Piety, of Retribution. They brought to the common mind knowledge, ideas, sentiments, grandeur of expression which seemed quite beyond the power of the human intellect, something supernatural, divine, akin to the gods themselves. So arose the idea of the necessity for inspiration from some external and supernatural source in connection with the revelation of religious truth—an idea which in some form has persisted through every age and through every grade of intelligence even down to the present time. So it has come to pass that even now inspiration from some divine external source is the characteristic assigned by the religious world to those lofty movements of the mind, which by common consent outside of the religious world have come to be recognized as genius.

With Science, on the other hand, the grand characteristic is held to be great intellectual endowment—unusual mental power. Literature, when called upon to define genius, presents the imagination, reinforced perhaps and vivified by passion or emotion; while Psychology in its latest development would name the subliminal self—a certain subconscious psychic action—as the chief source of genius.

Briefly considering the claims of these various views, we are struck with the unanimity with which the whole ancient world insisted upon inspiration as the one prominent fact concerned in the origin of their greatest works. Most conspicuous of all does this appear in the old Hebrew writers. Moses received the law directly from the hand of Jehovah; the messages of the prophets are prefixed by the sublime announcement, "Thus saith Jehovah" — "The word of Jehovah came to me saying." The psalms of David also are received without question as the work of inspiration.

Of the Greeks, Homer was by universal acclaim the inspired poet. Hesiod declares of himself—The daughters of Jove

"Gave into my hand
A rod of marvelous growth; a laurel-bough
Of blooming verdure; and within me breathed
A heavenly voice, that I might utter forth
All past and future things, and bade me praise
The blessed race of ever-living gods."

Of Æschylus, his critics declared he was inspired as if drunk with wine—that he did great things but without knowing it. Empedocles received divine honors both for his wisdom and his works; and he himself, because he recognized that both the works and the wisdom exceeded his own ordinary, human ability, thought these honors justly bestowed.

The well-known dicta of Plato regarding the poet—that "there is no invention in him until he has been inspired," and that "poetry is inspiration, not art"—were fully accepted. Even the scientific Aristotle writes learnedly of divination, and acknowledges that so far as authority is concerned inspiration was an established fact.

The works of the early Greek poets may be justly compared to the sacred books of other early nations; but the Greeks carried the idea of inspiration out to its natural and logical conclusion; if the originators of new thought or the discoverers of new truth regarding the personality and dealings of the gods were inspired, then the originators of new thought and discoverers of new truth in the natural world, or the revealers of new beauty in art, were also inspired. To create was a godlike act—and he who created was akin to the gods

and was assisted by them. So the true poet, artist and orator were likewise inspired, and were only second to the oracle and seer.

Modern science and modern criticism are accustomed to smile at the simplicity of these ancient worthies, and off hand to discard their theory of inspiration. But does science offer any real and satisfactory substitute? Does intellectual superiority alone account for the performances of genius, and especially for that superior perceptive power which constitutes its essential quality? On this point first the testimony of the ancient world is unanimous; and the fact that for the most part it believed the assistance which intellect received was supernatural does not weaken that evidence as bearing against the theory of intellectual superiority alone as constituting the characteristic of genius. The testimony of medieval history is less pronounced. Among modern writers expression of opinion is less frequent and less pronounced. Observation of mental states seems less acute, and the dividing line between genius and talent less definitely drawn; moreover, the idea of direct inspiration as the chief element in genius, being abandoned, no other definite theory, apart from a sort of elevated intellectualism, seems to have been formulated; and indefiniteness is evident where the ancients were clear and certain in their statements.

Nevertheless among those who may most surely be reckoned as examples of genius in later times, there is the actually expressed or definitely implied idea that intellect alone does not account for the work of genius, but that in the highest forms of artistic expression, whether in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, or whatever form the idea may take, there is concerned intellect plus an intangible but quite intelligible attribute or grace—something less hard and mechanical than the reasoning intellect—more delicate, spontaneous, luminous, and withal loftier, more masterful—something after all akin to what the more cultivated Greeks really meant by inspiration. To some this influence may have seemed divine, to others an indefinable psychic stimulus, adding an unwonted potency to their conscious selves, but yet not foreign, nor coming from beyond their own personalities.

On the part of Literature the attempt has been made to exalt some of the special faculties of the mind—the imagination, passion or

emotion—to an equal dignity or even an identity with genius; nor is such a claim entirely baseless; the imagination is a wonderful faculty and is truly akin to genius; but this brilliant faculty occupies itself chiefly with that which is already known—re-arranging and finding new and unusual combinations, but if it ventures alone into the more distant and inaccessible realms of nature it goes but blindly, and that which it brings back may be beautiful or grotesque; it may be truth or falsehood; it may be a legitimate product of nature or it may be a harmful parasite; it is not certified by the great seal of genius, and like the gourd it soon withers and affords neither shade nor sustenance. In its own domain it is supreme, and along with its graceful sister. Fancy, it forms new combinations, works wonderful arabesques and weaves new fabrics of beauty, pleasant to the eye and useful for entertainment. Together they are often the handmaids of genius, beautifying its work and helping those whose inner vision is not yet clear, to approach and gain some perception of its own more sure and lofty work. With such varying judgments it may seem a hopeless task to analyze or even to characterize genius, and to catch its essence and spirit. It is like an attempt to capture the aroma of the rose, or it is like the tantalizing sea anemone which we behold and admire in its place and element, spread out in graceful form, a perfect flower, with sombre or tropical coloring—a thing of infinite delicacy and beauty; but once undertake to gather it for analysis and lo! it has disappeared and there is left only a little mass of dusky, formless slime clinging to the wave-washed rock. To be studied or understood it must be observed in its element and studied undisturbed in its fully developed beauty.

There is, however, a portion of the field still remaining to be examined—a portion little traversed, indeed little known; but to those who know it, it is full of interest and beauty; it is the region of the subconscious mind—the subliminal self. Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers, by his patient and faithful studies, has thrown a flood of light upon this field, and Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Stedman and other critics and poets have also found it a field of genuine interest, and especially helpful in their studies relating to genius. The man of physical science only—the man of scalpel, balances and re-agents—

turns his face scornfully away, for it is also the region of reverie and dreams—of visions and second sight; and refusing to behold, he knows nothing either of its truth or beauty. The poet, artist and seer enter in and perceive its reality and use—for it is here that they find the key to their own experiences.

This new field of study and experiments reveals to us the existence and the function of quite another and a distinct portion of our personality. Hitherto, the conscious, intellectual, reasoning portion has been the only one which has been seriously and scientifically considered; the action of the subconscious portion, which, as Ribot declares, constitutes so large a part of the whole personality, if considered at all, has been considered abnormal and undesirable, and has even been set down as a form of mental disease.

The careful study which the subject has received during the past fifteen years, has placed it in altogether a new light. It has clearly differentiated this subconscious portion of the mind, and on account of its distinct character it has been named the *subliminal self*; its perfectly normal character and appropriate and useful functions have also been clearly shown.

While it is the function of the ordinary, conscious self to plan, reason and arrive at conclusions laboriously and step by step, it is the function of the *subliminal self* to arrive at these conclusions intuitively, to see at once the conclusion without the intermediate process of reasoning—not that it is incapable of reasoning, but its clear and far-reaching perceptions render the reasoning process unnecessary.

Again, while the ordinary, conscious self is dependent upon the physical organs of sense for the perceptions which constitute the material upon which it works, the *subliminal self* receives its perceptions from a much larger field—often quite beyond the reach of physical senses, as we at present know them, and quite independent of them.

That this method of perception is a fact may be more fully realized when we consider some well-known actions of the mind in certain subjective or dissociated states—as for example in the somnambulism of ordinary sleep. In that peculiar state the somnambulist arises

from his bed and walks, talks, reads, writes, does elaborate drawing or painting, solves problems which baffled his best efforts in his waking state; he then returns to bed, finishes his night's sleep, and awakens in the morning without the slightest memory or consciousness of anything that has transpired during his sleep. In many instances all this is done in perfect darkness or with eyes closed, or open and staring, but without vision. This condition certainly does not belong to the conscious, reasoning mind, and it has never been explained on any principal of ordinary psychology, but it is the legitimate function of the subliminal self. In the condition of somnambulism induced by hypnotism, in dreams, reverie and the condition of ecstasy or trance, similar phenomena are exhibited. In all these conditions the ordinary mind and consciousness are in abeyance, and the subliminal mind with its own consciousness comes into activity, and at times exercises its own peculiar perceptive powers independently of the organs of sense, and to a degree which greatly transcends the limits of the natural functions of those organs; so that in sleep perceptions are impressed upon the mind, of conditions actually existing or events transpiring at a great distance, and under circumstances which render vision by the usual methods quite impossible. In these conditions also, facts, truths and visual images are received and remembered by the conscious mind, which were entirely beyond the knowledge or capacity of the mind receiving them, in its ordinary waking state.

Of course, it is known that many men of science deny these statements altogether; on the other hand it should be more generally known that many other men of science, and those of equal fame and eminence with their more sceptical brethren, accept these statements as true. Thirty years ago this could hardly with truth have been said—to-day it is strictly true, and the number of scientific men who accept this view is rapidly increasing.

While it is a fact that these entirely subjective conditions of sleep, reverie and trance are favorable to the full action of the subliminal self, and while it is by means of these conditions that the existence and action of the subliminal self are most clearly demonstrated, yet these entirely subjective conditions are not necessary to its more or

less perfect action, for sometimes its action is full and free at the same time that the ordinary self is fully conscious and able to exercise its normal functions of reason and expression. It is in this condition that most of the work—scientific, literary and artistic—is done which is ordinarily credited to genius, while that which is done when ordinary consciousness is lost and the senses are in abeyance—as in dreams, reverie and trance—were in ancient times at least credited to direct and divine inspiration.

It may be accepted, then, that the existence and independent action of the subliminal self with perceptive powers far exceeding those of the ordinary self have been fully established; and accepting this fact we have the key which not only helps us to solve the problem of genius, but which also unlocks the secret chambers of inspiration and makes credible according to natural laws of psychic action, those wonderful pieces of ancient literature which in their time were looked upon as surely inspired revelations, and which even in modern times are subjects of vigorous and learned discussions. Looked at from this standpoint, the work of Moses, Isaiah and David, of Æschylus, Empedocles and also of the Greek and Roman oracles becomes intelligible and credible on natural grounds; and the experiences of Socrates, Joan of Arc and Swedenborg become subjects of rational analysis. The same explanation being borne in mind, many analogous modern experiences might also be presented.

William Blake, the English visionary, artist and poet, a hundred years ago, produced his remarkable and most original works, both literary and artistic, from representations which were presented to his perceptions with absolute definiteness—both the words of his poetical works and the varied illustrations, great and small, which accompanied them—by his subliminal self, and without conscious intellectual effort on his part. They came to him and he at once understood and reproduced them. Sardou, the French writer, in addition to his literary genius, produced automatic drawings of the most remarkable character. His house of Mozart was made up entirely of characters used in musical notation, and his house of Swedenborg is a peculiarly beautiful and intricate piece of work; but in addition to the delicacy of the work, the wonderful rapidity with

which it was executed is quite beyond any voluntary effort to attain. Experienced draughtsmen have declared their inability to produce a similar work in less than two weeks of hard labor—these pieces were actually drawn by Sardou in less than two hours, and without conscious effort, either mental or physical. Dickens saw his characters distinctly before him, acting the parts which he so graphically described, and heard them speaking the very words which he wrote; and at the end of the book he parted from these characters with the same sentiments of pleasure, sorrow or regret as if they had been persons in real life with whom he had been so long and so intimately associated.

Thackeray thought out his most brilliant things in reverie at night, but in the morning they were often gone, and to his infinite regret he could seldom recall them. Schiller, in writing, wondered whence his thoughts came—for they flowed through his mind without the slightest effort of his own. Khubla Khan and Christobel were both children of reverie—the latter a fragment which the author could never complete; the vision closed abruptly and was never renewed.

When Harriet Beecher Stowe's great story was first going through the press the publishers urged her to restrict the performance to one volume; she replied that the story was writing itself and would not be controlled. Each separate scene in that dramatic story was first presented to her in pictures—visions—then immediately followed the corresponding part of the story with a rapidity and precision which were truly marvelous and led her to feel that it was not the work of her own unassisted intellect. Late in life upon a certain occasion she was complimented upon the great success and influence of her work. "I did not write the book," she said; "God wrote it."

Whittier's Quaker friend, as he relates, on a certain First Day morning, quite contrary to his custom, declined to go to meeting, but declared that he was impelled to take a stroll into the country instead. He passed house after house on an unfamiliar road until at length he was impelled to turn aside to one standing apart, of whose history and occupants he was wholly ignorant. He entered and found a funeral service in progress. At its close he rose and said: "The person whose remains are before you had, during life, a great injus-

tice done her—and the one who is the author of this injustice is here present. Let that person now arise and in the presence of these people acknowledge the wrong which has been done.” There was a moment of the deepest silence, and then a woman arose and acknowledged that from motives of jealousy and revenge she had circulated reports cruelly injurious to the character of the dead girl, and that they were entirely false. The Quaker friend had simply followed the “Inner Light”—had spoken what was impressed upon him by his subliminal self, and with the result here recorded.

Dr. John Watson—Ian Maclaren—has recently allowed to be printed a series of striking sketches detailing cases in his own experience where following out distinct and powerful impressions and acting upon them, events corresponding to those impressions had been observed, which could reasonably be accounted for only upon the supposition of guidance by some perceptive power superior to his own conscious intellect; and while the genial author and preacher may be inclined to credit his experiences to superhuman agencies, those who know the superior perceptive power of the subliminal self and its ability to impress the ordinary self, find a simpler and more natural explanation in the efficient and helpful work of that most important portion of our psychic organization.

Such are a few examples chosen from an almost inexhaustible store, of the action of the subliminal self as related to literature, art and affairs in both early and later times. To quote all, even of the cases germane to our subject, would tax the capacity of a volume and far exceed the limits of an essay; but surveying the field in which appear the most notable works that in different ages have been so variously judged as to their origin and manner of production, modern criticism demands some law or reasonable method according to which great truths, new forms of beauty or new harmonies in nature have been discovered and made available to mankind.

It has already been noted that these new discoveries in science, art and literature are in general set down to the credit of intellect with its various attributes, while those relating to deity and duty are believed to have been communicated by direct inspiration. It is evident, however, that all truth, since it must be in harmony with itself,

must have a common origin in nature itself, the great reservoir of truth; moreover truth, beauty and harmony are essentially one and identical, being only different forms of expression by which nature reveals herself. She has a language intelligible to every grade of understanding; she speaks to the physical senses which perceive only her outward, obvious forms—to the intellect, the conscious self, which speculates and judges—to the intuition, the subconscious self, which sees and appreciates her language to a degree compared with which the perceptions of the physical senses are feeble and limited. Every man hears her “speak in his own language wherein he was born.”

But in so speaking and so revealing herself, nature employs one method and one method only, whether in science, literature, art or religion, and that method is through the perceptive faculties of individuals. By this method each individual sees according to his own capacity and light; one sees only what his unaided senses reveal—another sees what the senses assisted by art and supplemented by the laborious deductions of reason disclose—another sees intuitively—he receives into his consciousness the wider, the cosmic perceptions of his subliminal self. And with this wider scope of vision he perceives new truth undreamed of by others—sees it clearly as truth and according to his power of expression helps others to see it; and this, Ruskin declares, is the greatest thing a human soul ever does. The minds so constituted have always been the geniuses of the world—the prophets, seers, religious chiefs, poets, painters, architects, composers, inventors. He who perceives new truth in the psychic or spiritual world perceives it by virtue of a faculty inherent in his own psychic nature, and he becomes the prophet, the founder of a new religion or a new philosophy—just as he who perceives new beauty becomes the artist, or he who discovers new harmonies becomes the great musician—and he who in varying degrees combines in himself all these perceptive qualities becomes the poet.

Genius then with its mysterious and sometimes seemingly supernatural power, surely has its source within the mind itself; but the mind has faculties which are subtle and as yet but little understood. Besides its intellectual, conscious, reasoning part, which man assidu-

ously studies and cultivates, and of which he continually boasts as his crowning excellence and badge of superiority in creation, it also possesses another, a distinct, subliminal, perceptive part, in which at present he scarcely dares to believe but which in the not distant future he will know and prize, even above his much-lauded reason. It is this hidden, subliminal part that allies him most closely with the universe—not only with the vast teeming world of life beneath him, with its limited but clean-cut psychic quality of instinct, but also with the infinite world of knowledge and psychic power around and above him, which in its completeness is perfect perception—the all-per-vading Divine Mind.

R. OSGOOD MASON, M. D.

THE NEW SEAT OF LEARNING.

To the making of Schools, as well as of books, there is no end. We Americans are determined to be not only inventive and enterprising but also learned. We do not care to be deprived of any sort of accessible knowledge, and the way some of us overcome this is by declaring inaccessible or non-existent all knowledge of which we as yet have no intimation. If we once believe that there are important mysteries of learning awaiting us we are eager to solve them, but we greatly object to being what we call fooled, though sometimes through our great fear of being fooled we fool ourselves—we cheat ourselves out of something valuable.

On hearing that there is in prospect, and even now already chartered, a new seat of learning, entitled "The School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity," some of us are filled with dismay, others with scorn or contempt, which emotions are not lessened when we learn further that it is to be removed from the oppressive magnetism of cities and towns, and not necessarily to be under the deanship or professorship of College Graduates, and that the plan of its courses of study will probably not resemble those of Harvard, Yale or any other of our excellent institutions of learning. Who is it that braves the odium of this new departure? If it is not all a

fraud it must be that some one who *knows* has something new to tell us, that the founder or founders back of it also realize our readiness for such new departure. Although there is nothing new under the sun, it is all within our solar system, yet like other races in the past we come into the heritage of only what we are ready for and which is new to us. The science of the stars is not given to children in the A-B-C class. But, can we in any sense be considered children when we know so much? On the other hand, can we, in comparison with past races, be considered anything but children when we know so little? We are children, but we are growing. If, as a large portion of the inhabitants of the earth believe, we have lived through many lives in the past and have many more awaiting us in the future, then the present period may be one of special change with us—one for a marked manifestation in Evolution of the Involution of the past.

A revival of something from the past should strongly appeal to us who are ever on the lookout for the antique. That which is simply old does not satisfy us. We ever delve for musty, dusty antiquity, and in a way we are right. It is not the recent past that will give us anything very valuable in the way of knowledge, for that contains only the ignorance of our own racial early days. It is the ancient wisdom, the old, old knowledge of those who were educated before even our own days of savagery, that we are now acquiring and that we call new. To a Hottentot ordinary science would be the revival of a lost mystery. Nothing can be revived that is not already alive, and nothing is a mystery when once it is learned.

Now, we are all of us interested in learning something outside of college courses in reference to new scientific discoveries. With sufficient demonstration to our senses we are willing even to depart from fixed scientific beliefs. Regardless of the dicta of science we are willing to acknowledge that dense, opaque matter is so only relatively to our limitation, and that it can be proved transparent by means of that quintessence of electricity called the X-ray. We are also willing to depart from our early education, in bottling up sound, in noting the form and color of sounds, in telegraphing on wireless currents of invisible electric light, in the use of fine artificial electric eyes, in the photographing of thought, and in distinguishing the

quality of human emotions by means of the color of their deposits, in welcoming the discovery of an invisible fluid body within our grosser visible one, and in recognizing the existence of an invisible fluid accompanying the projected thought of the hypnotizer upon his subject. To all these marvels we accord a ready welcome, and why? Because they are more or less proved by their effects upon the external plane, by means of an extension of our physical senses in fine mechanical instruments.

Most of us know that there are octaves of sound and of color vibration that are not perceptible to our present unaided physical senses, and why may there not also be octaves of thought vibration, to which our slow brain does not as yet respond? Why may there not be immense fields of knowledge on higher planes, awaiting us, and to which we are now approaching, even though by the back door of the senses?

Should we not stand ever ready to progress further on tried lines as well as to begin a new development on higher lines, in the upper chambers of the intellect and in the realm of the soul itself? Do not our few solved mysteries give us a vague intimation of marvels that may await us in a "School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity," in that school which is about being opened on the sacred soil of Point Loma, California?

M. J. BARNETT.

The imagination is a sun in the soul of man, acting in its own sphere as the sun of the Earth acts on that of the latter. Wherever the latter shines, germs planted in the soil grow and vegetation springs up, and the sun of the soul acts in a similar manner and calls the forms of the soul into existence.—*Paracelsus*.

Storm itself, what is it but an appearance? For, take away only the dread of death, and bring as many thunderings and lightnings as thou wilt, and thou shalt see what fair weather and calm there will be in the ruling faculty.—*Epictetus*.

Practice thyself even in the things which thou despairst of accomplishing. For even the left hand, which is ineffectual for all other things for want of practice, holds the bridle more vigorously than the right hand; for it has been practiced in this.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

THE TYRANNY OF THE DEAD.

I realize that if this were the only message that it would ever be my privilege to utter, the title and some of the things that will be said upon this occasion might seem to have a touch of ungraciousness. I would be glad to speak upon the subject of our indebtedness to the past; in fact, I have been speaking upon it.

We are indebted unspeakably to the dead! We owe our bodies to the dead. We owe our material surroundings to the dead. We owe our comforts and our luxuries largely to those who have lived upon the earth and have passed from it. We owe the development of human culture to the dead. We owe the fact that we can think larger thoughts than any of our ancestors, can have greater visions, can make wiser plans, can accomplish them more rapidly and completely—we owe this also to the dead. We owe our spiritual development to the dead: our ancestors were of the earth earthy, some of us are still of the earth earthy, but man has come to have the forward look, the upward look. No man can say better than Whitman has said, what every one of us I am sure ought to feel:

“All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me;
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.”

Beyond measure we are indebted to the dead, and I shall not disparage our debt when I speak of the other side of this same great thought, under this title “The Tyranny of the Dead.”

For ill as for good we are still largely ruled by the dead. Nine-tenths—I do not know but ninety-nine one-hundredths—of human thinking and human conduct to-day is governed by the thinking and the conduct of the people who are now dead. Our customs, our fashions, our language, our governments, our laws, even our religions—all these are inheritances that may be blessings or may be tyrannies, received from the dead.

I wonder if you have paused a moment to think how little we ourselves have really originated! This is the day of discovery, this is

the hour of invention, and yet, living in an age when the world seems to us to change almost yearly, almost hourly, even in this great age, a very large part of our thought and conduct is inspired or limited by the dead. All life is a struggle for life, for variation, for originality, and yet there are some of us who have not realized, as one has said, that "Life is a river and not a lake." We would some of us be well described in the words of Lowell: "We worship the dead corpse of old King Custom."

I can only stir you up to think your own thoughts. I do not need to more than suggest the subject. I do not doubt that since the announcement was made last week of this topic that more powerful sermons have been preached to some of you by your own thought than could be delivered by any voice from any platform.

The tyranny of the dead over the individual! Apparently at least no one chose where he would be born, or when or how. No one selected his father or his mother, so far as we are aware. We did not choose our surroundings; we did not decide whether we would be rich or poor. We did not settle the question of our mental ability; we did not decide concerning our moral and spiritual character. We did not decide whether we would inherit health or disease. So far as we are conscious, we did not even choose whether we would be Africans or Americans.

Once in a while a man realizes something of how he is the slave of the past, and rises up and says, "I will be free!" but he does not take many steps before he finds that he is immeshed in a web that he cannot break, before he stumbles into a trap or a net, and finds that his so-called freedom is elusive and delusive. Says Mrs. Stetson:

"It takes great strength to train
 To modern service your ancestral brain,
 To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
 Of dead men's habits, methods and ideas;
 To hold that back with one hand and support
 With the other the weak steps of a new thought.
 But the best courage man has ever shown
 Is daring to cut loose and think alone.
 Dark as the unlit chambers of clear space
 Where light shines back from no reflecting face.

.

But to think new—it takes a courage grim
As led Columbus over the world's brim.
To think it, cost some courage. And to go—
Try it. It taxes every power you know."

When we come to the question of education we find ourselves enslaved by the dead! Why do we have such a complicated grammar? Why do such similarly spelled words as cough, rough, plough, dough, hough, have such different sounds? It was the way that dead men spelled. It is time we went to the roots of things, and found out how silly we are in many respects. It is time that we examined our system of the development of the young to see whether it is sane or insane, whether it really is education or whether it is simply cramming the youth full of the thoughts of dead men. I should hardly dare, for fear I might be misunderstood, to speak as emphatically as I think on this subject, so I will fall back on our great prophet Emerson. Our modern system of education has not everywhere changed a great deal since his day—for the principal of the best known classical school in Boston said to me recently, "We conduct this school, just so far as is possible, exactly as it was conducted forty years ago." Here is what Emerson said on the subject: "We are students of words! We are shut up in schools and colleges and recitation-rooms for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing." He said he did not know ten men who had been ten years out of college who remembered the Greek they had learned in college. Wendell Phillips said very much the same thing, and Emerson, a little farther on, in the same oration on "New England Reformers," said: "In alluding just now to our system of education I spoke of the deadness of its details. But it is open to greater criticism than the palsy of its members; it is a system of despair. The disease with which the human mind now labors is want of faith. Men do not believe in a power of education. We do not think we can speak to divine sentiments in man and we do not try." Certainly that deadly indictment is true yet. Where is the school or the college that exists for the sake of awakening divine sentiments already existing in the pupils? Where is the educational institution that is founded and administered to-day on faith in the

human race, and on the progressive, growing, thinking, living, developing God that is in the human soul? The whole object of a school ought to be, not to cram the students with the thoughts of dead men, but to awaken originality and make the students discoverers and helpers of the race by what they may contribute to it from their own lives. I know of only one school in America that is founded on this plan, and that is Felix Adler's school, in New York, where teachers make it their business to study the children, even more than the children are expected to study any book, and then try to help them along the lines in which they ought to grow.

How can the human race grow as it might, when our schools are largely places simply for the collecting of dead men's thoughts, and the inoculation of our young people with them.

I quote again from Emerson in his essay on Self Reliance: "Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato and Milton is that they set at nought books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought." With notable exceptions, and with a generally growing tendency for the better, our education now is still largely a worship of the dead. The true teacher is the one who will say, in the words of the poet that I quoted a minute ago:

"Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
 You shall possess the good of the earth and sun (there are millions of suns left),
 You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,
 You shall not look through my eyes either nor take things from me,
 You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself."

How could there be a more nearly ideal utterance for a teacher and trainer of youth?

The educational system that is fast passing away has been a stronghold of every superstition; the education to come will be the guarantee of progress.

When we come, in the third place, to religion, I shall not pause very long, because we all know that nothing helps dead ideas and customs like the religious sanction. To give you Emerson again: "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. . . . I am

ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions." We need to realize that what has been called religion is itself on trial, and no man with a brain is a religious man (because he cannot be an honest man) unless he has first settled the question as to what religion is and whether a man is meant to be religious. Some people think he is not; and some of the noblest helpers of the race think that religion is only a phase in the development of the race.

There are people who seem to think that because they have inherited Orthodox opinions they are religious; and there are other people who think that because they have inherited certain so-called liberal opinions that they are religious. And there are some of the people who pass for liberal people to-day who are taking the thoughts of dead men that were liberal in their time, but are illiberal in ours, and are using these great thoughts of the liberators of the past as clubs with which to smite the sons of the prophets. There are people who call themselves "Channing Unitarians": I had supposed that a Unitarian was a man with his eyes open, and his face to the front, one who would try to think for himself as Channing thought for himself, but what the people mean who call themselves "Channing Unitarians" is that they are trying to hold the views of people forty or fifty years ago on religious subjects, and still pass for liberal people. They have been standing there saying, "I am liberal," and the procession has swept on past them. Take people that are called by the name of Calvin: the glory of Calvin was that he was a reformer who broke away from the old traditions, and from everything that seemed to him like superstition—how can a man be a Calvinist and believe what Calvin believed, any more than Calvin could have been a true man and believed what people believed three hundred years before his time? Then we have the Lutherans, conservative among the Protestant churches, organizing themselves against progress in religious thought. What did Luther stand for? Luther stood for the right of private investigation, and of each man being the judge of what the Bible taught, and of what he ought to think, and of what he ought to do. No man is a Lutheran or a Calvinist or a follower of Channing or a disciple of Theodore Parker

who does not stand to-day in the front rank of original human thought and of religious progress and development.

You remember how Lowell says as he writes of those who came in the Mayflower:

“ But we make their truth our falsehood,
Thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments
While our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great impulse
That sent them across the sea.”

I shall not tell you what the true religion is, and no other man will. When a man attempts to tell what the true religion is, you may put him down as an imposter; he cannot do it. By the time he has told it there has come a larger thought and a better conception of religion. The true religion can only be comprehended by the last men and women, who will be the best men and women, who shall live upon this planet. Remember that you may justly be called irreligious until you get a religion that belongs to you, and until you get a religion that you expect to grow with every growth of your thought and every possibility of your development. If I wept any tears they would be for the numbers of men and women, young men and maidens, who in these days come to the door of the temple of a reasonable faith and, hearing the divine call to enter, turn back to lives of monotonous conformity, to prevailing standards and customs, yielding to the tyranny of ties of blood, of fear of the powerful, of regard for Mammon and of the dread of the curse of a superstitious ecclesiasticism.

We come now to another thing and that is Social Custom. Have you ever read Mr. Foss' poem entitled “ The Calf Path ”? Do you know why in Boston we have to walk three miles when we only ought to walk one? I cannot read all of this poem on the Calf Path, but it gives the answer to the conundrum that I have just propounded—

“ One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.
Since then three hundred years have fled
And I infer the calf is dead.”

A dog sees the path and takes it; a bell-wether sheep is looking for a passage and sees the calf path and takes it, and the other sheep follow on—

“And many men wound in and out
And dodged and turned and bent about
And uttered words of righteous wrath

Because ‘twas such a crooked path,
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf.”

After a time the forest path becomes a lane, the lane becomes a road, the road becomes a village street, the village street becomes a city’s crowded thoroughfare—

“And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis,
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

They followed still his crooked way,
And lost a hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw the first primeval calf.”

I think this is more than equal to Lamb’s story of the Chinaman’s roast pig. You know it, how they discovered roast pig when a house burned down that had some pigs in it; and ever after when they wanted roast pig they put pigs in a house and burned the house down.

Why would a man be arrested who wore a woman’s dress down Washington street, and a woman be arrested who wore a man’s garments in Boston, when in Turkey the women wear trousers and the men wear skirts? There is only one answer—dead men and women did it, that is all! Why do the men wear funereal garments? Why should not we be as well decorated as the women? Dead men dressed this way. Why do you women sweep the snow-clad sidewalks with your long skirts? Why do you wear corsets and rings? Because dead women did it. Why do we consider women inferior

to men? Why do we bar some of the noblest and most intelligent creatures that we know anywhere in the universe out of Harvard and Yale Universities? Why do women suffer from laws that men make, and never make any laws themselves? Why do we permit them to teach school, and tend machines, and rear children, and not allow them to vote? There is only one answer—dead men arranged things that way.

Our marriage customs are better than the marriage customs of the aborigines, as we call them, but they might be vastly improved. Our divorce customs might be greatly improved. Why do we make a woman live with a brute after she discovers he is a brute? Because we think that dead men said that she should. In Switzerland, where all the people have a right to make their laws or revise them if they please, when a couple come to a judge saying that they cannot agree to live comfortably together, the judge is required first of all to take them out to dinner, and they sit together around the table and the judge talks with them like a father, and tries to bring them together, if possible, to see what the real difficulty is and to get it removed. Then the couple go away for a certain length of time, and then if they come back to the judge and say that it is impossible for them to live comfortably together he gives them permission to live apart. We will get something like that when we make our own laws. I have seen people falsely live together that were no more married, and no more meant to be married, than men and brutes are meant to be married. Will you think of this just as though there had never been any dead men's laws on the subject?

When we come to our economic practice we have touched the hardest thing of all. Where do we get our ideas of property? Do you remember how Whitman says that he would like to go and live with the animals, giving a number of reasons, and then saying because "not one of them is afflicted with the mania of owning things." Where did we get the mania of owning things? We inherited it from other dead maniacs. The worship of property is a legacy from the dead. Why should we worship money and property and exalt the people that have it, almost making idols out of those who are very wealthy? The question was asked at the Forum as to whether

it was right for people to inherit money from their ancestors. Why is it right for a person who used to live on the earth and has gone away to still control money? Old Jacob Astor will control a large part of the most valuable real estate in New York for ninety-nine years after his death, and the people that live there and use the property have little to say as to how it shall be used. Why should dead men tell professors at certain seminaries what they should teach people in the twentieth century? You would better wed your daughter to a dead man than to send your children to study in such institutions, for either the professors have to teach only what dead men taught and wrote or else have to perjure themselves when they say that they will teach it! What an outrageously ridiculous thing that people who lived on the earth, some of them hundreds of years ago, should control our education, and state what we shall study and how we shall study it!

Carry this a little farther: the United States issues bonds for thirty years or fifty years, legally it could issue bonds for a hundred years if it pleased. That means that our government says to the people who will live on the earth after we are in our graves, "You will have to pay for the things that we wanted." I believe in some rights of the dead over property, but I believe more in the rights of the living to property, and, more than that, I believe in the rights of the unborn. That is what we ought to live for: we are worse than Chinamen—a good many of us—in our worship of the dead; we need rather to worship those who are yet to come upon this earth.

Why should the wealthy man be our idol? Why should the character and the issue of our money be controlled by the few instead of the many? Why should the heart of our national business life be a den of thieves and gamblers, dignified by the name of the Stock Exchange? Why should machinery (one of God's greatest gifts to man) enslave men and make them idle, when it ought to make all men powerful and free and rich? Why should men work ten hours a day under the hard conditions of the present, when plenty might be produced for all if they worked less time under easy circumstances? Why should 100,000,000 people in christendom never be free from hunger? Why should 10,000,000 people in America go to bed sup-

perless? Why should 3,000,000 American men, representing 15,000,000 of people, stretch out their pleading hands in vain for work? Why should one-fourth of the population of this most prosperous country have no leisure? There is only one answer—we are the willing slaves of the despotism of the dead!

How about the administration of justice? Did you ever think how justice “is dispensed with,” as Mrs. Partington says, in our courts? What is a court for, and what does it actually do; what governs the court that governs us? Dead men. Hundreds of laws that dead men made, and thousands of precedents that dead men established, with a cumbersome and complicated machinery of dead men, have caused our courts to be the despair of all except the unjust and the rich and the powerful. Mr. Lawyer, how can you have the face to sneer at an Orthodox minister? You are a thousand times more bigoted than he is: he has had some modern thoughts, but your business has allowed you to have none. Tell me, if you can, what real, vital, vigorous improvements there have been in the administration of our courts of justice while the world has fairly leaped along in other respects, even in religious improvement of the most superstitious denominations that exist in America? I believe that the administration of our courts is vastly worse than the administration of our churches! Lawyers are supposed to be officers of justice, but how they bewilder us, how they become advocates of injustice! One lawyer is always an advocate of injustice in every case that is tried! There are not many people who can afford to go to law. I am not impugning our judges, and our juries, but they, with our courts and our lawyers, are all parts of a system that grinds the souls out of men. Judges and juries are just as good in their way as preachers or manufacturers or workmen are in their way, but look at an ordinary trial in our courts all through its weary length of one, two, three, four, sometimes five, ten, and even thirty years, and see how wicked and ridiculous it is to call that justice. We even imprison our witnesses—innocent men who are unfortunate enough to witness a crime, who, because they are poor and cannot be bailed, are put behind the bars, while we know how many criminals are at liberty. It is possible in Massachusetts to keep an innocent man in jail for ten

years if he happens to witness a crime and does not have money enough so that he may be set free on bail.

We have something worse than that! Whatever you may think about Imperialism, we certainly have it when we come to some injunctions of our courts. Mr. Debs is, I believe, a very noble man; but if Mr. Debs had been a murderer and an adulterer and a robber and everything that we regard as wicked it would have been an infamous thing that he could have been deprived of his liberty without a fair trial, for a period of six months, and then the Supreme Court of the United States two years later decide that he is an innocent man, and so imprisoned unrighteously and illegally. Recently when one of our editors was thrown into prison here in Massachusetts for criticising one of our greatest monopolies while a trial of one of its employees was going on, one of the most distinguished lawyers in Massachusetts wrote a letter to the papers in which he said that this privilege of injunction was inherent in the courts and that many of our wisest lawyers believe that this privilege of imprisoning men by injunction is one that cannot be taken from our courts even by legislation. That is enough to paralyze an American citizen! I believe that ten wise men could make a juster legal system in a month than we have to-day. Nine-tenths of all our laws are concerned with property interests, and would be absolutely unnecessary under a righteous and just economic system.

And what do we do with our prisoners? Instead of trying to make them realize that they are men, we make them understand that henceforth they are to be scorned by their fellows. And if a man commits murder—the man to whom we ought to devote our most earnest ministry, if we are his brothers—we kill him. And what does that mean? Capital punishment is a social crime for which there is no excuse, for which there is no shadow of excuse—except that dead men killed other dead men because they could; it is inherited from barbarous dead men, and is a confession of the weakness and the cowardice and the impotence of society, as well as a confession of our lack of faith in all humanity.

Politically! I say to a man, how are you politically? And he says, “I belong”—mark the expression—“I belong to the Republi-

can party"; "I belong to the Democratic party." You "belong" to it, you seem to be proud of your slavery; even the Southern negroes did not glory in the yoke they wore, and did not rejoice that they belonged to any master. But consider politics in a larger sense than this. People who have studied the question tell us that England is thirty years ahead of the United States in its processes of social digestion. We are told this is because England has no written constitution. What does the American constitution say in the preamble? Among other statements we find this: "To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, we, the people of the United States do ordain and establish this constitution." What does a constitution become when we worship it? What does a constitution do when we find it hard to amend it? It binds upon us the yoke of dead men, and is used to defeat its own object. They establish it to bring liberty to us: let me say, if you please, what kind of liberty I like; let the twentieth century say how it likes its liberty, and in what form. If we have a written constitution we ought to have it so that it could be as easily changed as the growing intelligence and conscience of the people might demand. It was our minister to England, a professor of Harvard, the scholar, the poet, the gentleman, who wrote:

"Though we break our fathers' promise we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State, while we are doubly false to God."

What kind of a government is this? A five-headed government: first the constitution; second the House of Representatives; third the Senate; fourth the President, and fifth the Supreme Court. I do not believe there is more than one power in Europe that has as irresponsible and despotic a government as is afforded to America by the decisions of our Supreme Court. We do not elect the members; we cannot control them, and their decision is absolute and final; although the decision of the Supreme Court of thirty years ago may be directly opposed to the Supreme Court of to-day. Government by the people has not failed; government by the people has not been tried.

When the old king died, the waiting populace bowed their heads

and cried, "Le Roi est mort!" and then taking a long breath they cried in salutation, "Vive le Roi!"

Many have mourned as they have received the tidings of the passing of aristocratic authority and have wept out the words, "The king is dead!" It is time for us to shout with unrestrained exultation, "Long live the People!"

And why does nation fight with nation? Because our dead fathers were tigers and brutes.

Let us wake up and be ourselves; let us prove all things, counting nothing too sacred for our investigations, holding fast that which is good, that which is wholly good, and nothing but the good, until with the progress of the ages that may become evil in its time. Let us be intolerant of the outgrown, and consume it utterly in the fires of our compassionate purification.

At what point has come into the lives of the great heroes of the past the power to influence men and to make history? It was when they were willing to step out of dead men's shoes, when they tore from their wrists the shackles dead men had bound upon them, when they said, "This draught of the fountain of truth is not full and fresh enough; *we* must come to the fountain-head and draw and drink for ourselves, and our generation." To-day there seems a drear, dead level in art and poetry, in music, in statecraft, in religion—in all their finer expressions—because we are trying to drink of the cup that dead men emptied, and because we vainly try to look through their glassy eyes to behold the visions that inspired *them*, failing to realize that our privileges are equal to theirs—superior to theirs—that we may believe more and know more and hope more and love more and achieve more, that we have a living God revealing Himself in living men, for the need and for the endowment of the living age.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," while we indeed "act in the living present" and endeavor to bequeath to our descendants better blood, better laws, better customs than our ancestors gave to us, and with them the two great words FREEDOM and PROGRESS!

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

EVERYDAY.

O thousand thankless tasks of every day
Which are renewed with every rising sun!
O many burdens carried on our way
Until life's weary pilgrimage is done!
It seems as if we waste our precious strength
In tiresome round through commonplace routine—
If but our steps were placed in one great length
What far-off countries would our eyes have seen!

But we'd have found that there as well as here
Man walks through tiresome round of little things;
And if ambition's whisper charms his ear
Its import's lost in tasks that duty brings.
The glory of the martyr's holy crown
Sheds no reflection on the toiler's brow,
Nor hero's dear-bought name, nor sweet renown
Lend lustre to the conquered cares of Now.

But if we realized the mighty Truth—
Could see that each small act of duty done
Through all the years that lie between our youth
And coming age are battles lost or won!
If we could know that what seems sore defeat
Is oftentimes victory; that gain is loss;
That in life's bitter cup some dregs are sweet,
And that which glistens is too often dross;

If we but knew each perfect task fulfilled
Was one bright letter added to our store
Of Life's great alphabet—that if we willed
We could, each day, add one bright letter more;
What eager soul is there who would not choose
(If by these letters it might learn to spell
The little words which Wisdom loves to use)
To do each daily task, and do it well?

No longer thankless then our tasks would seem,
But each—no matter what nor when nor where—
Be counted part of Mother Nature's scheme
To form a new step on Progression's stair.
Each labor then achieved; each battle won;
Each burden carried on our upward way;
Each finished task; each smallest duty done
Would seem a blessed gift of Everyday!

EVA BEST.

PRAYER CONSIDERED AS A THOUGHT-WAVE.

Wherein lies the benefit of prayer? Not counting that ecstatic state produced in some persons by fervent entreaty, what are its practical advantages? Do they exist, and, if so, how can the unbeliever in orthodox teachings account for the evidence which is so frequently offered as the apparently direct result of this phase of supplication?

Then again, on the other hand, a cry comes up from millions of souls, asking an explanation of the seeming injustice of constantly recurring events, notwithstanding faithful prayer, and demanding some reason why the results are so very different from what they have been taught to expect.

To return to the first thought, there is no use of denying results, nor of ignoring the matter by declaring that answered prayer is a mere coincidence. As soon as you do this you assert that which you cannot prove, and put behind you all the means of investigating whatever of mystery may lie hidden in the phenomena. Indeed, some thoughtful men have asserted that there is no such thing as coincidence; that every event is the exact result premeditated by an unerring fate. Be that as it may, there are too many well authenticated facts regarding answered prayers for the thoughtful investigator of cause and effect to cast the evidence aside as unworthy of his time and consideration.

There is no need to go over the ground accepted by the orthodox believer, namely, that there is a personal God who hears and listens

to our supplications, and answers,—if He thinks best,—and does the other thing, if it is for our own good. To the analytical mind there is but little satisfaction in this. It sees no reason, if this belief is to be accepted, for praying at all. God knows His business, and is capable of attending to it without our help. Then why worry Him with petty cries for what, after all, may only be the impossible? Thus he reasons, and feeling the inadequacy of the doctrine—for him—turns his mind to some more scientific explanation of the facts daily happening, which take the form of answered prayers.

Neither is he satisfied with the materialistic interpretation, that the result could be traced, if only one could strike the trail, down through a long chain of circumstances, which could not, by any possibility, have led to any other end. He goes over in his mind some of the facts that have come within his own experience; some results which have apparently been the direct answer to prayer. Some have been almost instantaneous, like the peal of thunder after the lightning's flash; some after the supplication has been long and agonizing, protracted, perhaps, through many weary years.

A person has found himself in great danger, with no apparent possible means of escape. He has cried out to God in sudden fervor, and as suddenly some way, previously unthought-of, has opened before him for his rescue. It is an answer to his prayer, he says, never considering the fact that just such escapes have occurred to the most stubborn unbelievers who have faced death with a curse upon their lips. Persons have been "converted" by just such happenings as these, and have pinned their faith to prayer ever after, although this may have been the only time in all their lives when they could call up a startling incident as evidence.

Again, a mother has a wayward son, and through weary years she prays for him. One day remorse suddenly overtakes him; he repents of his doings and "reforms." Her prayer is answered, and she thanks God. Or a wife goes to prayer meeting and asks the prayers of the congregation for her erring husband. And they pray, oh, so fervently! and call down the power of heaven to their aid. The man turns from his "worldliness" and becomes a follower after the cross. Those who have prayed call your sceptical attention to these facts,

and ask you to explain them on any other grounds than their own.

This sets you to thinking, and if you have considered the theory that "Thoughts are things"; and that they are projected in waves, invisible, intangible, but real, and that the human mind is susceptible to these waves, then you begin to think that it may be possible to account for many things strange and mysterious.

In an Eastern oraculum is found the following thought:

"Distribute sweetmeats to children and their good wishes will enable you to succeed."

This may sound like a bit of superstition, a "charm," if you will. But may there not be in it a grain of truth? Considered from the point of view of the thought-wave theorist it at once assumes a value hitherto unknown. Children think well of you. They wish you good luck. Their pleasant thoughts flow in your direction. Happy, innocent thoughts, and they come to you and influence you. They are unconscious prayers, and add to the tide already pouring toward you. They help to make you better and purer, and in this state of mind you must naturally draw to yourself a higher type of friends and associates. What then can follow, in the natural course of events, but success?

If the concentrated thought of one person, strongly projected in a certain direction, will bring about desired results, then how much more powerful must be the combined force of the thought of many, all flowing like a river toward the same sea. May not this stream of thought, gaining force with the increased fervor of its projectors, become an irresistible torrent as it flows, and, reaching the object of its mission at an auspicious moment, bring about the wished-for result?

By an auspicious moment I mean a moment when the object of this thought-wave is in a receptive condition of mind. When the door of the soul, so to speak, is ajar to the better influences of the invisible world. For if the world of thought is not an invisible sphere, then where may it be located? In this susceptible frame of mind there comes to him strange, uncalled-for thoughts; aspirations which surprise him, and cause him to long vaguely for "something better than he had known."

Whence come they, like some far away strain of forgotten melody,

calling him to sweeter climes? He wonders, restlessly; he grows thoughtful and remorseful; he rises and "goes to his Father."

"Our prayer is answered at last!" cry those who have done the praying. "It is ~~the~~ inevitable result of a long, untraceable chain of circumstances," says the materialistic scientist. "The wave of thought has at last become powerful enough to penetrate his soul," declares the occultist, and adds, "It is only a matter of time and perseverance when the strongest thinker will turn all mental tides his way."

This person may have been the object of many prayers before the "answer" came. Why was this? Did not his friends pray as fervently every time? Yes, but how about the wanderer for whom they prayed? May not his own condition of mind have had much to do with the final result? And this condition, too, may have been brought about by the frequent repetition of thought-waves rolled in his direction day after day; prayers sent forth in earnestness inexpressible. Yes, sent *forth*, not sent *up*; for if the thought is centered upon the object, it is only reasonable to believe that thither it will travel. And so there comes at last a time, not only when the change is accomplished, but when one becomes conscious of that change. One cannot say "I was a changed man from that hour." He may say, "I realized that I was a changed man from that hour," with more truth, for he knows not when the change began its subtle work, when the invisible tide first swept its spray across the portal of his soul.

It is these prayers for others that I have mostly in mind as I write, whether they be of long and patient duration, or those sent out by an excited multitude when they see a fellow-being in great peril. But there is also that state of concentration of the mind which is the result of meditation, and is utilized as prayer for one's self. This leaves its certain good effects, as its frequent recurrence tends to restrain the evil in one's nature and draw one to a higher level. In this case the wave generated, if I may use the expression, is turned like a returning tide on the projector, and floods his soul. Let it be clearly understood that the thought-wave is purely an action of mentality, working from mind to mind, and has no influence whatever upon the laws of physical nature. The grasping of this idea at once places the theory on its proper plane, that of individual influence.

A person while fervently praying may pass into a sort of trance, produced probably by the intensely concentrated condition of mind. Careful experimentalists have declared that during this self-produced trance, or state of complete concentration, the higher part of man, the very ego in fact, is asserted, and calls to itself all of the very best of which it is capable. It would seem as though, while in this state, one has cast off all material thought that drags him down, and has risen above it into another and a clearer realm. And while there he prays. His prayers are answered. God has listened to him. So he says. I should say that he had placed himself in a mental condition wherein his mind, or soul if you will, became susceptible to the higher waves of thought which were rolling his way. Had placed himself on a plane where flowed these waves, and opened the gates of his soul to them. For surely the good thoughts and wishes of the pure in heart flow toward all who would like to live higher and better. Flow in a general way, as well as toward individuals. And, also, the passing of one's mind into such a condition cannot fail to leave some good results. Perhaps it matters little, after all, what one names it. It is a mind action at all events, and as such may certainly be considered from more than one point of view.

Again, it seems to me, although I may be wrong, that many people pray so foolishly, and so selfishly. Only recently I heard a young woman, a member of a Baptist church, and who gives entertainments of a literary character, say:

"Whenever I am about to give an entertainment I always pray that it will be a pleasant evening, so that I will have a good crowd. Whenever I have prayed with faith my prayer has been answered, but if I am doubtful, it will rain. So you see, we ought to have faith."

Wise girl! Valuable advice! Interpreted, her idea seems something like this: "If the prospect is good for a fine evening, one may pray with a reasonable expectation of a favorable answer. But if the sky is lowering and the clouds threatening, one's faith wavers. Then, very likely it rains. But when she prayed with faith, it was pleasant."

Meantime, there was doubtless many a poor farmer or gardener who looked longingly at the brazen sky and prayed that the rains of heaven might fall upon his parching crops on that same night that the wise

young woman supplicated for moonlight. The prayers of the farmer may have been made fervent by the thought of small, hungry mouths to feed, the wherewithal to be realized from the result of his harvest. But the Lord, He listened to the little lady who was to give the entertainment, and let the farmer wait awhile, perhaps many days, until the slowly growing food was so far blasted that autumn results were but meagre. No matter! The young lady has had a good season, and good crowds at her shows. This may be a digression, but it is a bit of truth and of human nature, so far as the incident is concerned, and as such is worth considering.

Let us now turn to those who have prayed absolutely in vain. There is more than one person, who, having prayed many years with all the fervor of which the soul is capable, has at last cast the practice aside in despair and walked on without it. In some cases it has happened that the day on which such a person has turned his back on the "hour of prayer," has marked an epoch in his life for the better. Things have from this hour taken a turn toward success. As though the Heavenly Father, like unto some earthly parents, had waited for the child to stop crying before granting the request, although the command is to "pray without ceasing."

If a person who has met with this experience has never given thoughtful hours to the subject, one can hardly condemn him if he flaunts facts in our faces. But there may be other reasons for the turn of the tide in his favor, than the one of forsaken prayer. Perhaps while he prayed he depended too much upon it as a factor of success. Left too much with the God to whom he prayed, forgetting that even the orthodox remind us that "God helps those who help themselves." While he locked himself in his closet and prayed he may have allowed opportunities to slip away that led toward success in whatever path he desired to climb. Or if it were some individual for whom he prayed, he may have neglected chances by which he might have helped this person along the way.

Having, however, arisen from his knees, even though in rebellion and anger at what appeared injustice, and determined to take things into his own hands and abide the consequences, he at once put himself into a position where he could grasp every opportunity which

would further his aim. He now became on the alert for every such chance, and the time previously spent in vain supplications was turned to practical account.

Such instances have occurred again and again. In some cases the mind has cleared slowly from the mists of superstition, and sometimes it has leaped almost at a bound into the light. Do you think that these persons really ceased to pray? I do not. They simply changed their method. Their ambitions and desires were as strong as ever. Perhaps stronger, unfettered by set formulas for supplication. But their every thought, husbanded by renewed energy now doubly vigorous, flowed with a new force, and gathered to itself that which was its own. Then they say: "Why did I not do this before?" Possibly because the time was not ripe. For all things must have their seedtime and their harvest.

It is this spirit of complete dependence on prayer that often proves itself ruinous. There are those who even feel that there is such a thing as rising above the need of prayer, in its accepted form, and that the sooner we cease having recourse to it, and learn to depend upon ourselves, taking things as they come and turning them to the best account we are capable of, the sooner we shall have become rational human beings. That the sooner we learn to accept the fate dealt out to us, grasping its intricacies with as skillful a hand as is accorded us, look facts squarely in the face, embracing whatever joys come our way and helping each day to add to the joys of others, the sooner we shall find ourselves happy. And the sooner we cease whining, and rebelling against the inevitable, and live in the calm and constant knowledge that whatever this life or the one to come holds for us, it can be no worse than has been met by those gone before, the sooner we shall have become philosophers.

But there are yet the prayers that are never answered. Never! Never! Death overtakes the one who has prayed, and the one prayed for. And the thought comes back again and again with galling force: "It is too late!" Laying aside the idea that too much time has been spent in verbal supplication to the detriment of the supplicator and the object, there is again the reason of the orthodox believer, that "It is the will of God. It is not best for us," and all that sort of thing.

Viewing the subject from the point presented in this article, is it not just as reasonable to suppose that, notwithstanding the prayers offered, there was a still stronger opposing wave that eventually frustrated their design? For, again, if "thoughts are things," and move in waves, there is the evil as well as the good thought, and the man inclined to wickedness is open mentally as well as physically more often to evil than to good influences. These may have permeated his mental atmosphere to his destruction. No moment has arrived when he has been lifted out of himself; when he could receive the influence of the tide for good so constantly pouring toward him, and he has passed from earth and left those who loved him lost in speculation, or bitterly rebellious, or resigned to the outcome as the "will of God." This person, so lost to all prayer and prayerful persuasion, was just as much the child of their God as they were. He is lost; so they believe. And yet, those who are resigned to their creed calmly lay his ruin at God's door. To accept any other theory would, to them, be sacrilege. Strange, how the human mind will refuse to reason! Strange, how it is afraid!

If your theories have lost their power to satisfy, why not consider others, in the hope that, mayhap, some light may dawn on the soul to its everlasting benefit? For to find a thought which explains one small iota of what has been mysterious, cannot fail to profit in some degree.

We are groping in the realm of psychical research. If now and then a faint ray penetrate the gloom, we may make attempt to discover what it has briefly illuminated; and when this ray falls into our own consciousness we build a theory. The only way to test it is to try again and again, if it shall work out the theorized results. Some will continue to pray to an invisible spirit; others, more analytical and far-reaching in thought, will study the plausibility and possibility of the thought-wave theory as applied to the results of prayer.

PRUELLA JANET SHERMAN.

If man's imagination is strong enough to penetrate into every corner of his interior world, it will be able to create things in those corners, and whatever man thinks will take form in his soul.—*Paracelsus*.

ECLIPSES.

“Then said he unto them, Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines and pestilences; and fearful sights and *great signs shall there be from heaven.*”

—St. Luke, xxi., 10–11.

And likewise does the prophet Jeremiah's reference to the *signs of heaven*, and kindred scriptural allusions too numerous to mention here, concede to the celestial indices a relevancy in the affairs of man which can scarcely be ignored by those whose faith abides in the sanctity of Holy Writ. While the Sacred Volume so cogently testifies to the importance of the stars as reliable PROMITORS in the unfolding of the inexorable providences, the pages of profane history likewise teem with authentic instances which signalize eclipses as the harbingers of evil and adversity to the nations of the earth.

It was not until after years and years of systematic observation that the ancients became convinced that the disturbed terrestrial conditions which invariably attend upon the heels of the ecliptic conjunctions were but logical concomitants of such phenomena. The rationality of this hypothesis once fully verified, it became but a matter of induction for these wise old philosophers to formulate from known laws concerning astral chemistry that remarkable system of interpretation which has been handed down as a guidance to every subsequent generation.

The present age, however, as a reflex of the bigotry bred of seventeenth-century sacerdotalism, is largely egoistic; therefore, remiss in the acknowledgment of aught which may have been promulgated by minds other than its own. The result has been to stifle spiritual truth, otherwise the intelligent apprehension of the primary laws of which we are individually and collectively part and parcel. Hence, the charge of superstition and ignorance found surreptitiously placarded over the doorways of every vestibule which leads to the Inner Sanctuary.

It is amusing to note with what aptitude the scholastic driveller, in the vainglory of his attainments, seeks to credit to *superstition* the

tinest belief which has the temerity to outstrip the compass of his own enlightenment. For which reason there has been a great deal imputed to this much-abused term which never bore the slightest resemblance to any misconception of a self-evident fact.

Thus, Lockyer, writing of eclipses and the ignorance displayed by some of the Oriental nations in regard thereto, states that "the Hindoos, when they see the black disc of our satellite advancing over the sun, believe that the jaws of a dragon are gradually eating it up!" From which it is obvious that Mr. Lockyer knew not that an eclipse of the sun can only take place at one of the moon's nodes, the one ascending being that point where it passes the plane of the earth's orbit from south to north, known as *caput draconis*, or the Dragon's Head, else he had not been so immature in decrying that which he had not the capacity to discern. And so the untutored (?) Hindoo's *superstition* resolves itself into the recognition of an astronomical fact, beside which the fatuity of a Lockyer does not readily commend itself.

The material scientist, whose devotion to physical analyses antagonizes him against aught which cannot be confined to the domain of his laboratory, is similarly prone to dissemble by ascribing to these strange sequences the ever-convenient term *coincidence*. Accustomed to view subjects entirely from an objective standpoint, he becomes incapable of perceiving truth except through its formalization into opaque substance. He fails to remember that only in the kindergarten school are form and figure deemed essential to the elucidation of abstract principle. The philosopher knows—what should be patent to the veriest tyro in the field of physics—that the only coincidence within the pale of natural law is the relativity which exists between cause and effect, equipollent factors in the world of phenomena.

Eclipses of the luminaries produce, through potent angles of refraction, unusual disturbances in the boundless ether, thereby creating an impulsion of magnetic vibratory forces too harsh for the attunement to which sublunary nature is accustomed. The natural resultant is inharmony in the interdepending parts, in time and degree according to the measurement and character of the disturbing factors. Astrology alone supplies the key to the solution of these complex

conditions. The ubiquity of an all-pervading essence throughout the breadth of a limitless Nature must be conceded in order to postulate universality to the Divine Consciousness. Upon this obvious truth is reared the whole superstructure of predictive science.

There is no dearth of testimony at the command of the earnest seeker, in corroboration of the direful effects of eclipses upon the earth and its inhabitants. One need not turn to the Bible nor to the annals of an age so remote as to abound in doubtful tradition for the records of convulsion and revolution that had been clearly foreseen and interpreted by the astrologer. Nor seemingly is it given to the intelligence of man alone to apprehend, by his art, the grave import attaching to these phenomena. Naturalists have observed the fear evinced by the lower animals during the obscuration of the luminaries, they undoubtedly realizing through some subtle function the gravity of the portents thus disclosed. Well might we declare that the dumb brute who instinctively senses a danger in that which lies beyond the ken of his reason, is manifestly in closer touch with the mysteries of nature than the individual who, in his self-sufficiency, is incompetent to perceive in these celestial conditions the forewarning of an undeniable something which must eventuate as surely as the night follows the day.

This reference to the effect of eclipses upon the animal kingdom, reminds us of a citation made by Peucer, in his *Tractate of Astrological Predictions*, of a trio of dogs "who were whelped in the eclipse of the moon, and which, after they were grown up, fulfilled the significations of the eclipse by their miserable death—one of them being torn asunder by hounds, another falling off from a high place, first broke his thigh, and the next time his neck; the third was burned!"

Every monad in process of evolution, whether it belong to the human, animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom, is amenable to the one law. Therefore, an eclipse may impress its influence in any and every direction. Individuals are affected, disorganizations beset the classes, religions totter, dynasties fall, drought and pestilence bechance, earthquakes startle, and old ocean upheaves her tides—all in response to the note of discord set in motion by these abrupt changes in nature's polarity.

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

ORTHODOXY.

I would not be ruthless with the thoughts or things men deem holy; yet is not what the world calls orthodoxy often the most absurd of all absurdities? Is it not simply a species of egotism in which a part, and often a very small part, of the world virtually says "We are right and all the balance of the world is wrong, and therefore as Mrs. Partington says: 'Is worse than an infid-dle' "?

Did you ever stop to think what ridiculous things have at some time been considered as orthodox? It was at one time orthodox to believe the world was flat; it was orthodox to have as many wives as you wished; it was orthodox to "cast out devils" and to burn witches at the stake; and even that great and good man, John Wesley, a little over a century ago, said: "The giving up of witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible." All that of course was orthodoxy; and so with thousands of things that are now anything else but modern orthodoxy, and for which men would now be either hanged or put in jail. If these good people were mistaken in their ideas of a proper orthodoxy, may we not be equally so about many of the cherished and preconceived notions of the present day?

The idea of orthodoxy not only applies to church doctrines and notions, as many suppose, but to everything else as well. All the great discoveries and inventions were nothing more nor less than the upturning and overthrow of what the public called orthodoxy, which is simply thinking straight, or right. Every one of course imagines he is thinking correctly; and when an opinion is concurred in by any respectable number of people it then becomes "orthodoxy," or "public opinion"; and when this is established in any community, it at once becomes custom, and even at times sacred orthodoxy to which only strong pioneer minds dare run counter.

Orthodoxy is really a kind of mold in which all minds are supposed to be cast—a sort of universal pattern by which the garments of men are expected to be cut; and if the individual rebels against having his mind thus molded, or insists on a change of fashion in

the cutting of his garments, he at once becomes the "black sheep of the flock" and is called a "crank."

Orthodoxy, like everything else, is continually changing in obedience to intellectual demands and under the immutable laws of the survival of the fittest. The old and worn-out are ever dying at the roots, or at the top like trees, and gradually making room for the younger and more fit. Hence the orthodoxy of the ancients had to give way for the orthodoxy of the middle ages, and the orthodoxy of the middle ages was forced to give way for that of the present day; and doubtless that of the present day will eventually have to make way for the orthodoxy of the future. Revolutions and reformations will continue, just as they did in the days of Columbus or Martin Luther. Already the world has advanced, and as time and space have been annihilated by books, papers, the telegraph, and steamboats and railroads, it has become hard to tell what is orthodox, and what is not. Surely at one end of many lines what is orthodoxy is far from it at the other. This not only applies to churches and creeds but to all lines of thought; and hence as the people of the entire world become neighbors, thought and experience broaden, the non-essentials are lopped off, and orthodoxy, provincialisms and localisms disappear as mists before the rising sun.

Advanced thinkers have long since accepted this as the law of the inevitable, and see in it nothing but the hand of the Almighty working in and through the survival of the fittest. They have discarded for the new and better their old orthodoxy just as they have threadbare clothing. Many have done so who are reluctant to admit it, and for fear that their example may still force them to give up some of their present cherished notions; for who now has the discarded orthodoxy that the world was flat, or that the sun did not always stand still? Who has not discarded the old orthodoxy that the ocean could not be crossed by steam; or that men could not stand on one continent and speak or telegraph to each other? Who has not changed his orthodoxy of electricity since the days of Morse, or on science since those of Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Huxley? Indeed, who is not changing his opinions of all orthodoxies from day to day, from year to year, on everything as time and investigation bring new lights before him?

Orthodoxy is a stationary thing only to fools. All things advance, and we must advance with them though our most cherished ideas and notions be thereby carried away. Change and betterments are written upon all nature. They are the laws of the Eternal. God, truth and justice are among the few things that are always the same, and about which men may always be "orthodox"; and he who would limit the mind to the mutable has attained his growth and is the enemy of the progress of his fellows. The mind, the immortal part of man, can never be at rest. It cannot be caged or circumscribed by human limitations. It is ever and continuously reaching out to its Creator in the endeavor to find its kindred in truth, justice, liberty, God.

Of such has Divinity made His agencies at all times and ages. They have not always been what the world, at the time, called orthodox. Orthodoxy means, in a more liberal interpretation, "be in fashion—follow the herd." Thought and greatness are leaders, not followers. The agencies for God and man in the greatest achievements on earth were nearly always heterodox. Like the lightning and the storm, their advents were viewed with awe and suspicion, though blessings and cheer followed in their wake.

The world owes many of its tallest monuments to orthodox-crushers. Contentment and satisfaction with state and condition mean sloth and indolence. Sloth and indolence mean ruthless violations of the laws of nature and of nature's God. Search and inquiry for the new, the higher and the better are rebellious to the old; the acceptance and adoption of the new, the higher and the better are simply the desertion of the orthodoxy of the old and the discarded. But,—What of it all? Is it not the fulfillment of the law of progress? Is it not the simple effect of the law of the survival of the fittest? Is it not the divine in man reaching out to the great source of divinity in liberty, truth, justice, and God? Who shall stay the ends of Deity, truth, and justice, though their paths be through revolutions and over the ruins of creeds and orthodoxies? God directs, and He has always led men to something higher and better.

E. L. C. WARD.

FOLLOW THE SUN.

“ Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.”— *Wordsworth*.

Follow the sun, O my soul,
 Follow the sun!
 Speed the race to its goal—
 Well-begun.
 Webs of the shining west,
 Crimson and chrysoprase,
 Spindrift of amethyst,
 Glory of golden haze;
 Take of them all their toll,
 Garland thyself with the day that is done.—
 Follow the sun, O my soul,
 Follow the sun!

Follow the sun, O my soul,
 Follow the sun
 Out where the planets roll,—
 Mystery-spun.
 Soaring on pinions free,
 Never to falter or tire;
 Cleaving Immensity,
 Higher, higher, and higher;
 Poised at th' eternal pole,
 See the race of the universe run.—
 Follow the sun, O my soul,
 Follow the sun!

Follow the sun, O my soul,
 Follow the sun,
 Seeing the circling Whole
 Perfect and one!
 Speeding the sun-led way,
 Day shall not be, nor night,
 Night shall not be, nor day,
 Only the fulness of light.
 Crowned of its aureole,
 Day shall meet day with a benison.—
 Follow the sun, O my soul,
 Follow the sun!

JULIA P. DABNEY.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.



GROWTH IN METAPHYSICS.

The special feature of "Literary Review of Metaphysics and Philosophy," inaugurated in the February number of this Magazine, meets with unqualified success in all quarters, and among all thinking classes. These seem to have recognized at once the possibilities lying open to such a work, and the inestimable value of a pure medium of the choicest thought of both the East and the West, on all the advanced subjects coming forward in this remarkable age of mental discovery and spiritual progress.

Thousands of the best thinkers of the world have, during the past decade, awakened to a realization of the activities of the finer forces inherent in Nature, both mental and physical, and their consequent affect on the moral and spiritual planes of man's being, no less than on the external planes.

The glad song of this awakening finds vent in many phases of thought, based upon views of a many-sided subject, some relating to one plane, some to another, but all based upon the one principle of the spirituality of ultimate Reality. In this understanding almost an entire new universe has already unfolded, even in the midst of our world and universe of matter and sense-action. The result in the literary field is an influx of new and advanced thought on subjects rare in the past age of materialism, and rich in material for the growth of the higher faculties of the mind, and consequent development of the true soul-nature. THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is maintained for the purpose of giving voice to the very best and most reliable of such mental nourishment, from all parts of the world; and, as such it will always be maintained at the head in advancing the higher education. Increased co-operation by interested workers will prove of mutual advantage, in furthering the work.

Writers on all the new phases of thought will find this periodical the very best medium for dissemination of ideas, as it circulates extensively in Asia, Africa, India, China, Japan, the Philippines, New Zealand and Australia, as well as all of Europe and North and South America. Constant effort is made for both advancement and improvement, its motto being: The best is necessary for true progress. No effort will be spared to keep THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE in the position which it has earned and secured at the head of the line of advanced, liberal and progressive thought. Our readers shall be our censors.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

Charles Scribner's Sons (N. Y.) have published "The Sense of Beauty." Being the Outlines of *Æsthetic Theory*. By George Santayana.

This is a most interesting book and will prove very useful for metaphysicians. We will therefore analyze it and furnish copious extracts as a guidance for its understanding.

The chief function of Goldsmith's village preacher was to "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way." The same can truly be said of *Æsthetics*. It is the science and art, which ministers to that "unhappiness of man, which comes of his greatness," to use Carlyle's words. Beauty breaks down the barriers between the finite and the infinite; it is "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that."

How do we know what is good and beautiful? In his Introduction to the book before us the author answers the question in one way, and says:

"We may distinguish three distinct elements of ethics and *æsthetics*, and three different ways of approaching the subject. The first is the exercise of the moral or *æsthetic* faculty itself, the actual pronouncing of judgment and giving of praise, blame, and precept. This is not a matter of science but of character, enthusiasm, niceness of perception, and fineness of emotion. It is *æsthetic* or moral activity, while ethics and *æsthetics*, as sciences, are intellectual activities, having that *æsthetic* or moral activity for their subject-matter.

The second method consists in the historical explanation of conduct or of art as a part of anthropology, and seeks to discover the conditions of various types of character, forms of polity, conceptions of justice, and schools of criticism and of art. Of this nature is a great deal of what has been written on *æsthetics*.

The philosophy of art has often proved a more tempting subject than the psychology of taste, especially to minds which were not so much fascinated by beauty itself as by the curious problem of the artistic instinct in man and of the diversity of its manifestations in history.

The third method in ethics and æsthetics is psychological, as the other two are respectively didactic and historical. It deals with moral and æsthetic judgments as phenomena of mind and products of mental evolution. The problem here is to understand the origin and conditions of these feelings and their relation to the rest of our economy. Such an inquiry, if pursued successfully, would yield an understanding of the reason why we think anything right or beautiful, wrong or ugly."

It is to this inquiry, as far as it concerns æsthetics, that the author devotes his book. He succeeds as well as was to be expected. How can that be understood, which is as Goethe said, "Inexplicable; it is a hovering and glittering shadow, whose outline eludes the grasp of a definition." How can we define the sphere of its activity? Is it subjective or objective? The difficulty lies in the fact that the consciousness of beauty is so common an experience and so simple in its nature that it baffles analysis. The Beautiful is fundamental like the True and the Good. It IS and can easier be described than defined. He who will understand it must also answer the question whether the Beautiful reaches deeper and is truer than the True and the Good. It has been asserted that it does, and with good reasons. Kant found in the æsthetical judgment a solution for the unsolved difficulties of pure and practical Reason. He says we can go deeper by our æsthetic judgments than by intellect and will. In them we may know and commune with the realities which underlie all phenomena of experience. Reference is made to poets as proof of the assertion. In ecstasy they draw away the veil and "enter the temple through the gate called Beautiful." If we by the Beautiful understand something so universal that it includes the Sublime then there can be no philosophy or science of the Beautiful. We must then say of it, as did St. Augustine of Time: "What is it? If unasked, I know; if you ask me, I know not." Our apprehension of Ultimates is "something more dusky than knowledge, something more luminous than ignorance," said Plato. But the book before us does not reach as far. It deals with the Beautiful as it appears in narrower spheres. The author declares himself in these words:

. . . . "We shall therefore study human sensibility itself and our actual feelings about beauty, and we shall look for no deeper, unconscious causes of our æsthetic consciousness. Such value as belongs to metaphysical derivations of the nature of the beautiful, comes to them not because they explain our primary feelings, which they cannot do, but because they express, and in fact constitute, some of

our later appreciations. There is no explanation, for instance, in calling beauty an adumbration of divine attributes. Such a relation, if it were actual, would not help us at all to understand why the symbols of divinity pleased. But in certain moments of contemplation, when much emotional experience lies behind us, and we have reached very general ideas both of nature and of life, our delight in any particular object may consist in nothing but the thought that this object is a manifestation of universal principles. The blue sky may come to please chiefly because it seems the image of a serene conscience, or of the eternal youth and purity of nature after a thousand partial corruptions. But this expressiveness of the sky is due to certain qualities of the sensation, which bind it to all things happy and pure, and, in a mind in which the essence of purity and happiness is embodied in an idea of God, bind it also to that idea." . . .

To make his position clearer yet, he says:

. . . "the world has always been puzzled in its judgment of the Platonists; their theories are so extravagant, yet their wisdom seems so great. Platonism is a very refined and beautiful expression of our natural instincts; it embodies conscience and utters our inmost hopes. Platonic philosophers have therefore a natural authority, as standing on heights to which the vulgar cannot attain, but to which they naturally and half-consciously aspire.

When a man tells you that beauty is the manifestation of God to the senses, you wish you might understand him, you grope for a deep truth in his obscurity, you honor him for his elevation of mind, and your respect may even induce you to assent to what he says as to an intelligible proposition." . . .

By this time we have begun to despair. We wonder where the author is going to lead us. We fear that we shall be led away from Beauty rather than toward it. But a few pages further on we are restored to hope. The author after all, recognizes Goethe's famous claim: "dark is all theory, but bright is life." He recognizes that life is more than theory:

. . . "To feel beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it. To have imagination and taste, to love the best, to be carried by the contemplation of nature to a vivid faith in the ideal, all this is more, a great deal more, than any science can hope to be. The poets and philosophers who express this æsthetic experience and stimulate the same function in us by their example, do a greater service to mankind and deserve higher honor than the discoverers of historical truth. Reflection is indeed a part of life, but the last part. Its specific value consists in the satisfaction of curiosity, in the smoothing out and explanation of things; but the greatest pleasure which we actually get from reflection is borrowed from the experience on which we reflect. We do not often indulge in retrospect for the sake of a scientific knowledge of human life, but rather to revive the memories of what once was dear. And I should have little hope of interesting the reader in the present analyses, did I not rely on the attractions of a subject associated with so many of his pleasures." . . .

We understand now that the author deals scientifically with the

l, viz., descriptively, not explicatively. This is one of the f the book. New views are opened, but old ones are not d. This is one way some scientists have in which they deal eternal subject, the nature of things. Our modern meta- is can only profit by such a method. It opens up new ways s them a large field for the search of facts of the interrelation and soul, and thus reveals to them new possibilities for the on of Mind to the care and salvation of man.

author is not of the old and narrow Utilitarian School. When that "the philosophy of Beauty is a theory of Values," he f the value of Beauty for the sake of its uses, viz., the service ms, not simply as administering to man's wants or vanity, but iting man into his true place in the Great All. To him Value root and essence of all excellence." His use of language in the g sentence is rather curious, though it is clear what he means: s spring from the immediate and inexplicable reaction of vital and from the irrational part of our nature." He means Values nal, they are first forms of Being, and they arise or are mani- us spontaneously. By "irrational part of our nature" he substance, viz., that which is non-rational. "The rational e says "is by its essence relative." In this "definition," or, lescription, of the Beautiful as a philosophy of uses, we a closely to the spheres of the Good and the True:

"Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears."

physicians ought to take the hint. They are professing the al, but too many of them seek it only in knowledge. Up then! ourself in Beauty and go out and do Good! Our true position called our "value" or "worth." Our own day has revived ek conception of worth (*ἀρετή*). To the Greeks, as now man's sole and only "value" or "worth" is his realization lf, his manifestation of the plenitude of Being. His office is one e. Books, like the one under review, that make clear to us e and its possibilities, are welcome.

second part of the book describes "The materials of beauty," hes us that "all human functions may contribute to the sense y." The author shows how the passion of love and the æsthetic e of social instincts create beauty. There is here much read- ter, but too lengthy for quotation. The third part of the book rm.

The author's chapter on "Are all things beautiful?" is especially interesting; it brings up some fundamental questions and leads to the discussion of the difference there is between the Science of Beauty and the Science of Beauty in Art. He expresses himself thus:

. . . "A question which is not uninteresting in itself and crucial in a system of æsthetics. Are all things beautiful? Are all types equally beautiful when we abstract from our practical prejudices? . . . The reader . . . will easily see that, in one sense, we must declare that no object is essentially ugly. If impressions are painful, they are objectified with difficulty; the perception of a thing is therefore, under normal circumstances, when the senses are not fatigued, rather agreeable than disagreeable. And when the frequent perception of a class of objects has given rise to an apperceptive norm, and we have an ideal of the species, the recognition and exemplification of that norm will give pleasure, in proportion to the degree of interest and accuracy with which we have made our observations. The naturalist accordingly sees beauties to which the academic artist is blind, and each new environment must open to us, if we allow it to educate our perception, a new wealth of beautiful forms.

But we are not for this reason obliged to assert that all gradations of beauty and dignity are a matter of personal and accidental bias. . . . If we could so transform our taste as to find beauty everywhere, because, perhaps, the ultimate nature of things is as truly exemplified in one thing as in another, we should, in fact, have abolished taste altogether. For the ascending series of æsthetic satisfactions we should have substituted a monotonous judgment of identity. If things are beautiful not by virtue of their differences but by virtue of an identical something which they equally contain, then there could be no discrimination in beauty. Like substance, beauty would be everywhere one and the same, and any tendency to prefer one thing to another would be a proof of finitude and illusion. . . . The temptation, therefore, to say that all things are really equally beautiful arises from an imperfect analysis, by which the operations of the æsthetic consciousness are only partially disintegrated."

Here it is admitted that Beauty as commonly spoken of is simply individual taste, and not a form of Being that has an absolute and distinct reality apart from man. Plato, most metaphysicians, and the art-authority Winckelman held Beauty to be an attribute of the Divine. "To apply their theory," said Eugène Véron,* "beauty is the essential form of all creatures before they took actual bodily shape; it is, in fact, the prototype of creation. . . . This conception of Beauty is certainly the most wide-spread. Véron devotes many pages to an attack on this Platonic conception, his object being to emphasize the distinction between Art and Æsthetics. In the former we admire the genius of the artist. The beautiful in it springs mainly from the intervention of the genius of man, the individuality of the author, his special emotion,

* Æsthetics. By Eugène Véron. Tr. by W. H. Armstrong. London, 1879.

and the impression produced upon him by the object or event. The artist's work is a manifestation of his faculties and represents the worth of the artist. In short, Beauty in art is a purely human creation. Imitation may or may not be its means. Véron says: "This was the opinion of Bürger, who, in his Salon of 1863, says: 'In works which interest us, the authors in a way substitute themselves for nature.'" It is this substitution of the soul-life of an artist which makes us admire "objects, whose originals we never admire." *

The reduction of art to a mere matter of individual taste brings its own punishment. Our author admits that art in thus catering to the phenomenal

"becomes disorganized, sporadic, whimsical and experimental. The crudity we are too distracted to refine, we accept as originality, and the vagueness we are too pretentious to make accurate, we pass off as sublimity."

The author said above that the mystic declared that to "God there is no distinction in the value of things." That is the belief of the mystic, as we understand it, but to say that the mystic teaches that it is only "our human prejudice makes us prefer a rose to an oyster, or a lion to a monkey," is harsh criticism, and to add "even the mystic to whom the definite constitution of his own mind is so hateful, can only paralyze without transcending his faculties," is unjust and incorrect. A mystic does not hate anything; he has learned, or at least learns, to have mercy for even himself—a rare virtue in the world. A mystic laments the bondage he is under, but he understands its necessity as a teaching element. When he speaks of bondage he does not mean the "definite constitution of his own mind;" he knows too well the value of limitations—only from the definite can he reach the In-definite. Some misguided occultists look upon their bodies as curses, it is true, and to them the author probably refers. A true mystic is always an occultist, but only few occultists are mystics.

Only by devotion and overcoming our lower self do we rise to Æsthetics. By talent and training we become artists. The two fields are thus out of reach for many people, at least for some periods of their lives. The underlying element on which both our Æsthetics and Art are built is Feeling. We all have it, hence we can all, and at all times, find some Beauty, and thus be lifted into the Great All. The means by which this can be done is the landscape. Of this our author says:

"The natural landscape is an indeterminate object; it almost always contains enough diversity to allow the eye a great liberty in selecting, emphasizing and

* It was Pascal that said: "What vanity is painting which arouses our admiration for objects whose originals we never admire." (Quoted by Véron.)

grouping its elements, and it is furthermore rich in suggestion and in vague emotional stimulus. A landscape to be seen has to be composed, and to be loved has to be moralized. . . . When we learn to apperceive; when we grow fond of tracing lines and developing vistas; when, above all, the subtler influences of places on our mental tone are transmuted into an expressiveness in those places, and they are furthermore poetized by our day-dreams, and turned by our instant fancy into so many hints of a fairyland of happy living and vague adventure—then we feel that the landscape is beautiful. The forest, the fields, all wild or rural scenes, are then full of companionship and entertainment. This is a beauty dependent on reverie, fancy and objectified emotion. The promiscuous natural landscape cannot be enjoyed in any other way. . . . The indeterminate nature of the landscape is the element that sets the observer free. It allows free play of the imaginative and intuitive feelings and involuntarily gives rise to a love of nature, and all love is redemptive."

Let us turn to the landscape, "the formless," viz., to that something in nature which we call thus and which we form into a Whole. We may all use it and become creators! Let us do as did the ancients! They had love of nature in the true sense.

We conclude the review of this useful book by a quotation which especially applies to the effect of the landscape upon us:

"It is the essential privilege of beauty to so synthesize and bring to a focus the various impulses of the self, so to suspend them to a single image, that a great peace falls upon that perturbed kingdom. In the experience of these momentary harmonies we have the basis of the enjoyment of beauty, and of all its mystical meanings."

C. H. A. B.

THE GODDESS OF MIND.

Pallas-Athena, the virgin goddess, is the divinity of the metaphysician. As Pallas she is the "brandisher of lightnings"; "lightning" or "*Blitz*" is, as Jacob Boehme called it, the *Conception* of thought. As Athene (from *αιθήρ*, ether, "the upper air") she is spirituality. If her name be derived, as Max Müller suggests from a Sanscrit root *ah*, she is the Dawn-goddess, "the goddess who caused people to wake," and, thus correspondingly the goddess of wisdom. Her Latin name, Minerva, is connected with both Sanscrit, Greek and Latin and means also Mind.

In a late number of the Finnish monthly "*Finsk Tidskrift*," J. J. Tikkanen publishes an article entitled "*Atena Lemnia och Atena Parnenos*," in which he gives a mass of archeological information about Phidias's immortal work. Some parts are of interest to us. I translate them as follows:

“On Acropolis in Athens stood in antiquity not less than three statues of Athena and they were ascribed to Phidias. Near the gate Propylæa stood one of bronze; it was erected as a memorial to the colonists of Lemnos, hence called the Lemnic Athena. On the open place between Partenon and Erecteion stood a colossal statue, also of bronze, and was called *Atena Promakos*. In the Partenon stood the third, made of gold and ivory, called *Atena Partenos*.”

Here follows a full account of the statues as recorded by Pausanias and other old and modern writers. The author's interpretation of the varying forms and details of the Lemnian and the Partenos statue are symbolically interesting. He writes:

“The likeness between the Lemnian and the Partenos statue is so great and at the same time they are so unlike, that we wonder. The explanation, however, is found in the varying dimensions, purposes, and position. Partenos stood in the goddesses' own temple and was of colossal size, because it was to correspond to and give effect in conjunction with the temple architecture. That also accounts for its severe lines of symmetry and the massive forms, all of which increased the sublimity of the revelation of the goddess.

The size of the Lemnian statue is not given anywhere, hence we are justified in believing that it corresponded to the customary size of Greek statues and the copies in Dresden also prove this. It stood in free and open air and could be seen from all sides, and compared to other sculpture. This fact compelled the artist to use freer forms and it gave more mobility to the statue. We see this, especially in the arms and the pose of the head.

It seems to have been the idea governing the sculpture, that in the temple the virgin goddess should stand in her most glorious costume, in full majesty, ‘like a queen in the throne room;’ here she was to receive the worship of her devotees and here she was to represent the glorious and great Athenian state. She looks triumphantly and full of health and straight forward. But out there on the market place she appeared as she really was, as the people thought she was, and without any ornament excepting the *agis* or breastplate; her beautiful hair tied up in a knot in the neck and her eyes rested sympathetically upon the spectator.”

In these two statues also are well represented, as the author means to tell us, the pedantic and stiff learning, which demands homage, and that life wisdom, which is as elastic and as common as air. Says the author:

“*Atena Partenos* was *official* to the extreme; she was a product of mere intellect. The Lemnian was more individual, freer and natural, ‘the product of an happy hour,’ of warm and living inspiration.”

In the temple stood the idol, the “official” Athena, the one defined and made by tradition and the craft. In the open stood the democratic goddess, the mind of the people. It is even so to-day among us.

excepting the few who have emancipated themselves from authority

and are free, the mind of the majority is bound up with their traditional and conventional notions. Their mind is to be likened to Egyptian statues, which are part and parcel of the rockwalls, whence they were cut, or to the *official* Pallas-Athena, who was to be seen only in connection with the surrounding architecture. The free mind, self-centred and energetic in the plenitude of its being, is like the Lemnian Athena foot-loose and free, standing so that she can be seen and can see all around. She is not *made* in superhuman size to impose upon the spectator, she is *created* naturally, and she looks sympathetically upon the admirer, not *straight forward* and disinterested. The Lemnian Athena is our goddess.

C. H. A. B.

PHILOSOPHY IN RELATION TO MODERN RELIGION.

“There is to-day a strong and steady movement in the direction of religion. It gives power to the churches, but it works also outside the churches and even against them; it appears in the most different countries and under different surroundings; it clothes itself in various forms, many of which are quite curious; it shows its force in the Wonderful, and it does not hide in dark corners; it appears in the most prominent features of modern culture; it often runs against the strongest opposition, but it knows how to maintain itself and it compels respect from the opponent. Such a movement may be antagonized, but it cannot be ignored.”

These are the opening words of Prof. Rudolf Eucken to an article entitled “The position of philosophy to the religious movement of to-day,” printed as the leading paper in the famous *Zeitschrift für Philosophie und philosophische Kritik* for August, 1898. Eucken is too well known an authority in Germany to need any eulogy in this country. What he writes is entitled to the highest respect.

Continuing, he says that such a movement as the one characterized can not “be artificial or the work of parties or a freak of fashion.” Nobody doubts the greatness of our time and its triumphant march from conquest to conquest, but this is a fact—

“that the brilliant results of culture do not bring man the real satisfaction; it even seems, that our enormous development of energy makes our limitations more apparent, and that progress drives us into serious entanglements. Exact science has made us see clearer and clearer through all appearances and we have learned to arrange them under very simple laws, but the Thing Itself seems thereby to have been removed to a farther off distance, and our own soul seems to dissolve itself in individual appearances. With the powerful development of intelligence we expected an elevation of the whole man and an improvement of all conditions, but in the progress of this movement, intelligence has usurped the whole of the sphere of the spirit and narrowed life down to a minimum; th

greater flexibility of thought has developed to an untrammelled subjectivism, to a bold and empty reflection, and often to a sophistry which is inimical to objective truth. . . . We have conquered objectively, but the mechanical has become our master. . . . In the degree we attained the aims and ends of modern civilization, we have also felt the lack of growth in the inner man and our unsatisfactory position as regards happiness. . . . We feel also painfully our lack in moral power and our defencelessness against selfish interests and the enormous passions which more and more divide mankind into sects and parties. . . . Everything now arises and asks the question if our existence has a meaning at all and a value. . . . There can be no doubt about the seriousness of the turn towards religion, but the question is, on which road shall we proceed? In the solution of that question, philosophy has also a part to play."

One need not have wide experience nor special powers of observation to see the truth of Eucken's statements. The facts of daily life force us to see an enormous corruption of morals, but we are not surprised because all forces call forth their opposites. Light and darkness balance each other. The author, however, overlooks or neglects to see that the very revival of true religious feeling he speaks of is also closely connected with the evolution of culture. The so-called "signs of the times" are not only signs of evil, but also signs of life.

The author next refers to "the will to believe," which may be good enough for some and drive them to a church, which speaks with authority, but the modern culture-man has drunk too deeply of the wells of knowledge to go back to the Church, which has remained unchanged and negatively related to modern culture. The centre of the modern man has shifted. He is self-reliant and in thinking stands where Descartes placed him, when he laid the Archimedean point in himself, removing it absolutely from the outside. His craving for clearness, for form, for light does not bring him in conflict with the essence of religion, but it causes him to rebel against the medieval forms of religion.

Now arises the question of what to do. On this point the author says:

"The revival of religion is its own affair, not that of philosophy. Those times are long past, which thought they could construct religion out of philosophical notions. . . . If religion is not an independent affair and if it cannot renew itself, then philosophy may save itself all trouble." . . .

But this is the nature of religion, according to our author:

"The fundamental object of religion is to lift man out of the limitations and confusion of the merely human and to develop in him a new life. This cannot be done without breaking with actual conditions and it costs heavy sacrifices and much self-denial. . . . Religion may be treated as a social affair, and

thus it may be forgotten that such a reduction to a means for human purposes kills the life-nerve of religion."

The reader will notice the distinction which Eucken makes between religion as a fact of the inner life and religion as a social and historical affair. In this article he holds, as we also say, that the further maintenance of historical religions is none of our concern. They have died in the past and they are dying in the present, because they belong to the sphere of the ever shifting natural forms of life. But religion as an expression of the life of "the man whose heart is set on Reality" (to quote Martineau) is a different matter. Religion as such is eternal and everlasting; it is not only intellectually reasonable but also spiritually efficient. A growing soul must necessarily take an affirmative stand for it. The answer to the question what philosophy has to do for religion is this: it must help it to show its reasonableness and it must give form to its spiritual content. To do this, philosophy must not, as in the past, become a "maid servant to theology" nor must it itself become theology. If religion consistently carries out its problem of being an expression of life, and philosophy remains faithful to the work of formulating the light that ever was on land and sea, then the two will not only not come in conflict, but both will carry man to a higher evolution.

C. H. A. B.

THE WILL TO LIVE INTO THE BEYOND.

In the October-November number of *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau*, Herr *Buttenstedt* gives a "Key to the Beyond" and the editor of the magazine requests his contemporaries to use it and send in to him the results they attain; he will then publish them. In compliance with the request we give some extracts in translation.

The author holds that it was

"never the plan of the creator that we should reincarnate as often as possible; on the contrary we should lay off little by little our coverings and *ought to live into the Beyond* [not die into it]."

In the introductory notes he tells us that

"a study of the instincts, which God has given every being on the road of life, tells me: Man shall not die a bodily death on earth in order to reach the Beyond; he shall live eternally and he shall by gradual loss of bone and muscle, rebuild himself into an air form, and thus little by little live himself into the Beyond—not die into it! The reason for this is that nature makes no leaps, but glides imperceptibly and gradually from one state to another. The act of dying is an act of violence, entirely unnatural and not planned by God."

The author's article is in the main argumentative, but none of his arguments have the weight as the one just quoted. The method of transformation from bone and muscle to an air body is not fully given. We are recommended to eat only such food as nature directly prepares and to keep the body well exercised. The motive power is the will.

What do the readers of our magazine think of this? Who will show us how to live into the Beyond? What food does nature directly prepare? No doubt the will is the motive power, but who starts the will and how is it kept agoing! Is the will free or determinate?

C. H. A. B.

OCCULTISM.

Dr. Gérard Encausse, better known as Papus, has again come before the world with a book on those special subjects which have made him the mark of so much bitter criticism from some quarters and on the other hand strengthened the veneration that some have for him. The title of his book is *Traité Élémentaire de Science Occulte*. We have not a copy on hand, but find in the *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau*, edited by Paul Zillmann, a summary of the chapters, which we will translate for the benefit of those readers who may want to know the character of the book. Paul Zillmann, who seems to be the author of the review and summary, writes:

“We have to thank Papus for putting the occult sciences into system. The above *Traité* is ‘first instruction in occultism.’ Papus’ *Traité méthodique*, now issuing in new edition, is a systematic presentation of the subject. . . . Papus defines occultism as the traditional science of the Magi, and it includes the theory and practice of a large number of phenomena of magnetism and spiritism. Occultism is divided into two parts:

(1) The universal and unchangeable one. It is built up by traditional practice and defined by Hermetic writers of all ages.

(2) A changeable one, which embodies personal views and experiments.

The first contains three main points: (*a*) The existence of a trinity as fundamental law for all activity on all planes of the universe; (*b*) the law of correspondences, which unites (or shows the continuity) of all things, visible and invisible; (*c*) the being of an invisible world, which is the cause of the visible one.”

The chapters of the book are summarized, but rather too extensively for this review. I shall, therefore, abbreviate at liberty, though I shall be faithful to the original German.

“Chapter I. shows that a studium of ancient writings proves that there was in antiquity a universal, although secret science, and that all prominent people

knew it. That science was familiar with that which modern science calls discoveries, and that proves that in antiquity there existed a highly developed, but for us prehistoric culture. That science was studied in the main in the temples, but nobody was excluded from it. In those days studies were made both on the physical, moral and intellectual planes. The ancient science concerned itself with essence, the modern with form; it was esoteric, the modern is exoteric. *Scientia occulta* is the hidden or secret science; *scientia occultati* is the science of the hidden or secret; *scientia occultans* is that science which hides or secretes that which it has discovered; symbolism. This is the threefold division of occultism.

Chapter II. shows how *scientia occulta* determines the idea by means of form. For instance, we conceive the ideas of an author by means of letters, which arranged in certain order symbolize ideas. In order to study the occult of a manifestation we must follow a definite method: analogy. A man, for instance, can be studied in three ways. One can study him in his organs and their function: the inductive study. One can study him in his life, intelligence, and all that which manifests soul: the deductive study. Finally, one can study him by combining the two studies: analogy. Extensive information is given about the last method, the most important one of the three.

Chapter III. carries the human body back to the cell, human society to the social molecule, the world to the star, etc., all by means of the cyclic law of analogy. Papus calls these steps the Octave of the Universe. In this chapter the constitution of man, according to Pythagoras, is fully elucidated.

Chapters IV.-VI. deal with the mysteries of language and the whole science of symbolism."

I shall not give any details of the chapters VI. to IX.; they read to me much like well-known theosophical literature. Chap. XII. may perhaps prove valuable on account of its Bibliography; the alchemical hieroglyph, *N. D. de Paris*, which, I guess, means *Notre Dame de Paris*; the esotericism of the Lord's Prayer, and the author's confession how he became a mystic. When the French original arrives I hope to come back to the subject.

C. H. A. B.

PSYCHISM.

The "*Bulletin of the Pasteur Institute*" for December is to hand. We find in it an article on Psychism by the editor, Dr. Paul Gibier. He uses the term Psychism "for the experimental researches which have been made in the last fifteen or twenty years on the psychical part of man's nature." The coinage of the term belongs to Dr. Gibier. The reader must understand that here is not meant "Psychical Research," for societies of that name have, as a rule, not experimented,

nor does Psychism mean Psycho-Physics and least of all spiritualism. It is a new term and stands for a new science, and, it seems to me, for a much needed new departure in psychic research. From personal conversation with the editor, I learn that he desires to organize in this country an academy for scientific experiments on such psychic phenomena, which have been claimed as the special rights of spiritualism, hypnotism, magnetism, etc., but which neither of these have dealt satisfactorily with. As a pupil of Charcot and Lugs at "La Salpêtrière," Dr. Gibier is eminently fitted to enter upon new and original studies of the biology of the nervous system and laboratory investigation of psychic phenomena.

From time to time we will report to the readers of this magazine what the prospective academy is doing. From the prospectus of a forthcoming book on Psychism by Dr. Gibier a number of rather suggestive headings will be quoted. Read consecutively, as arranged they read many new meanings into old words:

"The universe tends toward absolute repose.—According to a number of modern scientists, the philosophical analysis of matter, assisted by experiments, shows that it is but compacted energy in a transitory form.—Man is a cell of the Great Being.—Matter of the human body is the same as the ambient matter.—We are the grandchildren of the sun.—The forces of the human body are borrowed from universal energy.—Intelligence exists in the World: Intelligence, Energy, Matter. Intelligence is independent of matter.—Facts show that the mind may receive communications from other sources than the ordinary ones of the organs.—The force emitted by the human body under the influence of will can act at a distance."

In the last part of the book is a whole chapter on the dangers of training for the attainment of supra-ordinary powers and new difficulties. This chapter is especially of importance in our day. Too many ignorant people engage in spiritualistic seances and psychical research without method. The consequence is that inferior intelligences seize upon the animic force of the medium. They should read this chapter.

C. H. A. B.

PRESENT DAY PHILOSOPHY.

In "Samtiden" for October last, just arrived from its place of publication in Bergen, Norway, there is an article by Anathon Aall, Ph.D., on "Present Day Philosophy," which contains several interesting points worth while translating for our readers. The author's introductory remarks are as follows:

"The star of misfortune stands over philosophy considered as a science.

Once it gave the answer to all questions; nowadays one does not exactly know what it amounts to. Historically considered, philosophy started 'from below.' It undertook to give the reason, viz., the law, union, and substance of that powerful influence, which came from nature. This was in Greece, and it was two thousand five hundred years ago. But this philosophy did not reach so far as the longing mind desired to reach. It was distanced by the ethical philosophy which followed it, and which raised and discussed problems natural philosophy never even dreamt of. But when philosophical speculation takes the color of ethics it easily influences all activity and thus it comes to grief because of untruth. We see in our own day just such a phenomenon."

The author means that the ethical turn philosophy took, when it left the naturalistic basis, in course of time undermined it, and that we to-day see philosophy as a science, having suffered shipwreck. The downward path he means to tell us begins with Socrates, and, that the Platonic and Neo-Platonic philosophy is the consummation of evil. Plato's doctrine of Ideas is characterized as "speculative romanticism." The philosophy of Plotinus is only "what feeling creates and mysticism consecrates." All this we protest against. It is becoming too frequent a charge from the side of the realists, that the whole philosophical development from the time of Socrates is a departure from truth and of no value from the standpoint of science. They wish to return to the naturalism of early Greece and The Past; they deny the new principle which Socrates and Plato represent: Mind. We will assert against the author the truth of the very words he quotes from his eminent countryman, the philosopher Monrad, but quotes in order to ridicule. Monrad speaks rightly of philosophy as the science of sciences; the highest and real science; and declares that its subject is Being and that all special sciences are but building stones in its temple.

It is quite evident that our *Doctor Philosophice* is not an idealist, whatever else he may be. If he is a philosopher he must represent a new school. Here are some of his opinions:

"What are the questions which philosophy concerns itself with? Philosophy claims to be a science and all science relates to the real. Here, therefore, arises the question: 'What is the real? What can truly and really be said *to be*?' No question has been answered in more diverse ways. Plato says that the only reality is the Idea. There is nothing but the Notion, says Hegel. God alone is, says Lotze. No, objects the materialist, Matter only is. Others object again to that and claim the same for Spirit. What shall we think of this? Now listen: A European general gives battle; a German professor receives a visit from the Idea: Peace; in Australia a kangaroo jumps over the grass; away out in the ocean a mollusk loses its hold on the rocks and falls into the deep, just as a 'shooting star' falls from the Southern sky. Where does the real appear? What is the main thing in these cases?"

The author does not answer any of these questions. He had no intention to do so when he put them. They were put in order to create confusion, but they refute their purpose. They do not disturb a rational mind; on the contrary, they raise a picture of life's manifoldness and we can easily see the momentous importance of each special event to each of these individual actors, and, in that momentousness we see the appearance of Reality. But the author advises us to leave such questions alone and to turn to the observation of our own mental processes.

He himself does it in the paper before us. He turns abruptly to the question: "Is there a soul?" I shall spare the reader further translations. His answer is "No." One feels, however, disposed to ask him: "What do you know about yourself? What do you call that activity you have shown in this lecture?" But aside from this author's agnosticism and unhappy denial of self, he has raised questions of general interest. He is attacking philosophy "as a science" and means, as appears from other parts of his paper, to deny its claims to be a science. He wants to supplant it entirely by psycho-physics.

Is philosophy a science? No, not if by science is understood such knowledge as is limited to results obtained by the five senses alone. The five senses, as commonly understood, are natural agents working for ends which they themselves cannot perceive or reflect upon; they are unaccountable and they do not realize a supporting spirit. In fact, a monistic view of man and the universe can give them no real existence; it must treat them as simply limited forms of the working of consciousness. But philosophy is a science—knowledge—when that word is taken in a wider sense. It is customary to define the word that way since the time of Descartes (1596–1650). Fichte explicitly defined philosophy as "the science of knowledge," and Hegel said it was "the science of the Absolute." The best definition is that given by Külpe as "the science of principles." The reader should consult Ladd's "Introduction to Philosophy." In that will be found an exhaustive discussion on the relationship of science and philosophy.

C. H. A. B.

THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND.

It seems useless to continue to protest against the term "the unconscious mind." Ever since Edvard v. Hartmann introduced it, it has met with objections on the ground that it defies all interpretation and is unintelligible. It persists. The latest manifestation is *The*

Unconscious Mind. By Alfred T. Schofield. M.D., M.R.C.S. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. 1898.

The author defines his conception thus, if that can be called a definition, which is rather a description:

We shall hope to show that this mind is the seat of character and of conscience and the spirit-life; the source of conduct, of instinct, of tact, and the thousand qualities that make us what we are; the home of memory, the ultimate governor and ruler of all actions and functions of the body, and in every way a most important factor in our psychical and physical life. . . . and show that it is probably the greater part of mind, consciousness being but the illuminated disc on which attention is riveted on account of its brightness, as if it were all, whereas we shall see in the shades around stretch mental faculties—deeper, wider, loftier and truer, . . . and lastly, we must look somewhat carefully at it as a great power in disease and as a great agent in therapeutics, touching here on the question of faith and mind healing so closely connected with it, and concluding this monograph with a summary of its powers as established by evidence and observation.

It must be said that the author keeps his promise to establish his claims. For practical purposes we get a very large amount of demonstration. His facts are all to the point and being an old-school medical man of extensive practice we cannot expect metaphysics from him. He gives us none. He never leaves the objective and descriptive field to give us any ontology. The most he does is to quote Edv. v. Hartmann's famous work, which of course is the father of the present. He also alludes to T. J. Hudson's "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," in which "the unconscious mind is throughout described as a distinct psychic entity." We should not blame him for this. We ought to be grateful to him, for instead of argument we get a hundred or more pages of illustrations upon the power of mind over body, every quotation of which will be welcome to our readers. We are also shown by illustrations how the unconscious mind works in education. This, too, is of great value and interest to our readers.

It is a pity that Dr. Schofield has allowed himself to become so dogmatic and sneering as he is when he attacks psychologists and consciousness, "so long the god of the psychologists." Such an attitude is unbecoming a scientific man of to-day, and is especially out of place in a work that extols the Unconscious Mind to such an extent that it almost becomes a Divinity. The true philosophical standpoint is that which deals with "the unconscious" as one extreme, and "the con-

scious " as another extreme of psychic activity. Both are forms of Mind. In the concluding chapter of the book the author seems to regret his onesidedness and says about the pre-eminent value of the conscious mind:

The reader who forgets [that the author is arguing for the value of unconscious mind] may naturally think that we are seeking to show that all value attaching to mind practically belongs to the unconscious. Such is far from our thought or purpose, and, fairly considered, cannot be laid to the charge of this chapter. All philosophers, all metaphysicians, all psychologists, all sages in all ages, have sung the praises of their own reason and their own minds. The human mind (conscious *bien etendu*) needs no poor words of ours to sing its powers or its virtues. Man is pre-eminently a reasonable and a rational being, and by that is meant not merely that he possesses reason, but that he is able consciously to direct and control it, and hence is a responsible being. The conscious human will and active powers of intellect are, indeed, the arbiters of man's destiny, the source of his supremacy; that part of him surely that is "in the likeness of the Divine," however much the unconscious may be an unseen guide, a faithful and indispensable servant. It is only in insanity, in sleep and in hypnotism that the unconscious mind rules the man; and more need not be said to show the supremacy of consciousness over unconsciousness: and if in any part of this monograph our language, through merely dwelling upon one side of the question, should seem to imply otherwise, let this emphatic declaration restore the balance of truth.

The reader will understand that we are only criticising the philosophical presentation of the subject of the unconscious. We heartily endorse the author's purpose, and recommend it to our readers. Just such revivals of our dormant Nature-sense is needed in our day.

C. H. A. B.

Wherein, then, are we sensible of this spiritual pleasure? for if it be in spiritual things the nature of the Good is discovered. For the Good cannot be something different from the thing that justly delights us; nor, if the original thing is not good, can aught be good that proceeds from it.—*Epictetus*.

Consider that everything is opinion, and opinion is in thy power. Take away, then, when thou choolest, thy opinion, and like a mariner who has doubled the promontory, thou wilt find calm, everything stable, and a waveless bay.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

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 SCIENTIFIC LESSONS IN BEING. By Edith A. Martin. Paper, 62 pp., 25 cents. The Unity Tract Company, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

EXCHANGES.

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THE CEREBELLUM OR SUBJECTIVE BRAIN.

If we can treat of a topic profoundly, and yet in simple verbiage, it will be fortunate. There is a language of priests, Professor Lesley declares. It consists of enigmatic terms and relations which the unlettered commonality may not understand. This may be well in the matter of esoteric truth, but in the field of common facts it is little more than pedantic affectation. "I would rather speak five words with my understanding," says the Apostle, "than ten thousand in an unknown tongue." We likewise prefer to use plain terms and be *en rapport* with those who think and love knowledge rather than to employ an affected terminology above their comprehension, as though we occupied some higher sphere of thought and condition.

It is not so easy, in the case of the matter in hand, to keep to this rule. The difficulty, however, is not of our creating. Only scientific terms exist at our convenience, and we must do with them as best we can, happy, if with careful use, we can make our meaning intelligible. Besides, many will know the matter as well and better than we are able to tell it. We may have to apologize to them like the young woman, a student in one of our medical colleges, who somewhat bored the lecturers with unnecessary questions. "I am not doing this on my own account," said she, "but I wish those young men in the back row to understand the discourse."

Science, as the term is now very generally used, does not so much denote profound knowledge as knowledge that is classified, differentiated and assigned to a department. It seems often, therefore, to

signify a knowing of parts rather than of wholes. Accordingly, there may be much genuine and profound knowledge that the term is not suffered to include. Many are learned who are not recognized as scientific.

That the brain is the physical representative of the man may be regarded as generally known and conceded. When we examine it we observe that it is parted in two great masses, known as the cerebrum and cerebellum, besides the two portions at the base, denominated the annular protuberance and medulla oblongata. The cerebral structure, being largest and most conspicuous, has received most attention, and in this discussion it will answer to regard its functions as understood without necessity of explaining. It is essentially the organ of consciousness, by which we communicate with the world about us; and in our methods of teaching there is often too much attention given to its culture and development to the neglect of the associate organism and faculties.

The operations of the brain, we all know, are suspended by sleep: impression, sense and understanding are taken away, and likewise motion, impulse and will. Even when we are awake these powers are often more or less interrupted. There must be some further energy, sleepless and continual, or else to go to sleep would be to die. The cerebellum, with its functions, is ever present to make existence and its conditions permanent.

The structure of the cerebellum is familiar to the student of anatomy. The organ is composed of gray and white neurine more or less furrowed and convoluted, and it consists of two hemispheres with a central lobe. It differs somewhat in the various races. The central lobe is possessed by fishes and reptiles, but the hemispheres are characteristic of the higher orders. In its first development, during embryonic life, the cerebellum grows like a branch from the spinal cord. Indeed, it seems to be an extension of fibres from the restiform bodies and from the anterior pillars of the medulla.

It is hardly philosophic, however, to regard the cerebellum as virtually a subordinate outgrowth of the spinal cord, any more than we regard the branches of a tree as inferior to the trunk. The boughs have the leaves and produce the fruit, and to this function

the rest of the organism of the tree is ministerial and subservient. The tree is for the sake of the fruit, and not the fruit for the sake of the tree. It is likewise so with the nerve-structures of the body. The cerebrum, or brain proper, is the capital—that for which everything else exists. The mind is enthroned above it and around it, as well as being immanent in it. Every cell and molecule, as well as convolution and “region,” does duty in one way or another as agent and minister to the understanding and will. When any of these fail and become permanently impaired, the mind is deprived of a necessary means of communication with the physical world, and to that extent subsists apart. Thus, to the superficial observer, it seems to have to that degree, perished outright. But to comprehend this matter clearly one must exercise faculties superior to a negative understanding.

The nervous system exists in the muscular organism after a manner analogous to the yolk in the albumen of the egg. It is not continuous with the other structures, but present among them, imparting to them the governing impulses which inspire and regulate this action. Its function is intermediary. It communicates between the mind and the body. The mind is the man in very selfhood, the superior organism, and not a will-o'-the-wisp moving about the human cerebral swamp and depending upon its vapors for luminosity and existence. The spinal cord is the vehicle of involuntary motions; the sensorium furnishes the medium for emotion and organic instinct; and the “gray matter,” the cortical surfaces of the hair; the ganglia are intermediary for reason and will. So each performs its duty; we grow and subsist after a manner like vegetables; we go from place to place and perform voluntary movement, like animals; we think, reason, perceive moral principles and exercise will like gods.

Writers and teachers have variously set forth the part of the cerebellum in these matters. Gall and his school have declared it to be the seat of the sexual instinct. Yet the unsexed animal experiences no impairment of the cerebellar structure nor diminution of its size.

Experimenters by vivisection of animals and birds have affirmed its office to be the coordinating of muscular motion. They illustrate

the opinion by the fact that animals with the cerebellum mutilated retain the power to move voluntarily, but are not able to combine and direct their movements, or even to maintain equilibrium. This is undoubtedly true, but we should look further.

The cerebrum, as the organ of thought and will, is the director of activity. The cerebellum, corresponding to it, does unconsciously whatever the cerebrum performs rationally. It follows the states which the cerebrum induces on the organism, and holds the impressions which have thus been made. In sleep the cerebrum lets go its hold. Impression, sense and understanding are for the time suspended. Similar conditions often exist, to a degree, in our waking hours. We can perceive at once that if the cerebrum alone upheld our vital energies we should die when sleep supervened. But, instead, the cerebellum continues the work, and at the same time our forces are renewed. The giant Antæus, writhing in the arms of Herakles, found his conflict with the hero-god to be a mortal one when he was lifted and held fast away from the earth. Before that, every time that he touched her maternal bosom he gained fresh strength from the contact. An analogous benefit is imparted to us through the cerebellum. It is an organism that neither slumbers nor sleeps till it yields up life.

It is always active. It receives from the cerebrum the various impressions and continues them to their legitimate results. We are thinking and reasoning unconsciously all the time. The mind, meanwhile, has opportunity to set the cerebrum at other work, now that the cerebellum has been employed to finish the task. Hence a fact which is common in our experience, viz.: A matter is brought to our attention which not only requires decision, but likewise due previous consideration. We are conscious, or at least we ought to be, that such decision ought not to be hastily rendered, even though imperatively required. For a time we may reason over the matter in our thought, like Venus "with the fates balancing the contrary fates." Yet, such reasoning is often unsatisfactory, and promotive of vacillation; moreover, it is not easy or wholesome to keep the attention long upon one subject. We are compelled to drop the matter out of our consciousness. In due time, it may not be

or hours or perhaps not till days or weeks afterward, we will become again aroused to it and find that we have the solution or disposition of the question clear and complete. In this first instance the cerebrum was not at work, but afterward it was given to the cerebellum to complete the task.

Thus very often the trite expression, that we will "sleep over the matter," is replete with the truest wisdom. Indeed, during sleep, the cerebellum does much of its best work. It has received its impressions and directions from the mind and cerebrum during the period of waking, and it now goes on with them, as the heart, lungs and stomach go on with their functions. Our dreams are thoughts appearing as visible images. Many of them are fantastic, absurd, and even form extraneous suggestion, like the thoughts of Bunyan's Pilgrim in the Valley, which had been insinuated by the treacherous demon at his ear. But there are also the noblest results, both of evolution and inspiration. As the sensory organism pauses in its activity, the higher mental functions are enabled to work more harmoniously. Our thinking becomes cleared up and set in order, and our judgments are rendered more distinct. There also come dreams full of good sense, and even of superior illumination, and we note that our first thoughts after waking are the finest, best and most true. The brain-worker, or rather the *voyant*, finds the hours that succeed immediately after refreshing sleep to be the ones in which he writes, reasons, or thinks best. Sleep washes the sensibilities and assuages excitement and anguish. In this way the cerebellum is the medium and dispenser of health and vigor to the mind, and, we may add, parenthetically, to the body.

It performs another office with which we are, perhaps, more familiar. Receiving from the cerebrum the various impulses and impressions made upon the mind, it transforms them into permanent psychic qualities, and they are thus made habits. Pythagoras denominated them a "second nature," as though we had been born over again with them. In this way the results of our activity, study, reflection, observation and experience become instinctive with us and part of our mental being.

We observe curious illustrations of this day by day. Men walk

the crowded streets of our large cities absent-minded and unconscious of their surroundings, and yet they turn aside for every person whom they meet. Appointments to attend to some given matter will be forgotten, but when the time has come will present themselves again in vivid consciousness. We awake from sleep at the hour set, though we were slumbering profoundly a moment before. "Many tales are told out of school" by persons asleep or narcotized. A whiff of the anæsthetic vapor surpasses Dr. Young's death-bed as "a detector of the heart." Individuals entranced by chloroform often say, act and imagine what was in their thought before they breathed the magic inhalation. To be sure, there is abundant room for mistake in these manifestations, and they are not uniform; but the examples are numerous enough to serve for proofs of their general truth.

"Man is captured in sleep," says Dr. J. J. G. Wilkinson, "not by death, but by his better nature: to-day runs in through a deeper day to become the parent of to-morrow; and the man issues every morning, bright as the morning and of life size, from the peaceful womb of the cerebellum."

In culture and experience the cerebellar influence is forcibly exemplified. There are many persons apparently gifted, who seem to have every attribute but common sense. They are inquisitorial, ideal, brilliant; but there is want of balance, want of substantial consistency, want of persistent purpose or steady motive. They can talk eloquently, perhaps; indeed, they are often the most garrulous and voluble, but there is no proper basis or backing to make their discourse of much importance. Such may be "high-toned," but they certainly are meteoric. They are impulsive, and often impetuous. The cerebellum has not due place in their encephalic structure. In a drunken man, also, the cerebellar functions are more or less paralyzed.

The religions and philosophies, if they may be so called, which set aside the results of former thought and speculation, have the same deficiency, speaking in a philosophic sense. Mere tearing down of social structures is a ruinous destructiveness, fit for a Hun or a Tartar of the Middle Ages, but it is characteristic of a defective

sical and cerebellar organization. Law-making is a function of cerebral region, but ethics, which determines whether the enactment is intrinsically just and right, pertains to the cerebellum.

In short, the cerebellum represents what is superior in us, what is official, what is right. It is an unpretentious organism, the bodiment of that charity which is long-suffering, and neither furious, arrogant, vain, nor presumptuous. Quietly and in silence it does its work, and when it concurs with the will and understanding, is content to seem to be their servant. Thus it contains and maintains the humanity of our nature; the purpose which makes freedom right; the foresight which transcends the common prudence and inspection.

In the eloquent language of a sage of this century, man is in the string-strings of God and Nature, and what is greater than himself, the end of his career; he is as a little child, whether he benefit it or not; and the sovereignty of the things above him is represented by an organ or envoy from the Everlasting, planted in his head, and which as has been sufficiently said, is the cerebellum. In the ganglionic system, its offices have been little understood. People worship the cerebrum because it is biggest, unthinking that little things are what confound the mighty.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

If thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude, and in a word, anything better than thine own mind's self-satisfaction in the things which it enables thee to do, according to right reason, and in the condition that is assigned to thee without thine own choice—if, I say, thou seest anything better than this, turn to it with all thy soul, and enjoy that which thou hast found to be the best.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

"Napoleon," says Goethe, "visited those sick of the plague, in order to prove that the man who could vanquish fear, could vanquish the plague also; and he was right. It is incredible what force the will has in such cases; it penetrates the body and puts it in a state of vitality, which repels all hurtful influences, whilst fear invites them." —*Emerson*.

THE GERMS OF A GREATER RELIGION.

I am not greatly interested in religion, as it is sometimes understood—in forms and ceremonies, traditions and superstitions and dogmas. We need not expend any energy upon it except, as out of curiosity, we might examine any sort of human phenomena. We are fast passing away from it. Mather Byles was expelled from his office because he was not a reformer (that is, he was a Tory); John Pierpont plunged himself into hot water because he *was* a reformer. Dr. Byles was turned out after the war of the Revolution, and after forty years' service, because he had not been in sympathy with the spirit of independence in America, and after his expulsion he went to the Episcopal church. When he was dying he was visited by the rectors of Christ Church and Trinity Church, and as he was almost at his last breath, one of them said to him, "Brother Byles, how do you feel now?" And the old man answered, "I feel as if I were going to a place where there are no bishops." If he could only have lived on like the Wandering Jew, he might have come to see a time when there would have been no bishops on the earth, and no religious forms and ceremonies by which people should cherish their superstitions.

In the second place, I would not have any one think that I speak of religion in any narrow sense. There is no such thing as this religion and that religion; as Theodore Parker said, "There is but one religion as there is but one ocean." But there are epochs of religion, as there have been epochs of scientific and philosophic thought. The earth revolved upon its axis before Copernicus and Galileo lived, and gravitation had held the stars in their places for centuries before Sir Isaac Newton. But these men, by their discoveries of some of the great laws of nature, marked epochs in the world's history and development. Now it is in a sense similar to ~~thi~~ that I speak of a greater religion. I simply mean a new expression ~~c~~ religion;—as we read to-night in the words of Mazzini, keeping ~~th~~ old terms that are of value, and adding a new term to the synthesis.

Religion is a practical philosophy of the universe. It struggles with the great questions, What is God, and what is man, and if there be anything beside God and man what is it? What are the relations of God and man, what are the relations of man with man; and if there be anything beside, what is the relation of man to this?

In the past we have had two ideas of God. First, that he was identical with nature, which theory has given us, in general terms, the religion of the Hindu. Second, that God was apart from nature, entirely distinct from it, doing his work from the outside; this has given us the God of the Jew and of the Christian. Concerning man we have had, until the present time, two religious theories; that he was once good and has become demoralized, and a theory found in some Greek philosophies, that he has been gradually rising from a humble origin. This latter seems a prophecy of what has been scientifically revealed in our century. Concerning nature we have also had two theories, one that nature was sacred, and the other that nature was unholy. Concerning the relation of God and man, the Hindu on the one hand has said that man comes into communion with God by contemplation, by absorption, and that has given us the immobile and inert Hindu. On the other hand, we have the Jewish-Christian theory of expiation, which has taught man to despise this world and to emphasize another world to which he may go when delivered from the body. Concerning the relationships of man to man, we have had all sorts of answers, from the association of king and subject, of master and slave, of father and child, brother and sister; and we have been steadily growing, until from selfish strife we have reached the point where at least one man could say, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." But in all these theories concerning God and man and their relationships and all these questions concerning nature, there is no complete theory of a past generation that furnishes a basis for intelligent faith in anything for the people of the coming century.

This conclusion might plunge us in despair, if it were not for one thing. When one sort of fuel gives out, we discover another; and we need not fear but that there will be revealed other great store-

houses of fuel as the world grows older and time progresses. And so our generation has discovered the latest and the greatest term in religion. You know what it is, but before I mention it I will illustrate it by the extent to which we have grown already. You say that the definitions and characterizations that I have given of God are caricatures? That is granted; they are caricatures of what the most intelligent people think to-day; but they are exact statements of what our own fathers and mothers thought about God. We have enlarged our conception of God until, when we use the term God to-day, we mean neither the magnified man of the Jew nor the nature of the Pantheist, but both of these and a greater idea than either, merged together. And when we speak of man we have larger thoughts than any people who preceded us. Take the Hindu religion; it despises man as man, sees no glory in him. It divides the race up into castes, in which one man has the right to despise another. Take the Jewish religion: it had some idea of brotherhood, but it was like the brotherhood of our secret societies of to-day; it included a few people bound together in one nation, and it regarded everybody outside of that bond as ignorant of God and morality. When we come to the Christian, we have something larger than a national bond, people of all nations were taken into fellowship. But it was still a brotherhood only of those who came in, and the people outside were not regarded as children of God or in any real sense as brothers and sisters one of another. The new religion of which we are spelling out the words to-day is something larger and grander, it will be content with nothing less than a brotherhood of all men, in the closest and holiest bond, as sons and daughters of the Eternal Living God.

And when we come to nature, what do we find? Here is an old poem—perhaps you read it when you were a child—Pope's Essay on Man. It belongs to our age rather than to its own:

“ All are but parts of one stupendous whole
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent;
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full as perfect, in vile Man that mourns
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He feels, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
 Cease then! nor Order Imperfection name.
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

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All nature is but Art unknown to thee;
 All chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
 All Discord, Harmony, not understood;
 All partial Evil, universal Good:
 And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One Truth is clear, Whatever is, is Right."

this helps to indicate the term discovered in our time. Take indication. Almost all the great discoveries of the world have been made in the last five hundred years, most of them in the last hundred years, many of them in the last decade. And the full-time had come for this greatest discovery. While men were digging it from the rocks and from the relics of animals and men that have been before, great seers had glimpses of it in their souls and in the day that was about to dawn. While science created in uttering it, she also taught us a new philosophy and a new religion, and is now slowly but surely producing a new religion. At the time when Darwin and Wallace were "toiling upward from the night" to a resplendent dawn, great souls like the philosopher Emerson and the poet Whitman and the prophet Mazzini perceived it as a revelation in themselves and were expressing it for those who had ears to hear. Listen! here is the "new term"! It is the fulcrum on which we may plant our levers and move the world. Evolution, development, growth, progress—the most glorious of all revelation. It accounts for all facts, it delivers us from our shortcomings, it inspires us to match the unlimited

Let me now call your attention to two things that this new term of religion effects. First, what it demolishes, and second,

what it produces. In the first place, it undoes the idea of an extraneous God. No matter what may take his place, the Creator who made something out of nothing is as dead as the "great god Pan." In the old sense of the term, there is no such thing as creation; we use the word only by accommodation, and not accurately. We speak of ourselves as "created beings"; there is not a created being in the universe; we are simply the progressive expressions of God.

The second thing that has been done away by the discovery of this new term in religion is the unholiness of nature. Here is a great word from Lucy Larcom, slightly adapted:

"The world we live in wholly is redeemed;
 Not man alone, but all that man holds dear;
 His orchards and his maize; forget-me-nots
 And heartsease in his garden; and the wild
 Aerial blossoms of the untamed wood,
 That make its savagery so home-like; all,
 All have felt God's sweet love watering their roots.
 There are no Gentile oaks, no Pagan pines;
 The grass beneath our feet is Christian grass;
 The wayside weed is sacred unto Him.
 Have we not groaned together, herbs and men,
 Struggling through stifling earth-weights unto light,
 Earnestly longing to be clothed upon
 With our high possibility of bloom?
 And He, He is the Light, He is the Sun
 That draws us out of darkness and transmutes
 The noisome earth-damp into Heaven's own breath,
 And shapes our matted roots, we know not how,
 Into fresh leaves and strong, fruit-bearing stems;
 Yea, makes us stand, on some consummate day,
 Abloom in white transfiguration robes."

We may well give up the old idea of the defilement of nature and the meanness of man's body, and let it go.

A third thing that is undone by our new term in the greater religion is the theory that in the past there has been an expression of ultimate authority. There never was a book written, nor any collection of books, and there never will be, that will be good as an authority for any but its own time. I do not mean that books of the past will not be interesting in the future. Professor Drummond

records a story of Professor Simpson telling the librarian of the University of Edinburgh that he might take down into the cellar every book in his department that had not been written within ten years. There is nothing in any Bible of antiquity that has not been gathered up and kept, and which cannot be given to us in the language of the twentieth century to give us greater inspiration. I do not mean that here and there in ancient books we may not find statements and expressions which are not surpassed or possibly equalled in the present; but that no ancient writing can be compared in value for our time with the greatest utterances of the science and poetry and philosophy and prophecy of to-day. We may value the old books as the roots of the things of the present; but the glory of this thought is this, that man does not need a Bible written once for all, but that we have a continuous revelation, including all the knowledge of the past and adding greater and greater information. As Emerson said,

“One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.”

God is writing his Bible in the progressive development of the human race. The idea of an authoritative book, given to men once for all, ought to be put out of the mind of every one who has ears to hear and eyes to see, and a heart to live in the twentieth century.

The same thing is true concerning man. We have had all sorts of Messiahs in the past; and as I said last New Year's time, I am not sure but it will be necessary to have more, simply because the human race is yet so childish that it will not or cannot arouse itself to lay hold directly upon God. But our present science as absolutely does away with the possibility of what we used to call miracles, as with the six days of creation. Get the *New World* for September, and read an article by Professor Pfeiderer on this very subject. He says in that article that many people who are willing to give up the physical miracles—as all our friends, “the Liberal Orthodox,” give them up or explain them away—still cling to spiritual miracles. But it is time we believed enough in God to believe that there is something better than any miracle, that there is a God that abides and is the same

yesterday, to-day, and forever, and that there could not have been produced a consummate spiritual flower out of its time and place. The thing to do is not to look back to such a spiritual blossoming, but to look forward to the brighter and better one that shall be in the ages yet to come. The idea of a spiritual miracle in a phenomenal man let down from heaven may be easily abandoned; we have something better, and that is the same spirit that made Jesus and every other Messiah, and will make us all into Messiahs if we give it time enough to complete its perfect work. While I believe that none of his time or of any time surpassed Jesus in the two great qualities of trust in God and love to man (and these are the most important things), it is true, on the other hand, that some of his ideas were neither original nor accurate nor practicable. And here is the glory of the "gospel of going on," that the last man and the last atom is bound to come where Jesus was, and then we shall find that we have but "levelled that lift to pass and continue beyond."

The fourth suggestion is this: that the Golden Age and the "fall of man" are gone, in the light of our new term in religion. Or rather, the Golden Age has simply transferred its position; it used to be in the past and now it is in the future. We used to think that "God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions." But we have discovered that man started on all fours and that it has taken him a long time to stand upright; and so far as the "inventions" are concerned, they have become a portion of the glory of our present heaven, rather than a reason why the inventor should suffer the tortures of the damned. A God who would tell man that he could eat all sorts of fruit except the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, for fear that he should "become as one of us," becomes a devil in our larger light, and has himself gone to the hell of oblivion of outgrown moral conceptions. The thing that the Eden-gods feared—that man might eat of the Tree of Knowledge—has become the ambition and the inspiration of the reasonable religious people of the present.

We used to think that men originally knew God, but by and by grew tired of worshiping him and began to worship idols. We have found out now that this is not true. Men had originally the dimmest conceptions of God, and then they identified God with nature, and

that was pantheism. Then they made many separate gods, and that was polytheism. They then had one god above the rest, and that is called henotheism—that was the early Jewish religion; they talked of Jehovah and other Gods, but regarded Jehovah as better and stronger than the rest. At last the Jews grew to the notion of one God, and that was monotheism. But to-day we have something better still, and that is unitheism.

When we come to the positive side, what is produced by this new term in religion? Science does not dogmatize in answer to the question, “Before anything was, what was there?” but it tells us that in all ages, from far back, all the way along, operative still and still to operate, is the great principle of development, and that this is at the heart of all things.

In the second place, it gives us a reasonable God, a God of purpose, order, development; as another says, there is “not only order, but orderly growth.” Our God must be as great as the greatest, and as good as our best thoughts of him. Some people are afraid of losing the idea of the personality of God; you might as well be afraid of growing up; if we lose it there is something better. I cannot think of anything higher, nobler and more beautiful than the conception of God as father; but I am not afraid even if I should lose that conception of God, for it will only be when I am born into some larger thought of Him that I cannot think now. The first thing man did in his thought of God was to recognize nature outside of himself and worship it. The next thing was to separate himself from nature, make a God out of a man, and worship that. And the third step, which man is taking now, is to recognize the unity in that without and that within. As Edward Caird says, “Man first looks outward, then inward, then upward.” God is that unifying principle that is in man and in all things, that makes us one in the holiest possibilities and enterprises.

There are two great doctrines involved in this modern scientific theory. One of them is this: when we find the germ, as far back as we can go, there is that in it which indicates what it is going to be, and forces it along its course, on and on by a holy purpose. And the other is this: when we used to prove the existence of God by what

was called the "argument from design," we said that when man came into existence there was coal to warm him and fruit to feed him, and that this showed there must be a God who had made these wise provisions. The modern science turns that around, and says, not that environment is created for the benefit of the individual, but that environment forms the individual. Light was not made that my eye might see, but my eye came into existence because there was light. So my ear was made because there was such a thing as sound, and not sound because I had an ear. This is illustrated by the fact that the same fish which in the ocean has eyes, if it live in the darkness has none. It is not that man was made and then these things made for him, but that these things made man. There is nothing high or holy or positive anywhere but it created something to meet it; there is no high aspiration in your heart or in mine that was not created because God is God. We do not have these things made to fit us, but we are made to fit into them. Such a thought gives a limitless horizon, with a mightier God than was known by any of the ancients.

In the third place it glorifies humanity. It glorifies humanity in its goodness. Men used to trust men because if they sinned they would be afraid of hell. I have heard men say, even in my time, that if we did not have the sanctions of religion—by which they meant heaven and hell—men could not be trusted. Even the infidel Diderot is reported to have said, when these subjects were being discussed at a dinner-party, "do not talk about this before the servants, or they will cut all our throats before morning." In our own time a noted agnostic has said that the sanctions of religion were necessary for "ordinary people," or they would be demoralized. That was the real infidelity about these men, that they disbelieved in humanity. The reason we are good is not that we wish to go to heaven or to avoid hell; it is because we are men, because we are revelations of God. The best we know of God is what we see in men and that not the exceptional men but the goodness we see in all men. One great reason I believe there is a God is because men are good. And the reason they are as good as they are is that goodness is put at the heart of us and it has to come out, as sweetness and comeliness are put in the heart of a flower and have to be manifested in fragrance

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d beauty. This is better to me than the doctrine of total depravity.

It gives wonderful ideas of the greatness of man also. The ancients thought we could do nothing permanent; but the modern man knows that his work will be abiding. He knows that never was an atom destroyed, that the changing of forms is not the changing of reality, that whatever he does not only may abide, but that it must abide in successive transformations forever and forever. He knows that he is building for eternity, and he grows great in the thought.

In the fourth place, it provides a basis for a reasonable faith in the righteousness of all things.

In the fifth place, it is the creator of a rational hope. The man who discovered this principle was the greatest benefactor of the human race. People lay down and groaned, "Our theory of creation is gone, the fall of man is gone, and so the redemption of man must go, too! And the stories of the gospels will go and the great God is dead! What hope can there be for humanity?" But it was only a cloud before the sun. The man who first discovered that at the heart of the material world is the principle of progress, gave the first rational ground of hope that humanity ever possessed. Others may have had a limited hope, a hope without philosophical and scientific ground. You and I ought fairly to leap beyond the angels by the majesty of the inspiration of the hope that has become a reality, grounded in science and reason. With such a hope set before us, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and living?"

In the sixth place, it suggests the essential unity of life and love. When we were first told how the weak die for the sake of the survival of the strong, we said, "Nature is 'red with tooth and claw' ravening and thirsting for blood. It is horrible," and we shuddered and said there could be no God, unless he were a demon. But little by little we saw that nature had been working up toward man, and that there were laws to which man was not subject. We saw that man was a self-determining being, and might turn this seemingly cruel suffering into sacrifice; that man might plan his own destiny, might be his own creator; that as he came to see that service was the way of sacrifice, that the strong might bear the infirmities of the weak

and that all are members of one body, that then he might voluntarily devote himself to the welfare of society. Under some such thought as this, a man in the old time took his child and offered him on an altar. After he became a little more civilized, with the same thought in his mind, he took his bullocks or goats and offered them to his god. But when he became more civilized he said, "Lo, I come! I delight to do thy will, O God!" and he offered himself, a willing sacrifice, to make humanity what humanity ought to be. It is this social motive which I believe is hidden at the heart of all modern science—faith and hope and love. The old Hindu thought that the aim of man was absorption into God; the Jew and the Christian thought man was to save his soul and get personal profit out of his religious experience. The new religion teaches that

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole"

and that whole is God. There was never any passion of love for God on the part of Moses and Jesus or Paul or any of the great saints, there was never any inspiration, that could compare with what is going to come out of this new religion. May it not be the mission of America to inaugurate this greater religion? I look back to old Greece and say, Tell me your greatest word; and she answers, "Liberty." I look to stalwart Rome, and she says, "Law." I come to gentle India, and she says, "The immanence of God." I ask the Jew, and he says, "Personal righteousness." I ask Jesus, and he says, "The value of man." And the Western world says, "Progress." Let us hear our poet:

"And thou, America,
For the scheme's culmination its thought and its reality,
For these, not for thyself, thou hast arrived.

Thou, too, surroundest all;
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all, thou, too, by pathways broad and new,
To the ideal tendest.
The measured faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own.
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

All, all for immortality.

Love like the light silently wrapping all,

Nature's amelioration blessing all,

The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,

Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,

Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith

In thy ensemble; whatever else withheld, withhold not from us,

Belief in plan of thee enclosed in time and space,

Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream? Nay, but the lack of it a dream,

And failing its life lore and wealth a dream,

And all the world a dream."

I remember a touching story of the days of the persecution of the early Christians. The order went out from a Roman emperor that all who would not sacrifice to the gods should be killed. The order was sent to the army that the soldiers should be tested. It went to the north, to the shores of a frozen lake, and the commander called his troops together and told them his instructions. The centurions called out their companies, and it proved that one band of heroes, who went by the name of "The Forty Wrestlers," had all been converted to Christianity and refused to pour out the libation to the Roman gods. The centurion said to them, "I am sorry, but you must be put to death, and as I am commanded to torture you, I shall turn you out without clothing, upon the frozen lake." Still they refused, and they were stripped of their garments and in the cold of the winter night were turned out to die. As they went they cried out together: "Forty wrestlers, wrestling for thee, O Christ, claim for thee the victory and from thee the crown!" Feebler and fainter grew their voices as one after another perished, until in the dawn, the centurion, coming to the shore, where a cup of wine had been left if any should choose to recant, saw one man, barely able to drag himself to the shore, pour out the wine and fall dead. And the commander, touched by this, cast off his own clothing and rushed out on the frozen lake to die, shouting the words of the forty wrestlers, "Wrestling for thee, O Christ, we claim for thee the victory and from thee the crown!"

Noble men! they were moved by the best motives of their day. But now I uplift my voice and call upon you to join with me in a pledge of loyalty and sacrifice to a greater than they knew.

When is this religion to be? More of it has been created in the past six months than in any six months of the world's history. We sprang from a nation asleep to a nation ready to be the saviour of the world! We awoke from a conception of the Monroe Doctrine and the Eastern Question to find that there is only one round sphere, and that God knows nothing of hemispheres. We awoke to find that mankind was one. We awoke to offer ourselves as a crucifixial sacrifice, for the first time of any nation in history, for the relief of the oppressed. Was all this spirit created in a month? Did it all grow in a week? It had its roots in eternity, and had been growing until we were touched with a shock that waked us to our duty. Men and women, you are better than you think; you are nobler than you ever imagined yourselves to be. You are infinitely more religious than the prophets of antiquity. Wake up to the religion of to-day! Love, brotherhood, hope, all good things, have been growing, growing, and some of these days there will dawn a morning when the electric shock will run around the world, and man will look into the face of man, and will say, "Brother!" Then we shall have found God, and our new and greater religion will have been established upon earth, to remain until it shall be supplemented by one greater still, which it hath not yet entered the heart of man to conceive.

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

Nature never betrays. We are betrayed by our own blindness. In all worlds increasing knowledge means increasing power, and omniscience and omnipotence are one.—*Annie Besant*.

The wisdom of God is not made up of pieces, but is only one. While we are on this earth we ought to keep our mirror in God so as to be in every respect as a child is like its father. Thus we ought to be made out of the whole cloth, and not be patched up.—*Paracelsus*.

That which thou wouldst not suffer thyself, seek not to lay upon others.—*Epictetus*.

THE IDEAL OF CULTURE.

Culture is inseparably linked with reality; indeed, it may be considered as evidence of a perception of what is real, a recognition of true values, a deference to what is substantial in life, in character, in art and in literature. As it is concerned with what is real so it implies the cultivation of that alone which is permanent, of that which is spiritual. It is no turning of the sod, no mere raking of the intellectual surface, no scattering of a handful of flower seeds among the pigweed and the burdock; but it is a timber-felling, uprooting, stump-pulling movement. It is a crushing of the strata, an upheaval and an overturning, a flowing of the sea over where was dry land, a birth of mountain chains along the old sea margin and the subsequent appearance of a new beauty and an ever-increasing refinement. The birth of culture is an Appalachian revolution, but its growth is as gentle as the passing of a day in June. The history of evolution is not half written, for the evolution of form is but the introduction; it is the unfolding of the spiritual, the real, the cultured man (from the germs which lie within the animal or natural man) which shall form the vital chapters of the history.

The truest evidence of culture is this—that however we belie ourselves it addresses still the soul, and regards us in the light of our possibilities; and this is the innuendo by which it makes itself known, that it can do this while deferring always to those social precedents which refinement has established. To see men as they appear to be shows a lack of understanding: but to hold them up to their divine prerogatives is the essence of true nobleness.

But culture will have no pretense, no disguises. Divested of all externals, our money, our Latin and Greek, our accomplishments, taken from our customary surroundings, far from the pale of our circles and institutions, no longer relying upon the prestige of names and ancestry—what then is there to show? Culture takes our measure and takes it in kindness, but will not be deceived into mistaking a forked radish for a man. Away with semblance! Culture will have

none of it. We need display no diploma, no degree, if we can show no fruit thereof. Useless that in college we studied metaphysics if now we know not our own minds, that we were proficient in psychology if we know not whether we are soul or body; to no purpose that we read philosophy if now we are discontent, or Theism if we have not trust in God; mathematics, and have demonstrated no plan of life; astronomy and can see nothing beyond the nose. In vain our economics if we profess only politics; our history if we have learned only chronology; our rhetoric if we have nothing to say and can utter no truth. Farming would teach us to plant *live* seed if we would harvest a crop.

There is no school for culture save life only. It is evolved, not acquired; it is not an accretion but an expansion; it is a token of growth, but of a growth which is endogenous. Nor is it derived from association with noble persons, for we but reflect their own. To cultivate the mind without the heart is to turn an arid soil that shall produce only sage brush. A truly cultivated mind has learned first the virtue of the heart, for Love is the basis of a true culture. Love is the most *real* thing in the universe, for God is Love; and therefore it is the substance and ideal of the cultured mind, and whatever we can say of one may be placed to the credit of the other.

Love is cosmic, not personal; it is metaphysical, not emotional. It is the substance as well as the aroma of life. It is for the home and the club, the street and the counting-house. It is the only practical basis for all phases of social life. It is not a sentiment of youth, but is for all men and women, all nations, all created things. Love is the best business policy and the best national policy—this which lacks all policy and is content to be itself. It is the only diplomacy that does not fail. It can no more be detached from life than can gravitation be disassociated from matter; there is no occasion which it does not fit; there is no time and no place from which it may properly be excluded.

That which differentiates me from my neighbor is not real but seeming, and shall endure only so long as my imperfect sight endures; it shall disappear to my awakened vision, and I shall love him literally *as myself*, for he is my *self*, the self-same spirit is in him that is

in me, that is in all men; and what is not spirit is neither he nor I. Do I aid him, I further my own advancement; whatsoever I give to another I add to my own character. It is in the nature of Love that we shall have only in proportion as we give. He only who gave the universe may fully possess it. We must impart our knowledge before we can profit by it; we must give our money before we can enjoy it. The secret eats into the heart; money burns in the pocket. Out with it! Uncover! Discover! Make manifest what is concealed! It is the genius of the West to proclaim as it is of the Orient to conceal. The East has brooded much, has thought deeply, is silent and decadent. The West has thought lightly, has all to learn, but it proclaims joyfully and would impart, publish and make known; and while vulgarity disseminates that which is unreal and wallows in the license of the Press, culture proclaims its modicum of truth. Bread cast upon the waters returns the sweeter; and to return love for hate is to pay the highest deference to the soul. To be loved we must love; to be blessed we must bless.

When shall we learn that God is synonymous with Good, and with Love; and whatsoever is not done in the name of God—that is to say in the name of the Supreme Good—whatsoever is not consistent with Love, shall fail? If there is One God, then are we children of One Father; if there is One Mind, One Soul, One Heart, then do we share its Intelligence and its Love. There is a Divine Order in apparent chaos; there is a perfect Unity in seeming diversity. We shall choose between Eternal Truth and national error, between Divine Order and human disorder. That which is true for the individual is none the less so for the nation which is but a larger, more comprehensive individual, and Love is the corner-stone of a national culture. It is political shortsightedness that sees one code of ethics for the individual and another for the nation; it is worldly fatuity that admits a golden rule in daily life but ignores it in national conduct. There is a Wisdom which makes foolish our statesmanship; there is a noble procedure of Love which scorns our diplomacy. Love is the genius of true diplomacy and good government. In the encouragement of labor, capital reaps a large benefit; in a love of humanity Royalty needs tremble no longer; in a just consideration for each

other nations cease to fear, cease the paltry, ignoble game where the cards are marked, the dice loaded, and the players sit uneasy in their chairs—suspicious and distrustful.

Love would have us disband our armies and dismantle our guns. The burden of fear weighs heavy upon the world and only Love shall lift it. In the days of unrefined savagery man dreamed that he was separate from the Source of Life, separate from his brother; and all the years he has lived in that dream, haunted by this mania of separateness—striving to advance his separate interests. And forsaking the rule of Love he is overcome by fear and seeks protection from all he has alienated from himself; for inexorable is the law of Love—the law of laws, which is never broken but which breaks the transgressor, which grinds him to powder. Europe turns uneasy in her dream; demands a tax on the salt and the cabbage of the poor; exacts of the peasant the best years of his manhood; of the women, toil and weariness; of the well-born, that they sacrifice better aims for a sword—and idleness. So much does a lack of national culture impose; such is the price of military pretense! But who shall protect us from ourselves if love has gone out of the heart? The combined armaments of the world cannot offer safety to one shivering, fearful human creature, nor subdue the rebellion in one little mind. There is but one armor that will serve—the beautiful armor of Love, mighty and invulnerable.

The love of the Beautiful is ever a redeeming trait in the character of a People, and wherever it obtains in an eminent degree it sheds a lustre upon that time and place and confers a distinction upon that race. Precisely for this reason does the genius of Japan exact always a certain deference from the æsthetic world; for this same reverence for Beauty is there somewhat national and pervades the mass of the people. It is revealed in the innate courtesy of common men; in the universal love of nature—where the blossoming of the cherry, the lotus and the chrysanthemum are events of almost national importance; where every mountain vista and every fair scene is cherished, is an heirloom of every son of Japan. We see its genial influence where barelegged, straw-shod coolies can evince an appreciation for the exquisite charm of Satsuma, of Cloisonné and gold

lacques; where such men can look admiringly at a rare bronze of Mitsuhilo or at a Kakemono, or stand in rapt delight as the mellow tones of the great bell strikes upon the ear—a volume of heavenly sound floating out upon the air from the temple among the cryptomerias. But such is only a little focussing of what is cosmic, a little evidence of what is not Japanese but universal, for it lies within the soul; of what is most truly and transcendently human and hence Divine.

As Love is the ideal of culture, so is it the ground of true morality. To be virtuous for love of Virtue; to be upright for love of Honor; benevolent for love of humanity; and equitable for love of justice—in short to be good for love of God, such is morality; and the moral sense is but the right development of the idea of Love. For anything contrary to virtue is inimical to Love; anything less than honor, equity and purity is derogatory to Love. Love is the radiant point for all virtues, and to live in accordance with it is to obey all moral laws. But to be benevolent for fear of criticism, to be virtuous for fear of consequences, honest for fear of the magistrate, or respectable for fear of society, is not morality but cowardice. The Kingdom of Heaven is not revealed through fear of Hell, for fear is a hell in itself. Who fears any hell is on the road thither. There is more hope for a sturdy knave than for him who walks straight for fear of punishment.

What passes for immorality is largely fear. It is not love of drink that makes the most drunkards, for Bacchus soon disgusts his votaries; but it is fear of life, fear of sorrow, fear of what is uncongenial and hard to bear, of weakness, or of *ennui*. Fear of poverty breeds rogues and misers. He who loves life as he finds it, who loves to battle with it in his strength; he who is engrossed in his love for his fellow-men—in his love for the Idea, would never obscure it with alcohol, nor seek to hide his head beneath the sands of an opium dream. Immorality is not alone a tendency of the vicious and the luxurious, it is found wherever Love is not. There is the immorality of riches, of ostentation and display, for love of truth enjoins simplicity. There is the immorality of pretense, for love of what is real forbids it. The inner wealth reveals itself; a mere outward sign should be concealed. It were better to part with our riches if we are

unhappy, for they but proclaim an inner poverty; better to save our money if we lack taste, for to spend it is to advertise our vulgarity. To love truth for Truth's sake is the essence of refinement; and to be true to one's self is to be moral.

How persistently does the obdurate mind oppose barriers to the free course of generous impulse; with what perseverance does it stand in its own light and recoil from the personalities which enshroud the human soul—bring objection upon objection, repulsion, shrinking, coldness! All this in its blindness because it perceives not the Ineffable One looking through every pair of eyes, beating in every heart. Foolish are we who think thus to protect ourselves; we but erect barriers of mist to oppose the infinite array of Love, and presently the beautiful star of human sympathy shall pierce the murky clouds with its serene ray and we shall be confused and ashamed in the presence of that which we but now denied. Then shall we arise and witness the glory of that star of Love, nevermore to lose sight of it, for it illumines the way and is the reason and hope and happiness of life, and whenever its divine light falls full upon a human face it is transfigured.

If you would read character, be kind, for Love is the stone which reveals the gold in human nature. Love is wise and looks behind the mask; behind the cold exterior it sees the yearning for expression and recognition; beyond the barrier of cynicism it detects the sensitive, affectionate nature thinking thus to shield itself. It looks through austerity and sees gentleness; looks past all the array of proud and forbidding aspects with which we confront the world and sees the sterling qualities which we would thus conceal. So easy is it to address ourselves to the defects in other men, to note the faults where it were better to have scanned the virtues; so difficult to deal with them divinely. But Love is indeed slow to judge; it looks beneath the scowl, beneath the mask of bitterness, of scorn and arrogance and beholds always the gentle, unawakened soul. With its beautiful childlike gaze it pierces the shell of irascibility and of churlishness and selfishness, and whispers "Come forth, O, my Brother!" It reads between the lines; reads the latent good, the possibilities of the poorest, meanest man; it scans the book that every man carries

in his face and form and learns how the youthful aspirations were smothered; how the longings of a heart were crushed; the yearnings stifled. Love always transcends the personality and sees in its objectionable traits but the tough shell which encloses the sweet kernel, as the leathery rind of the mangosteen serves to protect the most delicate of fruits. For as fragile plants sometimes hide from the glare of the sun, so do oftentimes rare and beautiful natures seek to screen themselves from the world.

All the world loves the great-hearted man whose love is as deep as humanity and as broad as creation. To him—the Sublime Soul—come loving influences from all points—from the distant stars pouring into him, up from the earth rushing to him, emanating from the grasses and the sedges, from leaves and flowers, out from the throats of birds floating to him—flowing and surging into his being. His love is all inclusive, from the lowest to the highest, from the meanest to the noblest; for the drunkard and the fallen; for the vicious and the insane; for the hopeless and despairing—for all, but one thought of kindness, beholding within every wretched body the germs of something higher, the seeds of something nobler. God uses such a man and through him are prayers answered. He is at the earnest call of mankind; wherever he is attracted it is to minister to some soul that seeks the light, some mind that is full to overflowing with vain longing and dissatisfaction. He hears the cry for help of those who have come to stand alone and know not yet which way to turn. He hears all these voices calling—voices of the night; hears them on the city streets; hears them in the winds and waves; hears them in the silence. Wherever men and women work, wherever men and women wait; wherever lives seem poor and barren; where they are joyless and uneventful; where the crisis seems too great; when the strain would seem to break—there he heeds them and obeys. He goes to whisper courage, goes to give his strong right hand, goes to take a light into the darkness.

To be cultured is to possess a plummet which shall sound all institutions and the minds of men, for while there is nothing so short-sighted as shrewdness—which is a very mole—there is nothing more farseeing than Love; it is to have a hazel wand that will unfail.

ingly indicate the hidden reality. And the exercise of culture is the passing this wand over science and arts, over customs and fashions, over books and conversations; and wherever it points, there shall we dig. The wand passes over the new book of many editions—passes over the things of a day and gives no sign, but on the classic ground of Truth it fairly leaps in the hand.

Culture is the token of a true self-sufficiency, for only that which is real shall suffice. How shall it be attained through that which to-day is and to-morrow is not? Shall we draw a circle in the sand and stand within it a few hours till the tide rises? We awake from our classical slumbers and lo! new constellations have filled the heavens, and men prate of new gods and the old altars are forsaken. But Love is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and whatever things are not built upon it are circles in the sand, and as continually fall away.

STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

KISMET.

We are the instruments of greater Powers:
 In our small actions balance weighty things;
 And though we seem to mar our own best good,
 'Tis fate, perhaps, that we should suffer so—
 By our own hand—sending by some blind act
 The love we cherish to another's arms.
 But all is well, even at the cost of this;
 For sages sang long since this truth of Life:
 That which is ours no power can from us take,
 We need our own and it will steer to us.
 That which we hold but falsely, do not need,
 Is but a just experience, to unfold
 Some good within us, and departs again,
 Leaving us often sore, with shattered hopes;
 But even thus, pointing our greater need
 Of God, and what is ours by His decree.

HENRIETTA EDITH GRAY.

IS THE DEVIL DEAD?*

It was my Summer's vacation, which I was spending in the country. I threw aside the cigar I had been smoking, stepped to the window and looked out. It was one of those perfect June days when the blue sky is trimmed with fleecy white clouds, and nature holds out a cup containing the elixir of life, and bids every creature drink therefrom.

A bird had alighted on a lilac bush under the window, and was trilling to its mate in the apple tree. Even the hens scattered over the meadow across the road were musically inclined, and added their hoarse, discordant voices to the general melody of happiness and contentment. The lace curtains in my study window waved gently back and forth, as a cool breeze wandered in and out, carrying greetings from the roses in the vase to their parent bush in the yard. The little bronze clock on the mantel had just chimed the hour. Nature and myself were at peace with all the world.

Yesterday's manuscript lay on the table. I had finished reading it and found it quite satisfactory. In fact, I was complimenting myself on some of the fine sentences it contained. I had not quite decided whether to call my article "Exploded Theories," "The Evolution of the Devil," "Wisdom of the Nineteenth Century," or, "Death of the Devil!" The last was the most striking title, while all seemed equally applicable to the article in question. "The Death of the Devil!" Yes; that was probably the best! Everybody would want to hear about the death of his Satanic Majesty, and there is nothing like having a taking title in these days, when there are more books and writers than there are readers. "I have about ten articles offered me to one yearly subscription," I heard an editor say last week. Though undoubtedly an exaggeration, this is too near the truth to be agreeable for a journalist to contemplate; for how is a man to earn his living by his pen if there are ten writers to one

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reader? However, it was not necessary to decide upon the title until the article was completed, so I took up my pen and continued writing.

“His Satanic Majesty has abdicated! The throne of Hell is vacant!”

The thought of a vacant throne started another train of ideas. I am always careful of my ideas—if I have any! These might be worth saving, so I picked up a piece of stray paper and wrote:

“Thrones are at a discount! ‘Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown’ was never truer than to-day, when thrones are going a-begging. Where is the man to be found who is courageous enough to accept a throne? Europe is looking for him. ‘Long live the King!’ But where is he? If assassinations continue, even republics will soon be obliged to bid higher to obtain a president. Fame, unaccompanied by wealth, is not sufficient to tempt men to brave the dangers of the knife and dynamite. Noble endeavor is no protection while——” etc., etc.

There was no immediate end to that train of thought, and my idea had dribbled to nothing, so I laid aside the paper and continued:

“Devil is but another name for evil. We leave off the d, and behold! How weak; how helpless! His Satanic Majesty has become but a mere abstraction, a plaything for philosophers. In the days of the Miracle plays, when monks were the actors and the church the theatre, the Devil was a clownish jester provided with horns, hoofs and tail. Milton transformed him into a hideous but royal monster, who lay:

. . . . “Chained on the burning lake
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood;”

“But this most extensive Devil of Milton’s, monstrous as he was, did not succeed in holding the throne very long. What the seventeenth century found acceptable as a ruler in Hell failed to meet the requirements of the eighteenth century. The next Devil to ascend the throne, though similar to his predecessor in character, was quite different in personal appearance, and was perhaps the most popular

the devils. He seldom appeared alone, but was usually accompanied by a number of extremely agile imps, who executed his orders with lightning-like rapidity. Behold! At the end of a weird incantation delivered in some mysterious, rocky cavern, perhaps in the bowels of the earth and at the deadly hour of midnight, a princely figure clothed in flowing garments of fiery red, rises slowly from the darkness (or a trap-door) striking terror to the hearts of all mortals who behold him.

His successor, and the last to occupy the throne, was a mere incarnation of evil, a Mephistopheles whom we are liable to meet in the modern society, wearing kid gloves and a fashionable coat. Though his character has not improved, his personal appearance has changed. His horns, tail and flowing garments have disappeared, and all that distinguishes him from the ordinary man of the world is a few significant items such as 'beady eyes with a baleful light,' a 'snake-like movement of the body' and a 'sardonic, sneering countenance,' which 'a lurid, evil light shines forth.'

Such was the last Devil who occupied the throne of Hell. The progress of science and the progress of popular intelligence have driven him out of existence. He, too, has joined the long list of defunct beings. Now we are still farther advanced; we not only deny the actual existence of the Devil, but some of us with equal energy and enthusiasm deny the existence of evil!

The Devil has gone to keep company with ghosts, witches and ogre-headed giants. He still serves to adorn fairy tales for grown-up children, or to add energy to an oath, or to give point to a joke, but he has outlived his usefulness; or, rather, he has died a slow, lingering death at the hands of modern science. He is no longer of any importance as a factor in the moral development of the world. The Devil is dead."

I paused after finishing that paragraph and looked at it with considerable satisfaction. The Devil is dead! I believed myself the first to announce this remarkable fact to a waiting world and hoped to receive considerable credit for my discovery.

"So you think the Devil is dead, do you?" queried a voice at my elbow. I looked around in surprise, but no one was there.

Strange! I am not given to hearing voices when there are none to hear. "The Devil is dead," I repeated to myself slowly and meditatively.

"Are you sure of that?" queried the same voice, which this time appeared to proceed from a vacant easy chair opposite me.

"Yes," I replied audibly, convinced that a neighboring ventriloquist to whom I had been introduced the night before was taking occasion to try his powers upon me. "Come in and take a chair," I added, turning to look over my shoulder, expecting to see him standing in the doorway. I was a little annoyed at the interruption, but one must put up with such things when taking a vacation. There was no one in the door. My caller must be out in the hall I concluded, so I spoke in a louder tone: "Come in and take a chair."

"Thank you, I am already seated," replied the voice from the chair in front of me.

I stared at the chair in a vexed way, then rose and walked to the door. There was no one in the hall, neither was there any place of concealment.

"I am here! Can't you see me?" queried the voice from the chair.

"No; come in and show yourself. Where are you? I'll give up that I can't find you," I answered, sitting down again.

"Try these glasses," replied my unseen neighbor. "Perhaps they will assist your powers of vision."

On the manuscript just over the words—the Devil is dead—lay a pair of peculiar-looking glasses. There was no metal about them. They hung together by a slight thread of crystal, and seemed as fragile as a dream. I lifted them carefully and placed them over my eyes. There he was—my visitor. Why had I not seen him before? But how unsubstantial and shadowy he looked!—as if a heavy breeze might blow him away. He impressed me with a sense of lightness and etherealness.

"So you really think the Devil is dead, do you? How much evidence would it take to convince you that he is alive and also lively?"

"Evidence! You look like a sensible man. I don't know as I

understand you! The Devil never had any existence except in the imagination of men, and even that is dying out; is, in fact, dead. Who believes in the Devil now? Nobody! The Devil is dead; as dead as a door nail."

"What leads you to think that a door nail is dead? Suppose you examine this one."

He pointed to an iron nail which I had brought up to use in a loose closet shelf. But as I took it into my hand it seemed to be palpitating with life. Each atom of which it was composed was rapidly moving towards some other atom. It was a wild dance, here and there, up and down, back and forth, yet the atoms never touched each other! It seemed as if the little creatures must have life and intelligence to direct their movements. Involuntarily I pushed up the glasses. The nail in my hand was nothing but a nail. I looked towards my visitor. *The chair was vacant.* A cold chill passed over my body. What could it mean? Where had he gone? How could he disappear so quickly and completely?

"Keep on the glasses, if you wish to see me," said the voice from the chair.

I put the glasses in place and there he was!

"You see a door nail is not as dead as you thought. Perhaps it is the same with the Devil. You were writing an article on the evolution of the Devil. Now, why is it that you persist in killing him at the most interesting stage of his development? Do you not realize that a true conception of the Devil is necessary to the happiness and progress of the human race? You usually pride yourself upon keeping up with the times. It can hardly be that you are ignorant of the latest popular conception of the Devil!"

"What do you mean? I don't think I understand you," I replied cautiously, not willing to expose myself to the charge of ignorance. "The Devil never had an existence. He was merely the creature of man's imagination."

"What is there more real than a creation of man's imagination? The visible world is nothing but an illusion. Don't you know that thoughts are things?"

"I am neither a Christian Scientist nor a Theosophist."

“Don't you know that spirit is the only real thing in existence? That matter is nothing but the clothes it takes to make itself visible? That spirit is eternal and unchanging?”

“I am not a spiritualist.”

“Suppose you are not? Can't you recognize truth when you see it?”

“Truth is a fickle goddess. I don't know much about her. I have seen people who thought they had found her; but no two of them ever described her alike. Other people—called philosophers—have written books about her, but they all disagree.”

“What are you, then—a materialist?”

“The universe is a problem which I have not succeeded in solving.”

My visitor was silent for a moment.

“You are about to promulgate a doctrine which will do harm. The Devil is not dead. He is very much alive, indeed, and fully as numerous as ever before. Now I have a theory that if men knew just how they created Devils, they would stop making so many of them. If they would stop making any more, those on hand would die out after awhile. The world's atmosphere would be left clearer and purer, and humanity could advance far more rapidly than at present.”

I stared at the man in amazement. Was he an escaped lunatic? I pushed the glasses up out of my way, that I might examine him more closely. My eyes are good. I have never worn glasses and these were an annoyance. But—the chair was empty! I replaced the glasses. My visitor was there. Apparently he had not stirred since I saw him before. Strange; very strange! I am not a nervous man, but—I will acknowledge to a peculiar sensation which crept up and down my spinal column.

“Then you believe that Devils really exist, do you?” I asked calmly as possible under the circumstances.

“Certainly; and I hope to be able to convince you of their existence. People who believe in the Devil are on their guard against him. Those who do not are more likely to become his helpless victims.”

"I will believe in the Devil when I see him, and not before," I answered with decision.

"If that is all the proof you desire, I can easily accommodate you. I will show you the one in which you should be the most deeply interested. Oblige me by turning your attention to that chair by the window."

I did as requested. I am always willing to oblige people in small matters—even lunatics. But what was my surprise to see that the chair which had been vacant a moment before was now occupied by a shadowy figure, whose outline became clearer the longer I gazed. What an evil look he had! His eyes—his mouth—his face—his whole form, seemed but an embodied sneer. Yet there was something strangely familiar about his appearance. Where had I seen him before? Hateful as they were his features were certainly familiar. Suddenly my brain grew dizzy, and the room began to whirl. I grasped the back of my chair to steady myself, while I looked anxiously into the depths of those evil, leering eyes. Could it be? Was it possible?

"Oh, my God! save me from the horror of the thought!"

I sank back into my chair, pale, exhausted and gasping for breath. This personified sneer, this embodiment of evil, this unutterably vile creature—could it be myself? Cold chills ran through my body and perspiration started out from every pore. I could not move. I could only sit helpless and stare at this evil creature who bore such a strange resemblance to me.

"Are you satisfied? When you are I will let him go. It requires the exercise of considerable power to hold him in your view, as he is not anxious to be seen."

"Take him away! For heaven's sake take him away!" I gasped.

"You said you would believe when you had seen. You have seen—do you believe?"

"Take him away—he is suffocating me. He will kill all the good there is in me with those evil eyes of his. He stifles me—take him away!"

"I can remove him from your sight, by permitting the veil of

matter which has been lifted for a moment to again fall over your spiritual vision. But with you lies a greater power, the power of removing him from existence."

"Oh, take him away! Do take him away!" I pleaded.

"It shall be as you wish. But remember! I have not the power to drive him out of existence. You have!"

The figure vanished from before my eyes as suddenly as it had appeared. I felt relieved. The choking sensation departed with it, and I could breathe as easily as before. A moment or two later, when I had regained my self-possession, I felt somewhat ashamed of the emotion I had shown. "Who was it?" I inquired as soon as I was sure I could command my voice.

"Don't you know?"

"No."

"It was your Devil."

"*My Devil!*"

"Yes; your Devil! I thought you recognized him. Perhaps I should have kept him in your view longer."

"I have seen quite enough of him," I replied with an involuntary shudder. "But what do you mean by saying it is my Devil?"

"I mean that it is the devil you have brought into existence—therefore your Devil."

"I do not understand you. Your language is simply incomprehensible."

"Did you not notice a strong personal resemblance to the face and form you are accustomed to look at in your mirror?"

I was obliged to confess that I did, although I shuddered as I said it.

"Do you remember when you were a child, the day that your older brother took from you by force an apple that had been given you, but which he thought you had stolen from a still smaller child?"

"Marvin had no apple! He lied to get mine, and my brother believed him instead of me."

"There you mistake! Marvin had an apple similar to yours, and your brother had seen him with it. But Marvin lost it in such a way that he really thought you had taken it. Your statement, that a man

ours to you, did not sound reasonable, as no one had seen

nable or not, it was true," I remarked with some bitterness. "The man did give me the apple! I had never lied—then, and I should have believed me."

That little incident happened about thirty years ago, and yet the memory of it excites you. Why is this? Can you explain it? Is it like a child's quarrel. Why should you remember it so long?"

Are you? How do you know about it?"

You remember what you did when your brother handed the apple to you, and asked you to give it to Marvin of your own

will. You threw it into the river, on the bank of which we were playing. Marvin should not have had what was honestly mine, Marvin should not have had what I lied to get."

That was your mistake! Every one of you had told the things were in a sad tangle. The sense of injustice was in you and it maddened you. Children do not understand justice. Justice is cause and effect, and that usually, as in the case of the cause is ignorance. A child wants to set the wrong right at once, and in his own way. To see what he considers right he is even ready to do what he knows is wrong—as you did. There was murder in your heart. You flew at your brother and would have pushed him into the river if you could. Physical force alone prevented you from becoming a murderer. You bit and scratched, and then threw yourself upon the ground and wept, to the amazement of your brother and parents, that you had seemed a peaceable child. That day your brother was born. You created him. The intensity of your evil gave him life and vigor."

Impossible!"

Not only not. It occurs every day."

Do not believe it."

Thought does not alter the fact. Thought is a creative force. Evil creates evil—which as you said in your article is but another

name for the Devil. Your soul was dominated by the passion of hatred, which you made no attempt to control. You would not listen to those about you. You hated the physical force which had thwarted your murderous attempt. You hated until you longed to hate. Just as sure as God is love, the Devil is nothing but hate incarnated. Evil thoughts form an atmosphere about the soul which indulges in them. The faster evil thoughts increase the thicker becomes this atmosphere which surrounds the soul, until the soul can see nothing clearly. All its views are distorted. The whole universe seems but a gigantic fraud. Evil thoughts and passions overpower the good for a time. Hatred takes possession, and if it is intense enough a Devil is born. Evil thoughts are the nourishment upon which he exists; evil deeds the food upon which he grows and fattens. Your Devil received life and vitality that day, and he has been with you ever since. He is constantly making suggestions and offering you advice—which you quite often follow. If you wish to be rid of him you must starve him out."

"I would like to know who your are," I remarked with deliberation, looking him sternly in the eye, "or perhaps it would be more correct to say what you are!"

"Who or what do you think I am?"

"I am not quite sure whether you are an escaped lunatic or a hypnotist, or both," I replied slowly and deliberately, watching to see the effect of my words.

"Can you suggest any method by which it would be possible for me to convince you of the truth of what I am saying to you?"

"I have always considered sight fully as trustworthy as any of the senses," I replied. "But you took advantage of me when I was in an unsuspecting mood. My will power is strong, and I defy you to produce any more such spectacular illusions. I am on my guard. I will not be deceived. Nobody was ever able to hypnotize me before, although I have let two or three try it. I don't think you can do it again. As for the Devil—I simply do not believe there is one in existence."

I had scarcely finished speaking when, glancing toward the window, I perceived the exaggerated caricature of the worst part of

myself leaning back in the chair contemplatively. I recognized the attitude. It was a favorite one with me when I was meditating upon the misdeeds of my neighbors and my own moral superiority. As I looked, spellbound, he turned the baleful light of his eyes upon me. They pierced me through and through. I felt that he knew every innermost secret of my soul, and I trembled beneath his gaze. At that a hideous sneer began at his mouth, crept over his face, and seemed to envelope his whole body until he writhed with joy. Then a strange longing, which proved to be uncontrollable, took possession of me, and I sprang forward and seized him by the throat, with an insane desire to shake the life out of him. I am a strong man, and he was as nothing in my grasp. I shook him until there was nothing left for me to shake, not even a necktie. I turned to my visitor, the hypnotist, in triumph. His chair was vacant. There was no one in the room but myself. Evidently, by the exercise of a little physical energy, I had shaken off both of my unwelcome visitors. I felt a sense of relief; still I would have liked an opportunity to ask that hypnotist a few more questions. I looked out of the window for a moment. Clouds were gathering. Would there be a thunder shower?

H. E. ORCUTT.

(To be continued.)

All average men, all but the lowest and most brutish, have reached the stage when the voice of conscience is heard, and should therefore begin to consciously co-operate with the upward tendency out of the mire of materiality into the spiritual life.—*Anne Besant.*

The senses minister to a mind. They do not know. At a moment in our history the mind's eye opens and we become aware of spiritual facts, of rights, of duties, of thoughts—a thousand faces of one essence. We call the essence Truth; the particular aspects of it we call thoughts. These facts, this essence, are not new; they are old and eternal, but our seeing of them is new. Having seen them, we are no longer brute lumps whirled by Fate, but we pass into the council chamber and government of nature. In so far as we see them we share their life and sovereignty.—*Emerson.*

THE SOURCE OF GENIUS.

The December volume of the Proceedings of the "Society for Psychical Research" includes an address given by Mr. Myers at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association held in Edinburgh, in which Mr. Myers refers to the uprushing products of subliminal mentation into ordinary consciousness as constituting genius. He infers that the thoughts and images which surge up ready-made into the artist's or poet's mind—his inspirations—are presented to him as finished products from his subterranean workshops. The inspirations of a Shakespeare or a Raphael are of the same type of faculty as the subconscious calculations of Dr. Brammell's Milliner, and this faculty he identifies with that emerging to the surface in hypnotism from submerged strata. He illustrates this position by referring to the personations induced by suggestion in hypnotized subjects as an inspiration of genius as remarkable as the triumphs of a Duse, and also by referring to the hallucinatory images similarly induced as inspirations of genius.

This definition of the inspirations of genius is misleading, and the emerging of suggestions to the surface from the hypnotic subconsciousness differs distinctly from the self-consciously elaborated work of a genius or even of a Duse.

If by "type of faculty" Mr. Myers intends to designate the mental process by which a suggestion is realized by the subconsciousness of a hypnotized subject, then we must certainly admit that a very close kinship subsists between the process of such mentation and that accompanying the elaboration of the inspirations of genius into form in the latter's mind.

It is certainly important that this kinship of process should be recognized, and the illustrations quoted by Mr. Myers from the realm of suggestion are valuable as demonstrations of analogy in lower field, but not of identity.

While the process is similar, yet there are important distinctions which Mr. Myers has omitted, and these distinctions lift the inspir

s of genius to a higher level and dispel all possibility of such gifts being confused with the suggestioning of a hypnotic subject.

The kinship subsisting between the two phenomena consists in fact that both inspiration and suggestion are constituted by the reception of a formulated idea; and that reception implies its medial transmission by an operator.

But the distinctions are most emphatic. The source of the ideas determining the subconscious mentation in the hypnotized subject is known to us; it is the human operating suggestioner. The source of the ideas or inspiration determining the conceptions of genius is not certainly different. We know beyond dispute that it is not a human suggestioner who transmits such ideas to the genius who formulates them. Yet the similarity of process does infer that there must be a suggestioner as antecedent condition in the phenomenon, though he does not appear.

There is another distinction. The normal or active self-consciousness of the hypnotized subject is exhibited during his "inspiration" suggestion and generally during realization also. That of genius is not. Yet we must recognize that here also there is an analogy existing within the difference. Liébeault's demonstrations in experimental psychology entail the inference that the inspiration of genius is probably accompanied by, or occurs during, a partially receptive state.

It is evident that most men of genius are not aware of this fact, that the ideas constituting their inspirations come to them ready-made. Yet it is probable that quite a number of writers of distinction believe that their ideas come to them "in a flash." Some do not plan their work on a predetermined plan. Others, we have been told, do not always know when they sit down in what direction their work will develop.

Another distinction arises in the process of realization. Unfortunately we do not know definitely what psychical process is referred to by the term, "subliminal consciousness," as this has not yet been related with psychological functioning. We must, therefore, assume that it refers to the subconsciousness attributed by Durand and Liébeault to the sub-souls pertaining to the various

reflex centres of psychical activity (as distinct from the self-consciousness of the active volitional central self), by which these authorities affirm hypnotic suggestions are realized. But Mr. Myers's argument implies that it also comprises the passive subconsciousness by which hypnotic suggestions are accepted.

Not knowing distinctly what it is intended to designate, we must turn elsewhere for additional information. In this respect Liébeault has defined our physical activity as comprising active and passive modes. Janet has referred to these as the normal consciousness of awakened life and the subconsciousness. Other French psychologists have referred to these as volitional and the involuntary consciousness; and also as the normal and secondary personality. Dr. Morton Prince has recently stated that the subliminal consciousness is but another term to specify certain particular associations of this second personality which he identifies with the hypnotic consciousness. He also calls it the unconscious, automatic mind, as distinct from the self-conscious, volitional mind.

In the light of these explanations, subliminal is apparently another term for the passive, involuntary, secondary, subconsciousness, which functions during the hypnotic state (and comprises a variety of passive states as Liébeault has shown) and accepts suggestions, realizing them subconsciously; even so in post-hypnotic realization, as demonstrated by Janet; this realization devolving as Durand de Tros and Liébeault maintain, on the sub-souls of the reflex centres by whom such functioning is consciously realized, and not unconsciously or automatically performed.

The inspirations of genius are not realized subconsciously but self-consciously. And we have already seen that while the source of the idea determining the hypnotic subject is known to be a human suggestioner, the suggestioner of the idea entailing the inspiration of the genius is known not to be a human operator. Consequently there is a distinct difference between such inspirations and that type of faculty illustrated in the emerging of hypnotic suggestion.

We usually understand by the inspirations of genius, the inspirations giving rise to conceptions which impress the beholder with their exceptional grandeur and nobility, or, as Mr. Myers puts it, that give

ht to other men. If we analyze the impression produced on us
works of genius, we must recognize that their distinctive character
ists in their dual signification, in the fact that they appeal to the
ligence and to the emotions simultaneously. Such impressions
conveyed to us by the works of Michael Angelo, Shakespeare,
ts, Wagner.

We recognize that a similarity subsists in the process of sugges-
and of inspiration. We admit that the idea giving rise to the
tal conception is presented ready-made. But if the idea inspir-
genius is not suggestioned by a human operator, then what sort
n operator can he be?

The conceptions expressed by genius are original, novel to the
d in which they are ultimated. They partake of the character
evelation and are elevated and prone in quality. Revelation
ssarily implies revelations as its precondition. The logical im-
tion carried in the position advanced by Mr. Myers is found,
analysis, to infer that the ideas entailing the inspirations of
is are suggestioned by revelators occupying a higher state of
; than that occupied by human suggestioners.

QUÆSTOR VITÆ.

THE UNIVERSAL HEART.

The vital throb that moves thy heart thrills mine;
The gentle breath that leaves thy lips
Comes with a tender kiss to mine;
The soft embracing air that holds thy form caresses me;
Thus on the Universal Heart we rest.
By worlds divided.

Space has no power to confine the Infinite;
Love freely moves on swiftest wing
Bearing thine unvoiced messages.
Time can but lightly, briefly fleck the tide eternal,
And hours apart will quickly merge
Into glad eons united.

CHARLES A. WINSTON.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

I have existed forever. I can conceive of no beginning; all beginnings are but changes. In eternity I coexisted with the Deity, with the Logos, with Spirit; and my life in the Universal Triune has not been realized by man, except when I have dwelt within him, and then the knowledge has made him famous.

Before the cosmogony of the universe my being was a part or element of Divinity. All was one sweet, harmonious ecstasy, intense and indescribable. I moved in the smooth rhythm of the All, of Love, and with the fruit of the tree of knowledge, I hovered in the Mind of God, the potential man.

He, of whom I am an attribute, the Logos, out of his heart of Love, conceived the unselfish desire that other essence should taste of the divinity of Being. The Triune Being was the All, suffusing all, permeating Space. Hence to create more of Themselves would not give the pleasure of Being to other than Themselves.

The Omnipotent then conceived an *idea*, out of which idea should spring and develop beings which can attain the Spirit and enjoy Being with the All. This *idea* is the material universe, which to its offspring seems to be the only reality, because the only Substance tangible to their material senses.

The reason for the law, the cause of the perfect mechanism of the universe, the force of gravity and the mathematical precision of all, is that all revolve in the perfect Mind of God.

Through the ages of this conception I throbbed in exquisite happiness. Now I dwell in the creatures of the idea; and while my state is ecstatic, yet man can never imagine my sorrow, being ignorant of the condition from which I first issued. But the end crowns all, for I know that my transmigrations shall not have been in vain.

To complete the idea formed by the tender Logos, I (who am but an attribute of his mind) was breathed into the spirit of a strangely but beautifully formed animal, who is now called man. Therewith the man sprang up endowed with faculties that other beasts did not

possess. I was his angel, his guiding star, and my will almost dominated his will. And for a time I led him.

The first man! O, how I tried by my innate whisperings to lift his spirit into the Being and Soul, which destiny held out to whomsoever would grasp. But the elements of his body, the nature of which belonged to the idea, and the force of the world-soul in the idea, drew him to itself, so that strive as I might, will as I would, he continually cleaved to the objects in the idea.

His children grew and multiplied; some inherited the spark which I implanted and ascended in the scale of existence; others, though they retained the innate voice of my soul, would not listen and descended, degrading God in their fall. But where they grew beautiful and were lifted up they only attained their supremacy after long and agonizing struggles.

At last there came a day when to my great relief the chains of mortal existence released me from the form of Adam, and Adam was no more. Had he been firmer the race would have inherited his firmness; as he was weak all mankind will continue to be so.

Then for a brief period was I again in the embrace of Deity. Knowing my immortality, I had hoped that there I should remain. Despite my joy, a feeling told me that from the soul-germs I had generated in the universe, there were hundreds attaining what I had so vainly desired of Adam, while thousands had almost returned to their original state of the beast. Then I knew that my return to the Spirit was but to gain strength.

Off into this and other worlds was I ushered. Many of my incarnations were successful; yet many were miserable failures, so that anon my soul returned sad at heart, to the Logos, to revive my flickering flame of Love. Some, with whom the material form of their being was so insignificant, as to the quality of soul I brought, I succeeded wonderfully in lifting out of the idea, into the exquisite Being of Infinity. The major portion of forms, however, gained superiority by knowledge of the universal law, but they were so drawn to the idea by the world-soul, that my influence was powerless to overcome the force of the animal will.

Some of my successful flights to this world you may recognize in

Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, David, Plato, Philo, Athanasius, Augustine, Savonarola, Berkeley and many others. But mistake not the Christ as being led by me, for I am but a part of Him.

Many have I vainly tried to fill with Love and had I been successful, the history of the world would have been far different. Their souls enlarged by my knowledge of law, they have misused their power and physical force for selfish gratification and aggrandizement. The temptation to rule and the ambition to kill the greatest number of their fellow-beings is rewarded by mankind with the highest throne in their temple of Glory and Fame.

Sesostris, Semiramis, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Mohammed, Charlemagne, Hildebrand and Napoleon held my knowledge and were brutes in their use of it. The future man will so advance that he will finally recognize them as such.

However, in this and other worlds, I have entered the souls of angels, who in their greatness and nobleness have not allowed their name to be proclaimed; but verily their reward is in God.

“ In Being’s floods, in Action’s storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of Living:
’Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by.”

—Goethe.

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

“If a man’s thoughts are pure and noble, he will attract around him hosts of beneficent entities, and may sometimes wonder whence comes to him the power for achievement that seems—and truly seems—so much beyond his ken.—*Annie Besant*.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

METAPHYSICS IN ASIA AND AMERICA.

The predominance of Metaphysical Principles in the philosophies of all countries and peoples is a fact of very great importance, and it could be recognized by every progressive thinker of this advancing age. The recent awakening of interest in the Japanese and the Chinese has brought out the fact, perhaps little suspected save by those whose special attention had been given to study of the literature and the customs of these nations, that a philosophy exists with both of them as profound as the Grecian, the Roman, or the Indian; and, what is still more impressive and important for us to recognize at the present time, in the light of our attempts to make philosophy practical in the Western world, is the evidence of their practical application of the deepest principles in the simplest of affairs of every-day life. Their innate responsiveness to deep principles of the higher phases of Being is apparent in their unquestioned industry, faithfulness to duty, patience under difficulties, and even failure to recognize difficulties or to admit defeat as such when met in the path.

The Western mind has little respect for these qualities because it fails to understand and appreciate them; yet they are palpable evidence of innate abilities and powers which might be further encouraged and developed for the good of the entire world.

A vast store of occult knowledge lies almost buried in the minds and hearts of the educated, experienced, and cultured of Asia, and it is not entirely inaccessible to the sincere and earnest who may be ready to think and work unselfishly for the universal good of all and without a shade of selfish purpose. To the selfish the Asiatic mind will close its door with a snap and remain dumb, silent and unresponsive.

The universal nature of all metaphysical principles places them

without question at the base of all knowledge, therefore every true phase of life with any people must have its metaphysical foundation; hence there is no philosophy, however simple or unimportant it may seem, which has not its metaphysical nature, character and application to life.

The chief office of philosophy is to make the inner or hidden truths of being practical in human life, and this it accomplishes through making the nature and laws of the finer forces applicable in men's understanding.

We feel earnestly in this matter that the time is fully ripe for a true, free and responsive union of forces between the East and the West, and the beginning of a work, which, with the depth of feeling that the patient nature of the Eastern student and Adept of both Asia and India has developed through the past centuries, combined with the indomitable energy of the new phase of philosophical mind now pushing its way forward in the West, may revolutionize both the thinking and the practical working of science, philosophy and religion. This will bring all nations together in one full understanding of philosophical truth, which by its very nature is necessarily a unit.

We are ready to work for such a purpose, and through the pages of this magazine will give voice to the thought of all who recognize the need and have views to suggest or plans for co-operative work. We invite correspondence from the thinkers of Europe, Asia, India and America on this subject with the view to bringing all classes of minds together in thought on subjects of the greatest vital interest to all regardless of cult, creed or nationality. In another place in these columns, under the head of "The Mind of China, Japan and America and the New Era," we give further views on the subject. Properly developed it may be far-reaching and vital in its influence upon all phases of life among nations and for the lasting good of the race.

L. E. W.

Everywhere and at all times it is in thy power piously to acquiesce in thy present condition, and to behave justly to those who are about thee, and exert thy skill upon thy present thoughts, that nothing shall steal into them without being well examined.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath Winter's friend of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "to-morrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief,
And day by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

—*New York Tribune.*

GENIUS AND HYPNOTISM.

It used to be a good practice to make a distinction between the words *talent* and *genius*, but nowadays these two terms are often used interchangeably and, it seems, injuriously to both. The first fairly well expresses a natural ability to *produce*, viz., to develop a given power; the latter has always been used as a term for *creativity* or the ability to bring forth that which never was. Even if we admit that all human minds "in the ground of the soul" house some genius, we must nevertheless be said that genius is a rarity and cannot be acquired, while talent is the common human inheritance or may be acquired. Genius may well be connected with the Unconscious Mind, but it seems that to attribute it to suggestion in hypnotic subjects is,

to say the least, an unfortunate use of terms. 'The chief elements of genius are reason and imagination, and if these terms indicate high qualities, be they moral or spiritual, it cannot be said that hypnotic subjects have revealed them. If we lower our moral and spiritual ideals and consider reason and imagination alike to or not far removed from the animal intelligence, then hypnotic conditions may perhaps be compared to genius.

On the subject of suggestion and hypnosis in general few are entitled to speak with better authority than *Quæstor Vitæ*, whose article on "The Source of Genius" appears in this number. Readers of English and French psychic journals are familiar with the name of this author, and we hope the readers of this magazine may become so in the future.

C. H. A. B.

PROGRESS.

Let there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself
And high as God.

Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice, and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor from unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with the golden waves of Love?
Sweep up the débris of decaying faiths;
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And throw your soul wide open to the light
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Turn your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars
And to the voice of Nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

—*Exchange*—

THE MIND OF CHINA, JAPAN, AMERICA, AND THE NEW AGE.

LAO-TZE'S TAO-TEH-KING. Chinese—English. With Introduction, Transliteration and Notes. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company. 1898.

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company. 1898.

CHINESE FICTION. By the Rev. George T. Candlin. The Open Court Publishing Company. 1898.

THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW (*Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1898). By Prof. B. I. Wheeler.

EXOTICS AND RETROSPECTIVES. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. 1899.

To one unfamiliar with Lao-tze and his Tao-teh-king the first acquaintance is in effect like an avalanche, overwhelming and destructive of all mediocrity. Meanness hides itself and littleness gets out of the way. But to him, on whom the truth has dawned, that life does not claim, but acts, begets and quickens—on him, I say, the reading of the new translation of the Tao-teh-king of Dr. Paul Carus acts like a spring morning. Go out early, you find it cool but refreshing; wet but sprouting; richness and hope meet you everywhere. Something original and aboriginal takes hold of you and new possibilities arise. Time vanishes and the eternal Now possesses you. You feel the Eternal throb in your veins.

Where is the dullard who dares say that history is without romance? Where is the knavish and roguish fellow who will dare to oppose the New Life that manifested itself after Dewey's victory, which made May 1, 1898, a turning-point in history? It is evident now, if it were not so before, that the course of history is westward and back to the rising sun. A young republic had scarcely realized its own personal office before a new, a greater, a representative one, is forced upon it. So wonderfully has the New World assimilated the Life that arose around and on the shores of the Mediterranean that in the time of a Century it is ready to carry it on "the yellow steeds of the Pacific" back to that Old World of Asia, where it first started. Such thoughts arise when we meditate upon the recent events, and there is much to nourish them in Professor Wheeler's article in the *Atlantic*. Some may call his essay, "The Old World in the New," a political forecast and suggestion; I read it as the romance of history and I have a great respect for such romances.

However powerful the influence that comes from these works, it

gives way to "the magical quickening of remembrance by echoes of forest and field" that comes from Lafcadio Hearn's "Exotics and Retrospectives"—a most delightful book of Japanese sympathies and Eastern mysticism. The Jap's nature-worship appears vague and theological to a Western mind, but coming to us in Hearn's color-rich and musical style it presents itself as the very foundation on which an international union may be formed across the Pacific. A mere review of these productions will not do them justice. They are not ordinary books; they are revelations of soul and point beyond themselves. They suggest a program for Americans. They seem to point to the duty we have as regards the international problems now in course of solution. I shall therefore allow myself to vary the common method of review and endeavor to point out likenesses between the Eastern Asiatic mind and the American, and on the strength of such likeness suggest a plan for the co-operation of all metaphysicians in carrying "The New Age" to Asia, thus fulfilling all prophecy and satisfying the deepest craving of the modern Mind. Cato gave expression to Rome's instinctive feeling when he cried *Carthago delenda*. Self-preservation and the Kingdom of the World demanded that Carthage be destroyed. Public feeling in this country is now formulating an expression for its consciousness of a great call, similar in many respects to that of Rome. The formula for its coming work may be, "On to the East!"

What is our philosophy? Have we any? Is there no ideal behind the money getting, and is that "to be practical" identical with a resignation of all the Higher? May not the word "practical" contain more of the ideal than most people know? I think it does. "The practical" does not mean anything extreme or something opposed to "the ideal." It does not mean part, division; it means union, synthesis and incorporation. It means realization of ideals and idealizing of realities. To us the word "practical" means that we do as Malebranche recommended: See everything in God and God in everything. To Americans the word has meanings that run through the whole gamut of philosophical disciplines. Like Tao or the Word, it is both principle and practice. It stands sharply over against illusion and is thus a fundamental concept, useful alike to Americans, Chinese and Japanese. A dream existence of a passing personality is not "practical" or real. "The practical" forces all mistiness to concentrate, to become water and to nourish life. "The practical" is mediator—it is the American god. The "practical" is our formula for the actual; that mode of Being which each past civilization has called by various names, but always by names which expressed its ideal. The "practical" is our ideal, viz.: our mode of self-realization. We

realize ourselves by work; by subjecting the Natural. Our method is different from those employed in the past, and it was to be expected that it should be so if we amounted to anything, but because it is different who will dare say that it is not ideal? The method of life of a people, as that of an individual, is a true expression of its yearning, and all peoples and individuals yearn for the Ideal.

We look for the actual, for facts, for the definite, and we demand that they serve us. We make that demand in virtue of our ideal, in virtue of our self-realized freedom. So doing we act as all idealists have thought and acted.

The service that we demand is not selfish. Our doors are open to all nations to come and be benefited by our natural wealth and the democratic freedom by which we give it. We have fought several wars, but most of them for sentiment, and the world has been advanced immensely by them. Who is so poor, so blind, that he cannot see the ideal in these things?

We are not simply turning Nature to uses. She passes through our brains to return to herself with transformed features. Were it not for an occasional violent protest, we would sometimes forget who she is, for she has been made to submit to so many and so varied industrial forms, which are such exact forms of our hands and feet, that we think they are part of ourselves. Is this not idealism? Who can draw the lines of demarcation between "the practical" and "the ideal" in type-setting machines, calculating machines, electrical machines and appliances, etc.? Indeed, we have realized the ideal in the practical. Have we lost anything in human dignity? Is not an inventor a creator? Is not the creative genius the stamp of the gods? Nature produces; man creates.

It is not fair to say that we have no art. Have we not molded a republican society, such as has never before existed? Is that not a revelation of plastic power? Have we not given color to literature? Emerson's color-blending and Whitman's originality are unique. American historians have interpreted the soul of several nations. A man who can reconstruct the temple of the soul, the history of a people, is an architect indeed. All this is practical work. The world is better for it.

We realize this and abroad it is seen. But like Alexander we cry for new worlds to conquer. Our own home is too narrow, and by chance new duties have come to us. We did not seek the office of colonizing Asia, but we cannot be false to the work thrust upon us. History is not made, but unfolded; and the map of progress has been placed in our hands that we may take it up and work.

Let us do it then! THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE recognizes this. Our philosophy is of "the practical" deals with facts, with the actual, and not with empty talk and passive meditation. Our program is definite. We say "On to the East!" We do not say: Let Asia come and teach us; that would be the old story of the chicken teaching the hen. Universal progress has years ago "removed the kingdom and given it to another people." We are now the teachers, and the Asiatic races are the children. The "white man's burden," or the responsibility laid upon the Anglo-Saxon, is to readjust Asia's conceptions of her duty and force her into the new order of things—that of Mind. Let us carry our progress into Asia!

See how the metaphysics of theirs and ours harmonize! The Tao-teh-king is the meditator. Tao is "the practical." It means, says Carus:

Path, way, method, or mode of doing a thing; then, also, the mode of expressing a thing, or "word"; and thus finally it acquires its main meaning, which is "reason." It represents a close analogy to the Neo-Platonic term, *λόγος*. The Buddhists use the word Tao as a synonym of *ming*, enlightenment, to translate the Sanscrit *bôdhi*, and the Christians employ it in the version of the New Testament for the term *λόγος* "word."

In other words, this term carries in it a world of meaning, all the way from method to substance, from practical to ideal. It will suit both Asia and America as a term by which to express their longings and realizations. Let the reader see how satisfactory the metaphysics, ethics and psychology of Tao are by reading for himself that elaborate and profound chapter of Carus on "the ideal of Lao-tze's ethics." Space forbids long quotations. I shall, however, at another time, come back to this indispensable book.

Professor Wheeler probably meant a severe judgment upon China when he wrote as follows, but it became a laudation:

It is preëminently the land of the practical. Its world is the established social order of men fixed in forms and conventions, whose authority is absolute, as their reasons are past finding out. Life is a drama. Man merely plays parts. The "look see" (appearance) and the "make see" (delusive persuasion) constitute the substance of life. The starting point and whole of things is neither the world-all nor the individual soul, but the stage and scenery and plot into which the individual must fit the action of his part, and within which take his *rôle*.

This is beautiful Hegelian philosophy ascribed to the Chinese. Life is a drama, a process, ever unfolding and infolding. The "look see" and the "make see" are the opposites of Being and the process of thought. The Hegelian philosophy, the crown of the history of

ht, is so similar that we can teach it to the Chinese by to their Kwa-philosophy, which, Paul Carus says, in his philosophy":

portant rôle in the thoughts of the Chinese people, and forms e basis of their highest religious conceptions, their scientific eir superstitions. With its help the origin of the world is of conduct are laid down and a forecast of the future is made.

Kwa-philosophy would in return teach us much in Mind own among us; for instance in mathematics. Professor says:

nation without a fist. Its people are lacking in any idea or which could be assembled the sentiments of patriotism. Devoring of ancestors and solicitude for private gain are the two people who constitute, not a nation nor a state, but a scheme of

is a praise, though probably not meant for it. The ot cultivating the idea of patriotism, one of the idols set ling crafts of the past. They are philosophers and at here. Their ideal is "not a nation nor a state, but a ring." The West has professed the same doctrine for ousand years, inasmuch as its Christianity was meant ie of life," not for an organized state or black-robed ericanism is certainly primarily "a scheme of living." idea of the early emigrants, and it pervades the consti- primary form. On such a platform we can meet the nfuse new life into them. We agree entirely with the it for us:

uestions has arisen, overwhelming, in the magnitude of the issues l the great questions of earlier days, and none of them admits ns of the Mediterranean; none of them concerns the Mediter- eoples, or its history.

. The civilization that arose on the shores of the Medi- s come to an end or is fast coming to an end. It is ross this continent and to revive the Asiatic. But on this arisen a new civilization, and its key word is "the prac- ous and vigorous, and its contrast to the Mediterranean ed thus:

ld, like an ancient house, was built towards the inside and its art; the new is built towards the outside, with windows and

indeed towards the outside and so do both Chinese and who dares deny that there is an inside? American life is

a synthesis; opposites are united. Inside we reach to Metaphysical heights and outside we join hands in fellowship with all humanity. That is our philosophy and our practice.

Of modern writers none has a claim to be heard more than Archibald R. Colquhoun. This is recognized everywhere. In his "China Transformed," just published, he wrote:

His [the Chinaman's] predominant quality . . . is beyond doubt his industry. He has almost a passion for labor, . . . is always a merchant. . . . The Chinaman has two highly important qualities—docility and temperance. There is no end to his patience. . . . He demands no comfort, still less luxury. . . . Their intellectual capacity may rank with the best in Western countries. Their own literary studies prove the nation capable of prodigious achievements in that direction . . . and whether in mathematics and applied science or in metaphysics and speculative thought, he is capable of holding his own against all competitors. . . . In considering the future of the Chinese race, therefore, we have this enormous double fund of capacity to reckon with—capacity of muscle and capacity of brain; and we have only to imagine the quantitative value of such an aggregate of nervous force, when brought into vital contact with the active spirit and the mechanical and mental appliances of the West, to picture to ourselves a future for China which will astonish and may appall the world.

Does not Colquhoun's every word point to vital similarities between the Chinese mind and our own? What is there to hinder a transfusion of hearts, interests and minds?

It is true that the Chinaman does not know respect for law as we recognize it. He rejects entirely our law systems. Rectitude of conduct between man and man is secured among themselves in an entirely different manner than among ourselves. Everything is regulated by custom, which possesses greater vitality than judge-made or statute-made law. I do not see any hindrance to a mutual understanding in this. If "respect for custom" represents our "respect for law" we are even and "the New Age" may be ushered in by mutual good will.

So much for the Chinese. Now, as regards the Japanese, who are the other people with whom we have come into contact by the wonderful events of the Summer of 1898.

It is commonly said that the Japanese are artificial and some have understood that word as having a derogatory sense. But it has not. The Japanese is artificial, but no more so than Sarah Bernhardt in her playing. She is conscious of her every movement and emotion, yet our feelings are not hurt and we do not say she is artificial, we call her acting art. The reason is this. Her mind permeates her actions so completely that the two become a whole. The Japanese is not too artificial. His skill, his method and his mind are one. And as a result

Japanese is so superior and has been able to adapt himself so successfully to Western civilization. Is this psychological condition all that could be desired?

Let me take the term religion in a very wide sense and include in it a large amount of philosophy. My readers will agree to do so and will see how we can approach the Japanese when we recognize the importance of the following statement by Principal Fairbairn:

What we call superstition of the savage is not superstition *in him*. Superstition is the perpetuation of a low form of belief with a higher knowledge. . . . Between fetishism and Christian faith there is a great distance, but a great unity—the recognition of a supra-sensible life.

On monistic ground we may object to the term “supra-sensible,” no matter whether Principal Fairbairn speaks monistically or dually; we have here a common ground pointed out on which the unity between the Japanese and the American may be realized and a great mental and moral temple be erected.

We may take religion and philosophy in a narrow sense and allow the first to mean only “emancipation” and the latter to be “enlightenment.” Even if we do that, and there is not the slightest reason why we should not do it, we have in Japanese Buddhism a medium for the union of Japanese and Americans. Be it as Yatsabuchi (of Japan)

:
The heart of my country, the power of my country, the light of my country, Buddhism.

We know that Buddhism was the civilizer of Japan, that it brought culture and art, artistic atmosphere and susceptibility to the beauties of nature. That it brought these factors to Japan proves that they are embedded in it. What more is needed? We ourselves stand for “lightenment,” for “intelligence,” for mental and moral freedom. These and these only are the pillars of all our institutions.

Does the reader need to be roused? Does his blood flow sluggishly? Are his nerves out of tune? If so, then he is scarcely able to understand the great theme of these lines. It is doubtful if he is a bearer of the call to Asia; his banner is not “the New Age.” Should he, however, desire to be roused to enthusiasm let him retire into silence with Lafcadio Hearn’s latest book “Exotics and Retrospectives” and he will learn to know his own soul. That book is not a book—at least not to me. It is a personality; it is Lafcadio Hearn; a synthesis of Western form and Eastern substance. It is not to be read; it is to be

Azure Psychology is not a chapter for logical analysis; it opens up as deep and remote as the blue of the sky, which grows deeper and deeper the longer and more intently you look upon it. A Serenade is music

on the string of sensuality. A red sunset, Trisson, Sadness in Beauty and *Parfum de Jeunesse* are all of that delightful and sweet voluptuousness which Lafcadio Hearn perceives in everything Japanese. Only a receptivity like his could be so explicative of the Asiatic-Japanese sense. On every page of this book we get new terms for that illusory but charming mind which Japanese art and life reveal. But whatever terms he uses he interprets "the living present" to be "the whole dead past." "The passional life long since melted into nature's mystery" is, so it appears to me, the peculiar charm of Japanese color, *laques* and customs; it throbs in the melody of "insect musicians" and explains all Japanese feelings, beliefs and thoughts. In this sphere of sense, negative though it be, the American can readily enter. It gives rest to our overstrained nerves. The "eternally feminine," which our author perceives in so many places, will transform itself under the American genius, its true counterpart, and the product will be a whole-souled and clear-minded man.

I have not overdrawn my picture nor overestimated the Chinese and Japanese mind. I know their inability to see things in perspectives as we do, and I am aware of what is called the slumber of the East. But such criticisms do not frighten me, for I know they have sprung from faulty judgment and Western conceit. These celestials are different from us, but that does not place them below us. They hold one pole of the human magnet; we the other. Sense and Mind balance each other after all and both need a third, a Higher, Being, through which transmutation to a higher unity may take place. The philosophies of both China and Japan know this as well as we do. Hence an understanding can easily be attained.

American metaphysics is practical, practical as the people that have made it. It means healing, wholeness to society, to man, body and soul. It is Synthetic Philosophy. It acknowledges anti-thetic elements, but it reconciles them. So doing it proves itself a transcript of nature's law, a symbol of Being.

Such metaphysics is both bearer and promotor of industrial progress. It gives us not only Soul and Immortality, but it bakes our bread. Bread is indeed a synthesis of Heaven and Earth. This metaphysics may well be named Tao or Mind, for it is both cause and effect. It is not an abstraction, but the life principle of our world.

We propose to shape a program on the basis of our Metaphysics and the thoughts expressed above and to invite all metaphysicians to share the labor, honor and reward in bringing it to China and Japan, to make it known there and to create cooperation.

C. H. A. B.

ZIONISM.

THE AIMS OF ZIONISM. By R. J. H. Gottheil, Ph. D. New York, 1899.

ETHNOGRAPHISCHES PROTOKOLL DER VERHANDLUNGEN DES II. ZIONISTEN-KONGRESSES GEHALTEN ZU BASEL VOM 28 BIS 31 AUGUST, 1898. Wien, 1898.

DAS ERWACHEN DER JUEDISCHEN NATION. DER WEG ZUR ENDGUELTIGEN LOESUNG DER JUDENFRAGE. Von F. Heman. Basel, 1897.

ZIONISTEN KONGRESS UND ZIONISMUS EINE GEFAHR? EINE ZEITGEMAESSIGE BETRACHTUNG. Von Dr. Heinrich Sachse. Berlin, 1897.

Among modern questions of social philosophy is one of peculiar interest: that of the Jew. Will the unjust curse be removed and the Jewish mind thereby restored to freedom? It can hardly be said to be free, if we by freedom understand self-realization. It cannot be supposed to have developed its inherent genius, and it has been frequently stated that oppression has driven it into forms it otherwise never might have assumed. Shall the nation be restored and the ancient prophecy fulfilled? Is perhaps the movement called Zionism a part fulfillment? A review of the above-named pamphlets will help to answer some of these questions. Dr. R. J. H. Gottheil sums up the position of the Zionists thus:

We believe that the Jews are something more than a purely religious body; that they are not only a race, but also a nation; though a nation without as yet two important requisites—a common home and a common language.

We believe that if an end is to be made to Jewish misery and to the exceptional position which the Jews occupy—which is the primary cause of Jewish misery—the Jewish nation must be placed once again in a home of its own.

We believe that such a national regeneration is the fulfillment of the hope which has been present to the Jew throughout his long and painful history.

We believe that only by means of such a national regeneration can the religious regeneration of the Jews take place, and they be put in a position to do that work in the religious world which Providence has appointed for them.

We believe that such a home can only naturally, and without violence to their whole past, be found in the land of their fathers—in Palestine.

We believe that such a return must have the guarantee of the great powers of the world, in order to secure for the Jews a stable future.

And we hold that this does not mean that *all* Jews must return to Palestine.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the Zionist program.

Zionism is far more than a sectarian movement. It is a sociological question, and it is going to make history. Primarily its purpose seems to be, according to the above, to liberate the Jews, but in that lies necessarily the regeneration of the people. After emancipation comes freedom. Professor Gottheil says as much in these words:

Zionism also has its message. It wishes to give back to the Jew that noble-

ness of spirit, that confidence in himself, that belief in his own powers which only perfect freedom can give. With a home of his own, he will no longer feel himself a pariah among the nations, he will nowhere hide his own peculiarities—peculiarities to which he has a right as much as any one—but will see that those peculiarities carry with them a message which will force for them the admiration of the world. He will feel that he belongs somewhere and not everywhere. He will try to be something and not everything. The great word which Zionism preaches is conciliation of conflicting aims, of conflicting lines of action; conciliation of Jew to Jew. It means conciliation of the non-Jewish world to the Jew as well. It wishes to heal old wounds; and by frankly confessing differences which do exist, however much we try to explain them away, to work out its own salvation upon its own ground, and from these to send forth its spiritual message to a conciliated world.

We may expect that the movement will succeed, for it is not based on some individual's vision or desire. It is, as Dr. F. Heman writes:

come into the right hands, for the Jewish question cannot be solved by anybody else than by Jews.

It is probably not known to many Christians that the idea of bringing the Jews back to Palestine is not entirely new. Professor Gottheil tells us that:

As early as 1840, the late Sir Moses Montefiore placed before Mehemet Ali a project to colonize Jews in Palestine. Lord Shaftesbury's Society for the Relief of Persecuted Jews, and Lawrence Oliphant's foundations near Haifa had the same object in view. But it was the Russian riots in '81 and '82 which brought out Dr. Pinsker in Odessa and Dr. Rülff in Memel, who pointed out so clearly the necessity of reconstructing the Jewish nation, of making the Jews themselves feel the necessity of a national Jewish centre. At Odessa, through which most of the Russian Jewish wanderers passed, the first of the Chovevei Zion Societies was founded, which have since been formed in nearly every city where there are large Jewish communities. The Montefiore Bund in Russia, the Ezra and Palestine Societies in Berlin, the English Chovevei Zion Society, with its thirty-three branch organizations, have given their attention largely to the practical work of colonizing Jews in Palestine. Since 1878, when the first attempt was made to found such colonies, nearly thirty have been established; and their success, though it be slow, seems assured beyond a doubt.

With the thorough practical genius for which the Jews are renowned, they have studied their case to the bottom. They know what they must do in order to succeed, and their national genius has brought forth the leader; he is Dr. Theodor Herzl. Says Dr. Gottheil:

Mere colonization, however, is only a half-way solution of the problem. In order that it be successful it must needs have the whole Jewish people back of it—it must be surrounded by those legal guarantees which alone can assure the new movement from failure. To accomplish these two objects was the work

which that great leader in Israel, Dr. Theodor Herzl, set for himself. The Zionist societies which have sprung up at the touch of his pen and at the sound of his voice now number more than 750; and the Second Congress which was held at Basle this summer was eloquent proof of what he has been able to do in making the work in Palestine express the wish of a part of the large Jewish nation.

But the movement has not hitherto met with uniform success or approval inside Judaism:

Before the first congress, in 1897, the Jewish journals and newspapers ran with rivers of laughter. Before the second, their banks overflowed with streams of warning and with torrents of blame. We Zionists were said to be dark-visaged pessimists frightened by the boggy of anti-Judaism; again we were sun-blinded optimists. We were horribly orthodox and reactionary; we were godless and entirely without faith. Zionism was a "phenomenon of our nervous conditions," "a dream of unpractical theorists." Though we were Jews in public Jewish congress, Zionism was branded as un-Jewish. Yes! the great hope which like a load-star had led on the Jewish people, which had been the soul of their life, the very breath of their body—this great hope was declared in Rabbinical pronouncement to be contrary to the spirit of the Jewish religion.

It is to be hoped that this anti-Zionist feeling will be overcome and that Max Nordau's definition of Zionism on the last congress may become an historic truth: Zionism is the last effort of Judaism. When that shall have been verified, we shall also be in a position to understand Lord Beaconsfield's words: "I belong to a race which can do everything but fail."

We note with interest the remark of Dr. Heinrich Sachse that it is not:

Anti-semitism, not servility—it is freedom and emancipation which have created Zionism.

In that lies embedded the ancient idea, that ruled the Hebrew of old. Isolated among idolaters he stood as the bearer of the doctrine that God is truly spirit and freedom. He could not tolerate the heathen idea of deification of nature and man. He stripped the finite world of all Divine character; yet he bowed to the immutable character of the Law. This is the Jew's position in the world of thought.

C. H. A. B.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AN ARTIST.

It is a rare thing to find an artist who can express his thought in philosophical language, and still rarer to find an artist who is "a philosopher by nature." It is no common thing to get Introductions to art principles like those John Ward Stimson has published. The purpose

of his book is declared to be an examination of the relation between the Primordial Attributes of Law, Love and Grace and Truth, Goodness and Beauty, which are their life forms, and also a discussion of their manifestations as Science, Religion and Art and their personal character as Judgment, Good Will and Good Taste. The author is successful in his undertaking, but it must be admitted that he has crowded too much wisdom into too small space. I do not mean to say that I would prefer the way a German æsthetician would have handled this enormous mass of material by giving it to us in a work of three or four volumes, but it would have been a gain for Mr. Stimson if he had "spread himself out" on a couple hundred pages. As it is now, his work is the concentrated quintessence of his mind, and perhaps, I may say, of all the best an artist can think and feel. It is to be hoped that the larger work will appear in the near future. I quote the introduction as a specimen of style and philosophy. It runs substantially thus:

We enter our existence upon this planet, miraculous germs of spiritual life, containing wonderful instincts of discernment and affinity for The Central Source of Reason, Love, Delight, from which we sprang, and of which we become mysteriously the Expression.

But while, naturally and normally, drawn to seek and delight in, happiness, we are unconscious of its constituting conditions and the physical, mental and moral departments of life through which it plays.

We are born alike, ignorant and innocent of LIFE'S stupendous reach or circumscriptions; and only learn by experience, tradition, intuition or revelation, the splendor of our inheritance and the scope of our reciprocal obligations.

Considered from the point of view of character and immortal happiness, as much as temporal delight, man's true victory in life is the discernment and application of those overruling PRINCIPLES AND METHODS (alike physical, ethical and esthetical) which establish the health of his body, morals and constructive mind; and provide both safe and salubrious growth and play for physical and spiritual powers together. . . .

Supremely, over all, the *idealizing* and *emotional* powers of man raise him above his fellow creatures, and place him among the Gods. And especially is this true of his spiritual faculty for perceiving and applying abstract Principles of Life. . . .

Philosophy has ever attempted to record the drift of those vital Principles that it perceived, though at times somewhat narrowly and intellectually "from the Head" alone, but at other times more broadly "from the Heart," and finally in "the Life" itself, and in the "Art of Life."

Thus, as an intellectual Greek, Aristotle, too closely confined it to the soul's power of perception and contemplation in his dictum "Philosophy is the science which considers TRUTH." As did the modern philosopher, Cousin, when adding to this the power of description and record, in "True Philosophy merely establishes and describes what IS."

But Cicero had gone closer to the word's formation and spirit (*philo-sophia*) adding more of the *Affection* for Good, in his words: "Philosophy, if rightly understood, is the *Love* of Wisdom."

Which Voltaire strengthens by the addition: and "the discovery of what is TRUE, and the Practice of what is GOOD, are the most important objects of philosophy." Thus he brings forward both Mind and Heart to the Practice or life of good and truthful living, even as Plutarch had in the words "Philosophy is the *Art* of living," and as Seneca had in "Philosophy is both the Law and Art of life. It teaches what to *Do* in all cases."

But man does not always "do" what he "knows" to be *Right*, so that Emerson adds: "It is not a Head merely, but a Heart and *Resolution* which constitute the true philosopher."

And at last our own Thoreau defines it *vitally*, in *Life Itself*, by the words: "Philosophy is so to love WISDOM as to LIVE according to its dictates."

Thus we are finally driven to the query, What is WISDOM, that we must perceive, "record," "love," "will," and "live" Her?

And to answer this best, we hearken to the mighty voice of INSPIRATION in the mouth of that greatest philosopher of all time, King Solomon of Israel:

"Get WISDOM AND UNDERSTANDING! A crown of BEAUTY shall She deliver unto thee. . . . The LORD possessed Me (Wisdom) in the beginning of HIS WAY before the WORKS of old. When He established the Heavens was there. Then was I by Him as A MASTER WORKMAN!"

Thus we see that true philosophy is not only perception, record, love and resolution to live TRUTH and GOODNESS, but that Wisdom herself is The Spirit who understands THE WAY OF THE LORD, in such degree as to co-operate CONSTRUCTIVELY and tangibly in It, as A MASTER WORKMAN, that we may be crowned eternally with THE CROWN of the GLORY OF GOD'S BEAUTY.

All this is sound philosophy and permeated with the unitive spirit. The next pages fairly overflow with poetic enthusiasm of nature's beauty and go to show that:

Indeed the Divine Spirit seems to work Itself out and color the pure whiteness of its own "Absolute" Perfection by the very "human" qualifications or material modifications through which It reveals Its purposes upon Earth.

This is his definition of Beauty:

Beauty is not something accidental. It is an *organic* thing, having its own laws, its own logical causes and consequences. It is A LIVING FORCE, A LIVING PRESENCE, and therefore ever varying in its forms.

The delight of Beauty, be it human or wild, of light, color, form or sound, is a common possession and *necessity* of life, as in the higher sense it must be, so long as the human has claim to be the higher animal. Certain birds and animals have been proved to be sensitive to certain colors and decorative effects, which sensibility is wrapped up with the very fact of germination and continuity of life itself; and this convinces us how far down and deeply rooted is this sense in nature, which has been so highly specialized in man. Cultivated or unculti-

vated, modified by centuries, influenced by modes of thought and conditions of life, it flowers anew! Art is the language of this UNIVERSAL FEELING.

Finally, in arranging our conception and study of BEAUTY and its arts, within that "ONE CIRCLE" of thought which is symbolic of the soul's outlook on LIFE, we may summarize all the preceding by the tenet of Delsarte:

"The object of ART is to crystallize EMOTION into THOUGHT and then fix it in FORM," or, taking the finer simile of Christ, who always taught "by parables" (*i. e.*, artistic symbols), Art is the miraculous transformation of the pure "water" of TRUTH into the warm "wine" of LOVE, or emotion, and making it play and sparkle through the varied facets of the crystal goblet of Grace, Inspiration and Charm, in which each pentecostal beholder receives it through "his own language" and personality, but by the same Principles and Method of ETERNAL BEAUTY."

The Divine Nature seems to possess Primordial Attributes of LAW, LOVE and GRACE, which in the experience of life become TRUTH, GOODNESS and BEAUTY; and in the cultures of man become SCIENCE, RELIGION and ART; and in the personal character become Good *Judgment*, Good *Will* and Good *Taste*—the practical virtues.

In other words, in this unpretentious book we get not a cut and dry theoretical *Æsthetics*; we get a philosophy of The Living Presence, the most desirable philosophy anybody can give us. C. H. A. B.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT.

In *The Far East* (Volume III, No. 28, 1898), a magazine which is "an exponent of Japanese thoughts and affairs," may be found an article by Taizo Nakajima on "the philosophy of flower arrangement," to which we wish to call attention, because unable to reproduce the many illustrations of the article, without which it is not clearly intelligible to the general reader. The article is interesting, because it shows how the willing eye can see metaphysics everywhere in nature, even in flower arrangement. It also shows an application of philosophy to daily affairs which would be very desirable among ourselves. The author tells us: "The Japanese art of arranging flowers serves to cultivate polite demeanor and refined taste." C. H. A. B.

EXCHANGES.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Monthly. 8s. 6d. a year. London.

THE COMING AGE. Edited by B. O. Flower. Monthly. \$2.00—20 cents.

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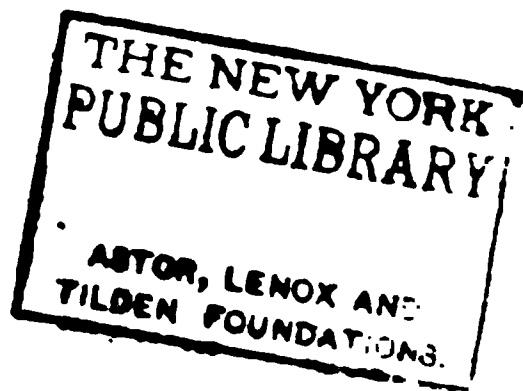
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THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

LIFE ETERNAL:

THE LIFE OF ETERNITY.

Through thy eternal life, thou breathest the breath of God. He is never far from thee. Keep within the channel of his affinity, and all knowledge will flow in and around thee, illuming thy pathway.

In the Sacred Books of the ancient Persians* there is recorded the experiences of the soul of the righteous person passing away from the life in the earth and its reception by the holy ones in the eternal region. Before setting out it holds a vigil of three nights at the head of the body from which it had become separate, as though in anticipation of being required to take up again the former relations. All this while it is imploring blessedness, and experiences as much bliss as living creatures enjoy. It then leaves for the celestial realm, and is regaled all the way by fragrant breezes. Upon arriving at the Bridge of Judgment it becomes divested of the consciousness and other qualities which it had acquired from the corporeal world. Then appears a figure like a beautiful maiden, radiant with celestial light, powerful, perfectly developed in form, noble of manner, vigorous like a youth of fifteen, fair as the fairest of human beings. The new-comer salutes her as guardian, asking who she is, and adding in a transport of joy and wonder: "Never beheld I one so charming!"

Then she answers: "I am thy immortal life—thy pure thought, blameless speech and worthy action—the goodness which is the law of thy whole being. Thou art now seen by me in that likeness of

* Hadokht Nask, fragment.

myself, great, good and beautiful, which is like what I also seem to thee. I had been loved before and thou hast made me now more beloved; I was beautiful before and thou hast made me yet more beautiful; I was desirable and thou hast rendered me yet more desirable; and sitting on high, thou hast exalted me yet higher by thy pure thinking, thy blameless speaking and thy righteous action."

So, guided by her, the soul enters paradise, step by step, to the eternal lights. This vision of beatitude, this concept of the eternal life, is attainable by all who rise above the illusions of sense, which, like clouds and exhalations from the ground, shut out the heavens from our view. The eternal world of abiding reality is not afar off from any one of us. It is in and about us. The soul, our psyché, is able, by the power which true philosophy reveals, to strip off her caterpillar shell and unfold her wings and thenceforth live her real life as the native of a higher sphere. In this way the new and more glorious existence begins. The universe then appears in a transfigured form. It had been contemplated before where the clouds were hiding away the sun; but now our view is from an altitude far above the vapor and mist. Instead of an inert matter filling and choking up space, there is now beheld a continual stream of life inflowing everywhere—the original, infinite, Divine life. "Pure and holy," says Fichtê, "and as near to the infinite essence as aught to mortal apprehension can be, this life flows forth as a band which binds spirits with spirits in one; as air and ether of the world of Mind, inconceivable and incomprehensible, and yet lying plainly revealed to the spiritual eye. Conducted by this light-stream, thought flows unrestrained and the same from soul to soul, and returns purer and transfigured from the kindred breast. Through this arcane communion the individual finds and understands and loves himself only in another; no isolated thinking, loving and hating, but only a thinking and loving and hating through one another. Through this arcane communion the affinity of spirits in the invisible world streams forth into this corporeal nature and represents itself in two sexes, which, though every spiritual tie should be severed, are still constrained, as natural beings, to love one another. It flows forth into the affection of parents and children, of brothers

and sisters; as though the souls as well as the bodies were sprung from one blood, and the minds were branches and blossoms of the same stem. And from thence it embraces, in narrower or wider circles, the whole sentient world. Mine eye discerns this eternal life and motion in all the veins of sensible and spiritual nature through what seems to others as a dead mass. It sees this life forever ascend and grow, and transform itself into a more spiritual expression of its own nature. The universe is spiritualized to my contemplation, and bears the peculiar impress of the spirit—continual progress toward perfection in a straight line which stretches into infinity. So I live, and so I am; and so I am unchangeable, firm and complete for all eternity. For this being is not one which I have received from without; it is my own only-true being and essence."

These words of Fichtê are abundantly corroborated in our own experience. "It was found," says Professor Tyndall, "that the mind of man is capable of penetrating far beyond the boundary of his free senses; that the things which are seen in the material world depend for their action upon things unseen; in short, that besides the phenomena which address the senses, there are laws and principles and processes which do not address the senses at all, but which need and can be spiritually discerned."

In this way, accordingly, we become cognizant of our spiritual nature. In more immature periods of life, when the corporeal structure seemed to include everything about us, this was not so plain. But as the years accumulate and the interior faculties become more acute, the body, with all its curious organism, seems to be in some respects a thing detached from us and a little interval away. We can contemplate it like any other object. It has been all the while necessary to us, and is still able to make us keenly sensible to the discomforts of cold, pain and fatigue. We need not imagine, however, because of these susceptibilities, that our life is purely, or even chiefly, a thing of the body or itself a mere corporeal existing. The psychic nature is of a distinct quality from the bodily environment, and in due time will ripen and become individualized apart from it.

We witness the analogy to this in the vegetable kingdom. When

the grain of wheat is sown in the ground and springs up, the grassy blade and stalk are vitally important, as in its turn likewise is the ear, with its growth of chaff. In due time the blossom appears and the kernel forms. All, so far, has taken place for the sake of this result. The office of the stalk, leaves and chaffy receptacle comes now to an end. Now that the grain is perfected, they no longer belong to it, and are discarded as rubbish. In a corresponding manner, the human soul is sown in the corruptible body and rises from it in an incorruptible form. We perceive this as our spiritual faculties extricate themselves from the physical envelope, and so we become clothed with immortality. "I am immortal," says Fichtê, "in that I purpose to obey the law of the spirit; I do not *become* so."

The faith in immortality is our noblest possession. It is rooted in the core of our being, and can never be taken entirely away from us. It is necessary to us in order to afford us a criterion by which to judge and determine what is right. I would shudder at the wreck which that individual would be, mentally and morally, who really imagined that from the moment of bodily dissolution he would totally cease to live and be. A human being, in case that such utter extinction was to be his destiny, would not differ essentially from a brute, or be amenable to other moral obligations than the wild beasts of the forest. They know no curb upon rapacious desire except that of bodily inability, and there would be no adequate reason why he should not do like them. Mankind would thus be left without the incentive of duty or the wisdom which exalts the nature above the dead level of selfishness and bestiality. I have no confidence or belief in the genuineness of any profession of a sentiment of justice which is solely the outgrowth and result of personal experience. When we can perceive no higher motive than selfishness we lose sight entirely of our true selfhood, and occupy the imagination with sensuous conceptions alone. When Death is thus made the only thing real, existence is very certain to become a burden. No matter what treasures of mind and rich jewels of character may be possessed, they cannot in such case be enjoyed, because there is no just appreciation of their value. The proprietor is really as poor as the beggar at the door. There is no room for love and the other

virtues in a man or a world except there is faith in immortality. Love creates and prepares the place in human hearts for the virtues to fill.

If we would attain the higher wisdom, it will be necessary for us to reject the limitations of superficial and empiric knowledge. The narrow understanding can comprehend no perception that exceeds its own dimensions. Some such cause as this seems to have led many to assume that life is purely or chiefly a corporeal matter, and limited by bodily sensibilities. A habit of reasoning thus induced probably incited the conjecture that there can be no mind or intellection except as the brain and corporeal organism exist for its development and maintenance. We may not, however, concede to them this magnified importance. They exist solely from the life and energy which pervade them. Even the protoplasm or initial organism which is so much insisted upon is such only by virtue of its inherent vital principle, and even then it is not of uniform character. It must be admitted that there is a protoplasm for every kind of vegetable production and for every race of animals. Even though it should be demonstrated that all protoplasms have like chemical and organic constituents, and that we perceive no form of living thing till we have first the protoplasm, nevertheless, this diversification of realm, kingdom, race and species disposes of the whole argument. We may relegate the entire series of phenomena to the background. The principle, the inherent energy, must transcend manifestations.

Everything that exists has its origin from a cause above and anterior to it. Its material basis is not altogether as definite and unequivocal as it may be imagined. It is by no means absolutely improbable that the carbon, the iron, silica and potassium which are obtained by the destructive analysis of plants were formed, to some extent, at least, from elements derived from the atmosphere, and that lime and flint are animal productions created by transforming other substances. Beds of flint exist underground at Berlin, in Prussia, and at Petersburg, in Virginia, which are the secretions of infusoria. All our lime, chalk and marble seem to have been the creations of minute animals. The corallina will deposit more lime in a single season upon their reefs than ever existed in the broadest or

deepest seas. There are air-plants which contain potassium, and there is good reason for the supposition that the carbon which composes our peat and coal, as well as vegetable fibre, was not merely absorbed from the atmosphere, but was also derived from certain principles which scientific exploration has not yet been able to detect. I am ready to hear that gold itself is solidified sunshine which has been attracted and enwombed in a matrix of quartz.

Eminent savants have assured us that all matter in its last analysis would be resolved into points of dynamic force. All the interminable series of material existence, then, are so many products of force under the direction of an omnific Will. Force, being without dimension, can be nothing else than spiritual substance, and what are termed "Properties of Matter" are really so many manifestations of spirit. Accordingly, when the elements of our corporeal structure shall have been dissolved, which have once performed the office of tissue and brain, and thus served as the vehicle of mind and understanding, it does not follow that our mental and psychic nature perish with them. In fact, this very process of disintegration is constantly going on. The particles which aforetime made up our bodies and brains were afterward eliminated and their places taken by others, while the vital principle which had attracted and made use of them survived the departure. They change and pass away, but this abides and never loses its identity. It thus manifests itself as the greater, as well as older; and we have good reason, therefore, to believe that it will continue when ALL the corporeal elements have parted from it. As the kernel of wheat does not perish when its chaffy envelope bursts and it abandons its receptacle upon the stalk, so its counterpart, the soul and personality, does not cease to be when it has withdrawn from the body.

In the *Khandagya Upanishad* is a dialogue between a father and his son upon these profounder themes of being. "This body withers when the living selfhood has left it," says the father, "but the living selfhood does not perish." The son asked him to tell more; he commanded him to bring him a fruit of the nyagradha, the sacred fig-tree. "Break it," said the father. "What do you see?" "Not anything," the son replied. "My son," said the father,

that subtile essence which you do not perceive there, of that very essence this great nyagradha-tree exists."

A reply like this may be made to all who profess to doubt the proof of our immortality. Perhaps it may be difficult to prove it by logic and mathematical demonstration, so that the reasoning shall appear conclusive. We are unable to cast a measuring line over the infinite. The creations of the understanding must of necessity fall short of compassing the faculty of the understanding itself. Nevertheless, this disability does not warrant disbelief. The Australian aborigine has no developed capacity for mathematical science, yet this does not disprove or even obscure the existence of mathematics. The child in embryo has lungs, but does not breathe, and unweaned infants do not produce their kind, yet in both are the rudiments of that which pertains to adult life. We likewise can enlarge the scope of our mental vision, and may yet develop faculties which we do not now perhaps even imagine to exist. Hence we are by no means excluded from the hope of a more perfect knowing, nor from a hearty faith in the Infinite and Eternal and in our own immortality as participants in the Divine nature.

Goethe has aptly remarked that one who thinks can never quite believe that he is likely to become non-existent, and cease to think and live. Thus spontaneously does every human being cherish the sentiment of an unending life. During the later periods of our earthly existence, we are conscious that our highest ideals are yet unrealized. The conviction, the prophecy, the moral consciousness, hang over the mind that there will yet be a field and opportunity to accomplish them. That was a true, as well as beautiful, saying of Charles Fourier, that every desire which God has implanted in a man's soul is also his promise of its fruition. We may rest content, therefore, in the persuasion that the scope of our aspirations embraces only ideals which we may yet realize. "As," says Cicero, "this ceaseless activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows that its activity must continue forever."

The highest evidence of immortality, nevertheless, is of a nature so exalted and arcane to be uttered in any form of words. It is a

knowledge which each may possess for himself, but it may not be imparted. That which is personal and subjective can hardly be rendered obvious to the perception of another. Thus I am unable to show conclusively to another that I am suffering pain. He must admit the fact from my own testimony solely, as interpreted by his own cognizance of like sensations. In fact, in order to be certain of anything beyond the evidence of one's own senses, there must be a joint participation of spiritual life. I may thus know that my conjugal companion loves me, but I am not able to prove this to another by any kind of testimony or reasoning. Yet I am warranted in staking all my earthly future upon the fact.

It has been sagaciously affirmed that one must love before he can know that the object is lovely. By a kindred analogy, it may be declared that in order to perceive our immortality we must possess it first. Our own interior consciousness or supra-consciousness is thus an abundant and sufficient assurance of the fact. This illustration, however, may not necessarily be extended to the individual who doubts and denies. He may not have become mature enough in interior perceptivity to enable such cognition, or from some other cause, his spiritual faculties may be dormant. It is not my province to judge him for this. He stands or falls at another tribunal; while my works as well as his must undergo the test of fire.

What, then, let us ask, is Life? An accepted explanation represents it as a principle that coördinates forces. The problem, however, is not explained, except we go further. All force is evolved from Being, and only that which subsists from itself can employ any form of coördination. Life is correspondent to light, which in its absolute purity is both invisible and incomprehensible, and can only be perceived after a manner by our corporeal senses when it has become tempered by intermingling with material constituents. The inherent principle of life is *Love*, and the tenacity to live is correlative with the energy and intensity of loving.

The human soul is a mixture of qualities and affections. What we usually denominate *sentiments* are so many elements of our being. Our affections, thoughts, wishes and impulses are not accidents of our nature but are indeed our very selves. We do not *possess* souls,

but are ourselves souls in very actuality. Goodness, virtue and all the nobler incentives, are not mere idealities void of essential vitality, but are essential fact and substance. Life is by no means a mere problem of mental and physical endowment, but it includes within its volume all our qualities of heart and soul. The moral nature constitutes the very substance and marrow of our being. We live by the will to live; our desire and sentiment of a continuous existence are ardent or cold, as accords with our hope, our love, our confidence in ourselves and each other. "It is to that sense of immortality with which the affections inspire us," says Henry Thomas Buckle, "that I would appeal for the best proof of a future life."

So we live, so we are, such we have always been, and shall always continue to be. Immortality has its origin and foundation in the soul itself. It is no boon extended to the inhabitants of this earth, but by its inherent nature is beyond the sphere of the transitional universe. It pertains to our essential being in the eternal region rather than to our phenomenal existence in time. We do not *receive* it, because it was always an essential of our spiritual nature. By the knowing of this we perceive and are cognizant of the infinite Verity. We apprehend our true relations as having our citizenship in the heavenly world. By this knowledge we are made pure and holy; we are enlightened and led to live and act as immortal beings.

Thus I can understand why I am to love my neighbor. We are of a common origin, alike in nature and destiny. He is as my own self, my personality extended to another. Whatever pertains generically to me belongs likewise to him, and the Divinity which arranges my conditions superintends also his allotment. Nor do we part company at the grave, for our relationship and affinities of spirit continue as they were from before Time. Thus my faith and cognizance of immortality, endow me with a right understanding of what is due to others. "It is an indispensable condition of a morality that is efficient," says Jacobi, "to believe in a higher order of things, of which the common and visible is an heterogeneous part that must assimilate itself to the higher."

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION.

The kindergarten system of education formulated by Froebel may be regarded as truly philosophical, in the sense that it combines a practical method with the aim of developing in the mind the principles which enable man to recognize his relationship to Nature, and through Nature to unite him with God. Froebel, like his predecessor Pestalozzi, sought to arouse the mind to the exercise of its faculties, and at the same time to provide it with objects of thought worthy of man's noble nature and of his high destiny. The name *kindergarten*, the "child-garden," is significant of the ideas which gave rise to it. A garden, in the proper sense of the term, cannot exist without cultivation, which is not a mere trimming or training of the plants which grow in the garden, important as this may be. The soil in which the plants are embedded requires equally careful attention. It must be broken up, so that the roots may be able to penetrate where they can obtain nourishment; and the weeds, which appear to spring up spontaneously, must be carefully removed, that they may not appropriate the food necessary to the growth of the plants. That a similar method has to be employed in the cultivation of the child-mind is now understood by all true educators. The French writer, Rousseau, whose teachings so largely influenced the minds of many of the leading characters of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, was probably the first to declare that education, as distinguished from simple instruction, is a process of cultivation analogous to that employed in agriculture. He insisted strongly on this truth, more so even than Froebel, whose mind dwelt more particularly on the results of education—the beautiful flowers which he desired to develop, rather than the leafless roots which form the fundamental growth essential to that development.

It could not be expected that Rousseau could in his day do more than lay down the general principle which governs education. Although the mind requires to be cultivated, the process is not exactly the same as that followed by the agriculturist, although the

the end is attained, that of bringing the soil into a proper state of cultivation. Nature does not do this in a haphazard manner. It proceeds by rule based on rational principles, which operate throughout the whole realm of physical activity. The ratio which usually governs the refining process of Nature is that which furnishes the powers of two, and the process itself, which may be termed segmentation, is a continual doubling by equal division of an object into the parts thus arrived at, giving 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, etc., and on to any number of parts. The effect of this process is primarily to decrease the size of the particles of which the object is composed; that is, from the molar condition of zero—as I would name the undivided whole, which may be of any size—to a series of segmental divisions represented by any power of two, however high. The secondary result of segmentation is to increase in a similar ratio the motion of the parts arrived at by that process; and as the segments bear a polar relation to each other, as negative or positive, so the motion which characterizes them has the complementary relation of energy and force. Motion would seem to be the natural condition of free bodies in space, and if such bodies could be segmented the smaller ones thus formed would move at a relatively increased rate of speed. The enormous velocity of light motion is accounted for by the minuteness of the ether undulations. That there is such a relation between the size of a body and its rate of motion can easily be proved by separating the several circles of which a volute spiral made of card-board is composed. Each circle if spun round by means of strings fastened to its two extremities will be found to have its own rate of motion, the movement of the smallest circle being more rapid than that of any of the others. Such segments of a spiral may be taken to represent sound waves, and these are known to be the higher the pitch, which depends on the rate of vibration in the sound medium.

In accordance with these principles, the minuter the elements which go to make up the brain substance the greater must be their vitality, and the object of education is to bring about that condition of the breaking down of the old substance and its renewal by other material having greater vital energy. Mental action is closely

analogous to that of the nutritive apparatus, and may be regarded as a kind of cerebral digestion. In ordinary digestion the food is violently torn to pieces and then reduced to extremely fine particles, which are mixed together and thoroughly blended by the peculiar motions of the stomach, forming a highly vitalized product. These movements constitute the stomach a vortex, and the digestive process would seem to release certain subtle properties of the food, which are conveyed by the blood to the organs of the body and taken up into the protoplasmic substance of which their cells are composed. Similarly the cultivation of the cerebral substance has the effect of increasing its activity, by setting free the vitalizing spirit or essence which is the source of all psychical as well as physiological action. Thus alone can the mental organ be prepared for the development of the seeds of knowledge applied to it in the course of the successive stages of education, the chief aim of which is the gradual development of the logical faculty for application to the problems of life.

The data of these problems are supplied by the information acquired through instruction, as distinguished from education proper. Not that this process can be conducted without the aid of instruction. The digestive powers of the stomach are at first weak, and they acquire strength through the action of the stomach on the food with which it is supplied; and so the cerebral activity grows through the material which is furnished for the exercise of its digestive faculty. But the principle which governs the educational process differs from that which operates in the nutrient process—although both are *ratio*-nal—in being strictly segmental, and therefore capable of being displayed geometrically. If we take a circle as representing the original zero regarded as the homogeneous, that is undifferentiated, substance, the division of which into parts gives rise to unity, then the segmental process may be represented by a series of numbers arranged spirally so as to form a group. Such a numerical spiral would exhibit arithmetical progression along its curves and geometrical progression along its radii, its chief radius having for its notation the powers of 2, that is, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, etc. These furnish the key to the process of segmentation, which the group may be

regarded as having undergone to give rise to the numerical seriation. Thus the number 2 denotes that the outer circle of the spiral has to be divided into two equal parts, the number 4 that the next circle is to be divided into four equal parts, and so on through the whole series of circles of which the spiral is composed and which are represented by the numbers above referred to. It is evident that this process may be carried on indefinitely, and thus that the arithmetical and geometrical seriations may have endless progression. The stages from one spiral curve to the next from without inwards is a series of duplications which supplies the principles of multiplication and division, as the progression along the curves furnishes the principles of addition and subtraction. The process of segmentation which is exhibited by the numerical group is one of fractionation, and hence it is numerical in principle throughout. The polarity which accompanies that process is represented by the difference between odd and even numbers. Of these the odd numbers are negative and representative of energy, and hence they were regarded in the Pythagorean system as male, and the even numbers as positive and representative of force were treated as female. Even numbers can be divided and subdivided until they are reduced to primes, but it is numbers that cannot be treated to further subdivision, which are odd and therefore negative.

It is evident that the process of segmentation is equivalent to the mental process of analysis, by which an object is in thought reduced to its primary elements or properties. To take the familiar example of the rose, we may mentally analyze this perfect specimen of Nature's art, by separating its various qualities one by one, finally reducing it to what metaphysicians term "the thing in itself." The opposite process to analysis is synthesis, and that which has been broken to pieces in thought can be put together, and thus undergo mental realization. The co-ordination of these two complementary operations is the logical process known as ratiocination, or the higher form of reasoning as distinguished from the lower reasoning that accompanies the volitional intelligence which the higher animals possess in common with man. Of course, analysis and synthesis, under their physiological and physical aspects, are operative through-

out every province of Nature. As we have seen, segmentation is the physical phase of analysis, and the physical phase of synthesis is integration, the mixing or blending referred to above in connection with the digestion of food. In this dual operation we have the union of complementary opposites such as takes place in the combination of odd and even numbers, which was regarded by the Pythagoreans, particularly in relation to the earliest square and cube numbers, two and three, as marriage. If the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., are arranged consecutively in spiral formation, so as to give the simplest phase of arithmetical progression along the circumference of the curves, and geometrical progression along the radii, it will be found that each radiant seriation begins with an odd number, and the continuance of the process of segmentation, which is marked by the geometrical seriation, requires the constant introduction of a fresh odd number. This furnishes a complete combination of the opposing factors and corresponds to the union of the two opposite polarities which is universal throughout physical Nature. Negative and positive are in reality, expressions of the two complementary operations of radiation and concentration which manifest their activity, as to the former in the process of segmentation, and as to the latter in that of integration, and which are different phases of unity, one being progression from the centre, and the other being progression to the centre of the unitary group. An apt illustration of these principles may be found in the beam of light, which is sometimes spoken of as radiant matter. The light beam is composed of several rays of color, each of which has its own wave length and rate of vibration, and yet when these rays enter the eye they are so perfectly blended that they form what is termed white light. At its origin, light shows the perfect operation of the principle of radiation, while at its termination in the organism it exhibits perfect concentration. Of these two processes the former answers to the segmentation which is essential to educational cultivation regarded as a breaking up of the mental soil preparatory to the reception of the data of knowledge conveyed in instruction, and the latter to the mixture of ideas which attends the action of instruction itself. Education and instruction thus are complementary operations, their co-ordinative result being the

growth and development of the mental faculties and the acquisition of knowledge. They necessarily go on together, one depending on the other for its effective action or progress.

The complementary nature of education and instruction may be shown by reference to certain classes of phenomena, some knowledge of which is usually regarded as essential to good "education." Let us take music, which occupied among the ancient Greeks a fundamental position in the educational system. There cannot be musical tone without sound vibration, but each tone has its own rate of vibration, and music really depends on the relation between the several notes of the gamut or diatonic scale, and the smaller intervals the recognition of which has given rise to the chromatic and enharmonic scales. The principles of musical instruction have a double aspect—from one point of view they are educational and from another they are instructive. Thus the diatonic and other scales are expressions of the law of segmentation, but they form a group of tones which are intimately allied, and are mixed and blended by overlapping, as are the color rays of the light beam. Under its radiative aspect music may be regarded as educational, exhibiting as it does the operation of the principle of polar subdivision. The musical octave may be exhibited diagrammatically as a spiral curve divided into eight segments of which one must be given, however, to B flat. Each note has of course its own rate of vibration which is doubled in each succeeding octave. Thus, middle C of the piano has 264 vibrations per second, and C in the next octave above has 528 vibrations. The spiral arrangement of the notes gives geometrical progression to the numbers which express their vibration frequencies in the higher pitch of succeeding octaves, while the numbers expressing the vibrations of the successive notes themselves exhibit arithmetical progression. Thus musical instruction in its elements presents the same features which have been referred to in connection with numerical segmentation, and may well be utilized as an application of the principles there operative. The relation between wave length and rate of vibration, which is an essential factor of musical tone, will serve to throw light on numerical segmentation itself; for it shows how the numbers that mark the segmental division can be

regarded as expressing the rate of motion of such segments considered as spheres, the size of which will thus bear toward their vibratory motion a relation similar to that of the wave length of a musical tone to its vibration frequency.

There is another series of natural phenomena which forms an important province of instruction, and on which much light may be thrown by an application of the principles which operate in the musical scale and therefore of the law of segmentation. That the physical activities known as modes of motion are closely allied is now fully recognized, and it is not too much to say that they form a group, the members of which have a relation among themselves analogous to that of the notes of the musical octave. Indeed it would not be difficult to give good reasons for supposing that each of the modes of motion, as phases of Power, has its representative note; C, the opening note of the diatonic scale, being the representative expression of Power itself. If such be the case, then all the manifestations of the several modes of motion must have their numerical valuation. Reference can be made here, however, only to the particular activity known as Chemism. This is usually regarded as outside of physics proper, but it is so intimately bound up with heat action that such a view is a mistaken one. Heat and chemism are the complementary aspects of atomic activity, the former being radiative and the latter concentrative, and hence what is known of the one must throw light on the other. Apart from this point, attention may be drawn to the fact that the "law of periodicity" which is found to govern the group relations among the chemical elements can be exhibited as a phase of numerical segmentation. The chemical elements can be arranged in series analogous to the gamut and the octaves of the musical tones. Moreover, if seriated in spiral form according to their atomic weights, the elements show an approach to arithmetical progression along the curves of the spiral and to geometrical progression along its radii. Undoubtedly the chemical elements form a group that has been divided into subgroups, the members of which are ratio-nally related, that is, possess rates of vibration having a particular relation to one another. The law of segmentation thus applies to the chemical field of phenomena, and it

hardly be doubted that such will prove to be the case also with other modes of motion.

We thus see that practically all the phenomena of physical nature are governed by the same fundamental principles, and that these principles may be represented graphically by the union of curved and straight lines, which in combination form the circumference and radii of what may be treated as a circle but is really a spiral. This formation is the geometrical spiral or volute, and segmentation therefore must be regarded as a phase of geometrization. Geometry has been called the queen of the sciences, and as it embraces the basic principles of all Science, it may be considered as furnishing the key to education itself. This is described above as cultivation of the brain substance under the influence of certain rational factors, whose action shows that educational cultivation is the result of the application of the principles embodied in geometry. This is supposed to have been invented in Egypt for the purpose of land measurement after the yearly overflow of the Nile, which obliterated the boundary lines between adjoining properties. As an abstract system geometry was probably indebted to the Greeks for its development, and by them it was applied for the explanation of the eternal truths of the Universe. With Pythagoras geometry and numbers were the two great factors for the understanding of all things, and they must be of the greatest importance in education. They represent, indeed, the two fundamental active principles which govern all the manifestations of Power in Nature, radiation and concentration, of which the former expresses itself in the operation of divisional or geometrical segmentation, and the latter in that of numeration. Numeration is not merely the giving to each of the parts of a divided sphere of being, its proper number. It brings together related parts forming groups denoted by numbers, which express the union of two or more things into one—a blending of separate activities. The operations of arithmetic themselves exhibit the action of the two processes of radiation and concentration in subtraction and addition, division and multiplication; and as numbers can be used to denote any existing kind of thing, the universal applicability of those operations is evident. Here we have the actual distinction between

education and instruction pointed out. The one furnishes the principles which govern the assimilation of the data supplied by the other. But education itself includes a phase of instruction, and as it is the application of principles which govern the operations of Nature, it may be regarded as a process of aiding Nature in the realization of that which constitutes the ideal of life on the human plane. Education is thus a continuance of cosmical work and phenomenal Nature itself must be considered the expression of educational activity. The processes of breaking down and building up go on unceasingly throughout the several divisions of the great cosmical laboratory, as might be shown by reference to the phenomena of geology and to the protoplasmic changes which furnish the key to organic life. The very worms themselves are essential factors, as proved by Darwin's extremely interesting investigations, in the preparation of the soil for the growth of plants, and therefore for the perpetuation of higher organic forms.

In conclusion, it may be observed that the educational process, like that which has produced the wonderful developments of Nature's activity is essentially vortical, having for its aim the formation of character and its exhibition as right conduct in all the relations of life. Whatever is right is reasonable; that is, governed by the principles of ratiocination which are at the foundation of phenomenal Nature. Hence education is the development of the reason, through the application of the rational principles which operate throughout physical Nature, and are no less influential over the activities of the mind. We are thus led to the recognition of the divine. For the principles of reason antedate the expressions of them in the physical and organic worlds, the particular phenomena of which are dependent on the general activity which pervades the Universe. This is the mind of Nature which may be likened to a mighty vortex whose action is that of initiating and co-ordinating the process of breaking down and building up again into higher forms the almost endless series of finite vortices through which it makes itself manifest. This is effected by the action of the complementary polar activities of radiative energy and concentrative force, the operation of which is described by the term Evolution, a term that aptly expresses the

cess of education. Education is mental evolution, and therefore the rules which govern the development of Nature are equally applicable to the development of man.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

THINE OWN SHALL COME TO THEE.

All day the rain has dashed upon my window panes,
All nature wept and sunshine there was none;
Alone, below, within, without, a funeral pall
Hung round about; all happiness seemed dead.

Sitting apart from all the rest I mused on Fate,
How time and distance, space and bonds are naught;
When once two atoms, hurled from those great Heights
Where stars are born, and worlds swing into space,
Are sent from the All-Father's hand,
To meet, to blend, to form a radiant soul.

Be sure of this: thine own shall come to thee
Though distant as the pine tree from the palm.
Seas may divide, and years be born and die,
But some time, somewhere, the Great Master's voice
Will speak to thee from out the lifting clouds.
A radiance straight shall compass thee, and when
Thine eyes are raised, darkness has fled away,
A new life dawns, and thou art not alone.

VIOLA.

Attend to the matter before thee whether it is an opinion or an act, a word.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

The day of days—the great day of the feast of life is that in which the inward eye opens to the unity in things, to the omnipresence of God; sees that what it must be and ought to be, or is.—*Emerson*.

The great soul of the world is just. There is justice here below; at the bottom there is nothing else but justice.—*Carlyle*.

The glory of philosophy lies not in solving the problem, but in putting it.—*Renan*.

THE STUDY OF METAPHYSICS.

Philosophy is the science of causes, the science of first principles. "To know a thing well," says Aristotle, "it is necessary to know its first cause." Plato expresses himself to the same effect. "It behooves," he says, "the lover of mind and of knowledge to inquire into the first causes of intelligent nature." Cicero calls philosophy "The Mother of the Arts," "a gift or invention of the gods, which drives away darkness from our minds, and enables us to see all things, above and below; first and last." That is, it teaches us the foundations of things. Lord Bacon speaks of it as "The fountain from which all the sciences flow," and as explaining the summits of things. Descartes says: "To philosophize is to search into first causes." Leibnitz terms the study of philosophy "The study of wisdom," which consists in knowing the reason of things. It is to philosophizing that Locke alludes, when he says, "These are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom, the basis upon which a great many others rest, and in which they have their consistency. These are teeming truths, rich in the stores with which they furnish the mind, and, like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and entertaining in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that without them could not be seen or known."

"Philosophy," Hegel says, "occupies itself with ideas and not with mere opinions or notions." Cousin, though perhaps with a different notion of "ideas," prescribes the same limits for philosophical investigation. "Ideas or Principles," he says, "are the only proper objects of philosophy." Indeed all eminent philosophers seem to be united on this point; to philosophize is to go to the bottom of things; to find out, as Locke says, "the fundamental truths that lie at the bottom." A profound and masterful development, then, of the first causes or principles of any science, is the philosophy of that science. A man who has attained to a complete mastery of the laws of nature, as far as they are known, with the ability to apply them and to discover new ones, is a natural philosopher; of the principles of morals, is a

moral philosopher; of law, a legal philosopher; of the mind, a mental philosopher; of politics, a political philosopher. A systematic exposition of the fundamental truths applicable to these various branches, would constitute a general, or as Bacon styles it, a primary philosophy (*prima philosophia*). To attain to a thorough knowledge in any one of these subdivisions of general philosophy, involves, no doubt, a considerable knowledge of several others of kindred alliance.

As the study of philosophy then leads to the principles or foundations of knowledge, and as it is the basis upon which all important discoveries and improvements rest, can we maintain with reason, that it is not profitable? That it is unworthy the consideration of a practical and thorough-going people? Is there not also dignity and importance of a high character intrinsically attached to it? Is it not worthy of the noblest minds? Look at its grand results. They prove incontestibly its great excellence. Such also were the opinions of the master spirits who devoted their best energies to the study of philosophy, and, to quote a law phrase, "*cuilibet in sera arte perito est credendum.*"

Plato, whose entire life was spent in philosophical investigations, thus speaks in praise: "Philosophy! a greater good than which has never been, and never will be given to the human race by the immortal gods." And Cicero, who devoted the riper years of his life to its study, writes: "Philosophy! O! guide of life! protector of virtue and expeller of vice! without thy assistance, what would have been our destiny, and the condition of the human race? One day well spent according to thy noble precepts, is worthy an eternity of erring existence." He also adds that philosophy produces these effects: "It ministers to minds diseased, it takes away vain solitudes, frees us from inordinate desires, and expels fears from our bosoms; as a field, though fertile, cannot be fruitful without cultivation, so is the mind without learning; but philosophy is the proper culture of the mind, it tears out vices and defects by the roots, and prepares the mind to receive the seeds of virtue and improvement." Bacon says: "Philosophy is the second ornament of life and of the human soul. For although now, as in its old age, it is growing childish again, and is with us given to young men and children, yet next to religion, I

judge it of all things the most momentous and most worthy of human nature." Descartes speaks of it as the *summum bonum* of life. "Sovereign good," he says, "considered as to natural reason without the light of faith, is nothing else than the knowledge of truth from first causes; that is to say, wisdom, of which philosophy is the study." It would not be difficult to multiply like sentiments from the writings of many of the first intellects in the different ages of the world. Surely, then, a study so important in its nature, and so elevating in its influence, should engage the sincere efforts of the youth of a great nation.

Many who are willing to admit the utility of philosophical study, and the importance of some of its branches, direct all the artillery of their argument and ridicule against that particular branch, which we call "metaphysics," or mental philosophy. They pronounce it a useless study, an idle pastime for speculative dreamers, and productive of no practical good. We understand metaphysics to be an inquiry into the faculties and propensities of the mind, and into the origin and growth of knowledge. Why, then, should the study of this branch of philosophy be neglected? The powers of the mind have been justly regarded by every enlightened people as more remarkable in their nature, and more astonishing in their phenomena than the properties of the physical or material world. The former, indeed, control the latter almost at will. The mind is capable of molding matter into whatever forms may suit its fancy or convenience. It applies it to almost any purpose of utility. It is therefore superior in its nature and superior in its capabilities. But the mind soars above all earthly things, and often holds converse in secret with the superior Intelligences of Heaven. It brings us not only to a knowledge of things of the world, but introduces us into the presence of Almighty God, and enables us to perceive and to contemplate His wonderful attributes. We are also made in the image of God; and must not the similitude be in the constitution of our mind, evidently the noblest part of our being? A proper knowledge, then, of the powers of the mind will bring us to a better knowledge of the divine nature, the last, great end of all our knowledge.

Not much less important is it, as a subject of inquiry, to under-

and the origin and purpose of knowledge. To know how the mind, by means of its various powers and susceptibilities, becomes acquainted with objects in the external world; how it obtains the first elements of knowledge, and then by an inward process of thought arranges, combines, abstracts and generalizes these rudiments in such form as to deduce the most astonishing results, is, if there be a relative importance in studies, among the noblest of all inquiries. It brings Man to the study of himself, "the proper study of mankind." It transfers the mind from the study of matter to the study of spirit. It takes it for a season from the changeable, perishable objects of earth, and points it to the contemplation of the eternal truths of Heaven. In learning his own faculties, thoughts and feelings, Man is almost necessarily carried to the study of his God. The study of the soul or the mind, then, in all its relations, is the most ennobling of studies. It is, to borrow the sentiment of Aristotle, "the very first of all things beautiful and ennobling."

The study of mental philosophy is not without practical results. It inculcates habits of close and patient thought; it produces a spirit of deep inquiry. It trains the mind to search into the reason of things, to go to the foundations of knowledge. It teaches the relation of ideas with ideas, of thoughts with thoughts; and thus the mind obtains a knowledge of what metaphysicians call the natural series of thoughts, which enable us to determine the results as well as the immediate effects of that which is said or done. A thorough acquaintance with this series of thoughts, forms what is called foresight, and whoever possesses this in an extraordinary degree is calculated to succeed well in the active occupations of life.

Philosophy, moreover, elevates the thoughts and enlarges the understanding. In tracing the operations of the mind the metaphysician is obliged to enter into all the relations of being. He examines Man in the inward recesses of his thoughts and in his outward ways in society; in the principles by which he thinks and those by which he acts. He regards Man as a thinking being in daily contact with other thinking beings. Here, then, is observed the effects of mind coming in contact with mind. But the metaphysician does not stop here. He studies Man in all his complicated relations with

his Creator; in his dependence, his obligations, his duties to his God. What a rich field of knowledge! What admirable exercise for all the faculties of the mind for invention, for judgment, for bold imagination! And the training of the mind in its investigation of subjects so exalted in their nature cannot but be instructive and highly useful.

Then mental philosophy lays, as it were, a proper foundation for all other studies. As Aristotle says: "It assists to a knowledge of all truth." The mind is the instrument employed in accumulating all the treasures of knowledge. It is the power within which searches into, seeks out and determines all investigation. On the right training of the mind, therefore, will depend, in a great measure, the success of our inquiries. The better we understand its various faculties and propensities, the better can we use it in our search after knowledge. But, it will be argued, many reason well and use their intellectual powers with skill who are not versed in logic or metaphysics. True; but these men have all been educated according to the rules and principles brought to light by these studies; and to maintain that they have not, in some measure, received the benefits resulting from a knowledge of the nature and extent of their mental faculties, is to say they have not been educated. All the regular education of the day is based on certain notions in respect to these faculties. No systematic plan of education can, in fact, be formed, without a philosophical analysis of the mind. A single glance will convince us of this. What are the objects of education? To borrow the ideas of an eminent writer (Dugald Stewart), they are, "to cultivate all the various principles of our nature, both speculative and active, so as to bring them to the highest degree of cultivation of which they are capable; to watch over the impressions and associations of early life; to keep the mind from falling into errors, and to engage its prepossessions on the side of truth."

How now is it possible to effect these ends, while we are unacquainted with the various principles of our nature? How can the mind be kept from falling into error when we are unable to see the defects through which it is liable to err? How can we bring a faculty to a high degree of cultivation, when we do not even know whether or not we possess that faculty? These things must necessarily be

understood, before anything like a rational system of education can be formed; and if those who have received the benefits of a liberal education deny the utility or importance of this study, it is as absurd and ridiculous as though an ordinary mechanic, having skill in the use of his square and compass, with only a slight knowledge of the rules by which he works, and without any acquaintance with the principles on which they are based, should condemn the noble efforts of Euclid and Newton, who, by the most remarkable intellectual combinations, sought out from the chaos of things, these early rules, from which he has derived all his skill and excellence.

Not only in the planning of education, and in the discipline of the mind, is metaphysics of great practical importance, but likewise in the classification of all knowledge. All branches of knowledge have an intimate relation with the philosophy of the mind. Our knowledge concerning every thing is limited by the extent of our intellectual powers. According to the nature of these powers, then, the mind acquires knowledge; and, as it investigates certain principles, it stores away its acquisitions. To acquire is only a part of the process of obtaining knowledge. It is necessary to retain it and to arrange it for use. Now the principles of arrangement must depend upon the nature of the faculties. Why does a certain adjustment of facts enable the mind to retain these facts, while another arrangement does not? Evidently, because one is made in accordance with the true laws of the mind, and the other is not. One follows the principles of association of ideas within, and the other does not. To arrange, then, properly, it is necessary to know these laws or principles of association, and a knowledge of them enables the educated man, in a much superior degree to the uneducated, to systematize his knowledge; and this is one of the great blessings of a good education. That the different departments of knowledge have been classified and subdivided, according to principles developed in mental philosophy, is, upon the least reflection, too evident to every educated man to be enlarged upon; and it is equally evident that many of the rules for the investigation of truth and for the communication of knowledge depend upon these principles.

If we now add to the above considerations, which are but a skel-

etion of the argument on the dignity and importance of this branch of philosophy, the true pleasure and gratification this study affords its honest votaries, in unravelling the mysteries of our being, and in tracing our manifold relations with each other and with the great Author of our existence, there will exist in it a charm, not to be despised by the real lover of knowledge. Those who cultivate this study with zeal can honestly utter the sentiment of the great Chancellor D'Aguesseau: " Shall I reject the succor of Metaphysics, and is there another science that I can put on a parallel with that which fixes my condition, by knowing God, by knowing myself—the only objects which truly merit my attention; the solid foundations of every thing springing from reason, and even of what pertains to religion, to which these studies lead us by the hand, and which strengthens, extends and perfects them?"

BOYD WINCHESTER.

Most men and most women are merely one couple more.—*Emerson*.

The glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall.—*Bovee*.

The gods approve the depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.—*Wordsworth*.

The good are always ready to be the upholders of the good in their misfortunes. Elephants even are wont to bear the burthens of elephants who have sunk in the mire.—*Hitopadesa*.

Wisdom alone is a science of other sciences and of itself.—*Plato*.

Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times.—*Bible*.

Wish not ever to seem wise, and if ever thou shalt find thyself accounted to be somebody, then mistrust thyself—for know that it is not easy to make a choice that shall agree both with outward things and with nature, but it must needs be that he who is careful of the one, shall neglect the other.—*Epictetus*.

The first, as indeed the last, nobility of education is in the rule over our thoughts.—*Ruskin*.

The discovery of what is true, and the practise of what is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—*Voltaire*.

The eye that sees all things else sees not itself.—*Proverb*.

IS THE DEVIL DEAD ?

II.

I sat down in my armchair and glanced toward my manuscript. "The Devil is dead!" How strange the sentence looked. The words grew larger and larger as I gazed! Each letter seemed to separate itself from the others and to stare at me malignantly!

THE DEVIL IS DEAD!

Each letter began to glow as with an inward fire—it was a dull red, then grew brighter and brighter. Little tongues of flame leaped in and out. Diminutive fiery snakes darted around the whole sentence, now here, now there, chasing each other in the maddest of races, back and forth, in and out, around and around, until my brain grew dizzy watching them. Pale blue flames shading into purple and violet danced over the manuscript. How dark the room was growing! The sun must be under a cloud! I started to go to the window. In an instant the room was filled with a smoky haze, which rendered everything indistinct.

I sat down again and made an effort to compose myself. There he was! The shadowy figure which had been designated as my Devil, leaned against the lace curtains without crushing or displacing them, and watched me apparently with some curiosity. Could he talk—this ethereal creature? After all the fellow was not so bad looking! How could he be when he resembled me?

"Who are you? What are you?" I inquired severely.

"I am your nearest associate, your most faithful counsellor and adviser, your ever-present, obedient servant," he replied. "Whatever you wish for I try to help you get, provided it is in the realm of sense."

"But you—you are nothing but an illusion. If I should come there and take hold of you, you would slip out of my hands like smoke. What are you—a dream?"

"That is what men call me when they find me troublesome, but

when they need my aid they call me by another name. They call me the Devil."

"If you are the Devil, what are you doing here in my study? I don't want you."

"Pardon—but you do! You need me every day. You would not know how to get on without me!"

"I do not wish to have anything to do with you," I replied, angrily resenting the contradiction. "You have no right to thrust yourself upon me! I never wanted you."

"Strange, how people will deceive themselves! If you had never wanted me I should have no existence. If I should take a vacation you would find that you couldn't possibly continue some of your business without me. Besides, I am not *the* Devil, but *your* Devil—your own particular private property in the shape of a Devil. You need me every day to find excuses for you, or you wouldn't be able to live with yourself. A man isn't happy unless his Devil is around to help him make excuses for what his conscience tells him are misdeeds. A conscience is a very uncomfortable thing to have; it is always finding fault and making disagreeable suggestions. According to my idea of things, men would be a great deal happier if they didn't have any. Yours is not big enough to be so very troublesome; still, if you could dispose of it altogether life would be a little smoother for me. It occasionally gives me some disturbance when it gets well stirred up. To be sure, that isn't often; but then—I don't like it. It makes me feel shaky. It isn't good for my health, as, of course, a well-developed conscience would be the ruin of my constitution. In time it might even cause my death. However, I don't fear that. We are on such friendly terms, and yours is so small and insignificant that I hope to smother it entirely in course of time. Some Devils, who have to deal with a large, well-developed conscience, are obliged to fight constantly merely to retain their existence."

"Your vile insinuations are insulting!" I cried angrily. "My conscience is all right. I am as good as my neighbors."

"Of course it is; of course you are," he replied soothingly.

"But it is!" I insisted.

“Certainly!—to be sure! I wouldn’t disagree with you for the world. Indeed, I am very glad you think so.”

The sneer on his evil face gave such a construction to his words that I longed to fell him to the earth, but how could I when he was no more palpable than smoke? I felt myself growing red in the face. How dared he talk so!

“You are very personal in your remarks. I am not accustomed to having my conscience pricked open and turned wrong side out for public examination, and I object.”

“No doubt you are not accustomed to it,” he murmured gently. “It is hardly large enough for that purpose.”

This reply so exasperated me that I sprang from my chair and tried to grasp the insulting demon by the throat. But as I approached he vanished into thin air. The spot where he stood was vacant when I reached it. I stared at it a moment and then went back to my seat. I took out my handkerchief and wiped my face. It was a warm day, and entertaining such remarkable visitors was warm work.

“Will you be kind enough to tell me how you propose to explain what has just occurred?” inquired my first visitor from the chair opposite.

“I am obliged to acknowledge that you are the most remarkable hypnotist that I ever saw, or heard of either, for that matter! I do not believe that even the Yogis or Rishis of India could surpass you. Dr. Heinsoldt describes nothing more remarkable. What I have seen is quite as surprising as to see a fifty-foot tree grow in a few moments from an unripe mango. I don’t think it would seem any stranger to have a man throw a rope into the air, and then climb up on it, until he disappeared in space, than it did to have that sneering demon melt out of my hands when I thought I had him sure. I would have sworn there was something there when I started for him—but there was not!”

“What made you think there was ‘something there’? How do you explain it?”

“You hypnotized me—made me see whatever you desired me to see.”

“Do you mean by that that you saw my thoughts?”

“That is a rather peculiar way of putting it,” I remarked somewhat puzzled. I feared to acknowledge too much lest he should get the better of me in the argument which I foresaw was to follow.

“What do you think the hypnotist does? Do you think he lifts the veil of sense and shows you things as they really are? Or, do you think that he uses his imagination to create pictures, which he wills that you shall see?”

“I do not understand the subject well enough to explain it, but the latter conjecture comes nearer to my idea of the matter.”

“Then do you think that my thought is a force, strong enough to clothe ideas and make them visible and tangible? Or does it merely act upon your brain and convince you that you see something which has no existence save in my imagination? Which would be the more wonderful? To see something which really exists in the same sense in which this chair and this table exist, or to see something which has no existence outside of your brain and mine?”

This was getting beyond me. I always hated metaphysics, even the amount one has to cram for in college. I felt anxious to change the subject.

“But I cannot understand how that impertinent demon could talk! There was not anything of him; he really was not there at all, and yet he talked! I can almost hear his sharp, discordant voice now. Explain that! I should like to understand it.”

“If I should explain to you exactly what has occurred you would not believe me.”

“If you tell me the truth why should I not believe you?”

“Simply because you are unable to comprehend the truth. The truth is so different from what you expect it to be that you are not open to evidence. Seeing is not believing. You distrust what you have seen with your own eyes, what you have heard with your own ears—according to your way of expressing yourself. But it is the spirit that sees, not the body. When the spirit has fled physical organs are of no avail. The physical is an obstruction to the spirit. When the spirit is free it sees things as they are. When the spirit shall obtain complete control of every atom of the body the sixth sense will be developed, and one can see without eyes and hear with-

out ears. That is what you have just been doing. My will-power helped your spirit free itself—in other words, I lifted the veil of matter which obstructed your vision. You saw what is invisible to the physical.”

“Do you mean to tell me that thing really exists—that creature I saw?”

“His existence is just as real as yours or mine. It will last as long as you continue to feed him.”

“I do not know how real you are—you have a habit of fading away to nothing. But as for me—I am a solid, substantial man.”

“I would that I could arouse you and awaken your sleeping faculties. Remember this one thing: The universe was created and is governed by thought-force. Thoughts are things—the most real things in existence. An evil thought is a power for evil. Greed of gold is the sin of your generation. Free yourself from it or it will drag you lower than you have yet been. Hell and heaven shade into each other. No human being is entirely good or utterly bad. We are all working our way out of the discord occasioned by our passions toward the perfect harmony which is heaven. Evil thoughts create devils which hinder our progress. Cast them from your soul as the farmer casts weeds from his garden. Good thoughts are the guides which will lead us to the very gates of heaven. Cultivate them that you may rise to a higher plane of existence and be in perfect harmony with the good which rules the universe.”

He was gone.

I have not seen him since.

Several weeks have passed and that afternoon's experience puzzles me yet. I can give no satisfactory explanation of the matter. I kept my own council for awhile, until I returned to the city and saw my friend, who is a scientist. I found him in the laboratory concocting vile-smelling compounds and cooking them in glass tubes over a gas jet. He put one in the sunshine and another in a darkened drawer, and sat down to talk with me while the precipitates formed. I began relating my recent experience to him. He did not seem interested, and before I had proceeded very far he interrupted me.

“It must have been a dream, you know. It could not have been

anything else. It was a warm afternoon and you fell asleep in your chair. Curious and interesting, perhaps, as a dream, but hardly worth the time and attention of busy men like ourselves."

In vain I protested that it was not a dream; that I had never been more wide awake in my life; that every faculty was aroused and on the alert. He merely smiled with an air of mental superiority for which I have not yet forgiven him. The exact shade of color of the precipitates forming in those little glass tubes was a matter of more moment to him seemingly than the existence or non-existence of invisible intelligence. As I was about to leave he made this remark: "If you are sure you were not asleep I would advise you to see a doctor at once."

What did he mean? Which did he take me for—a lunatic or an idiot?

However, I concluded to follow his advice just to see what the doctor would say. I dropped into the office next day and asked the doctor to look me over. He did so and pronounced me in good physical condition.

"Why did you come to me? What did you think was the matter?" he inquired.

I gave an account of my interview with the scientist. He asked me to relate my experience, which I did at some length. He listened patiently and shook his head gravely when I was through.

"Your body is all right, but the brain may be disordered. I would advise you to see L——, the specialist, at once. He is good authority on brain diseases."

L—— is a specialist on insanity! It really was laughable. I might have been angry if the situation had not been so ludicrous. Did they take me for a madman?

"Is that the attitude of science towards experiences which it finds itself unable to explain?" I asked myself as I hurried along the sidewalk to make up for the time lost. I thought the matter over that night and decided to do as the doctor said and call on the specialist.

L—— received me with great dignity of manner. I felt that he took note of every gray hair, every wrinkle, and of the voluntary or involuntary twitching of every muscle, while he was asking me to be

I looked him squarely in the face and told him that I wished if there were any symptoms of insanity about me. He asked thousand questions in regard to ancestry, personal habits and characteristics. I assured him that there were no lunatics in the and never had been to the best of my knowledge. Then followed a short conversation on general subjects, at the end of which that, as far as he was able to discover, I was just as sane as he. "What in creation did the doctor mean by sending you to me?"

There is just one thing more, doctor! When you asked me if I am in the habit of seeing visions, or if shadowy figures disturbed my night, I said no! and it was true. I am not in the habit of seeing visions, but I have had one strange experience; however, it was during the daytime."

He listened attentively to what had befallen me that June after-

"I can't understand it! You have no other symptoms. I should think you were in perfect health, physically and mentally, but for this remarkable hallucination. It may prove troublesome. Don't let it bother you again if you can help it. Put it out of your mind. If you have any more symptoms come to me immediately."

I tried to put it out of my mind, indeed! I had no such intention. I intended to discuss the matter with my friends and see if any one of them could offer an intelligent explanation of what had occurred.

I went to my friend who is a minister. I did not expect that he would be able to explain my experience, but I felt curious to know what he would say about it. Would he, too, take me for a lunatic? He listened to me with grave attention.

"It was a strange experience, and I cannot explain it," he said. "There are many ways of reaching out to awaken the soul. It seems to me that your experience contains a great moral lesson. Evil things are of the devil, and the more we encourage them the greater the power they obtain over us. That is certainly true. The evil in us grows and fatten upon our evil thoughts. If I were you I should profit by the lesson and not puzzle my brains too much over it. It was received. Of course, I do not for a moment imagine

that everything occurred literally as you described it. You are gifted with a brilliant imagination and had probably been reading 'Black and White Magic,' or something of that sort, which interested and impressed you. I should say that it was a sort of waking dream, if I may so express it. Part of your mental faculties were busy drawing pictures while another part looked on. You were not asleep in the ordinary sense of the word, neither were you really awake. Accept the lesson. Avoid evil thoughts as you would avoid devils. Kill them out. The lesson is practical; live it."

I decided to consult my friend, who is a spiritualist. He listened attentively and asked me a great many questions in regard to deceased relatives and friends. I assured him that I had not lost a relative in ten years, nor any one whom I felt like calling a dear friend. This seemed to puzzle him, especially when I stated that I had never been in the habit of seeing extraordinary things, or hearing "raps" or "knocks." He finally assured me that my visitor was an astral, but I could gain no very definite idea as to what he meant by an astral. It seemed to be something like a deserted shell, which had once encased a human being, but was now floating around in the air, with the power of making itself visible to those who are susceptible to such influences. Now, I never was known to be susceptible to any sort of an "influence" unless it was as solid as a silver dollar.

Next I consulted my friend who is a theosophist. He, too, was interested, but before he had asked me a half-dozen questions he thought he knew all about it.

"Your visitor was an Adept," he said.

"What's that?" I inquired.

"He was a Mahatma, one of the Masters, a member of the Brotherhood."

"So you think he was really alive, do you, and not a mere shell?"

"Certainly he was alive."

"But how could he disappear so mysteriously? How was it that I would see him, and then not see him, and then see him again?"

"What you saw was merely his astral, and it is very difficult to keep an astral in view constantly."

“His astral! I thought you said he was alive?”

“So he is; but his physical body may have been thousands of miles from where you were. It may have been, and probably was, India or Thibet.”

“Then you think what I saw was the ghost of a living man, do you?” (The spiritualist thought it was the ghost of a dead man.)

“You might put it so. He was evidently some one with whom you have been closely connected in previous lives—a former friend or dearly loved brother, perhaps.”

Next I consulted my friend who is an occultist. He, too, seemed much interested in my experiences, and questioned me closely.

“Well, how do you explain it?” I asked at the close of a long conversation.

“I can’t explain it! Such things are inexplicable, in our present state of knowledge. We know so little about the occult forces which surround us. All we can do is to guess. I should say that you were probably in the hands of some powerful planetary spirit.”

“Planetary spirit! What is that?”

“A being who possesses the power of passing through space from one planet to another. He may once have been human; in his case I should judge that he had been connected with you in some previous life, and so takes a peculiar interest in you. I think you will see him again.”

“I am not particularly anxious about it. But I would like to know how it is that a shade, or a ghost, a creature that is one moment visible and the next invisible—could talk!”

“He did not talk—that is, he did not make use of vocal organs to convey his impressions as you and I do.”

“But I heard his voice as distinctly as I hear yours!”

“No doubt you thought so; it is all a matter of vibrations.”

“Vibrations?”

“Yes; have you ever made an especial study of vibrations?”

“No.”

“You should. It is the coming science. When we understand the universal law which governs vibrations, we will be able to do much that he did.”

“A man who could do the tenth part of what he did could make his fortune.”

“No doubt; but do you think that would be the best use to which such a man could put his peculiar powers?”

“Why not? What else could he do?”

“Would it not be better for him to work for the advancement of the human race?”

“Theoretically it might be; but practically, what is the use? Evil is not likely to disappear. Ingalls says: ‘Ignorance, want, sin, and misery are indispensable to humanity, because without them virtue could not exist, benevolence would cease, and intellectual progress would be impossible.’ Abominable as it sounds, isn’t it true?”

I thoroughly enjoy getting my occult friend started on some such topic as the progress of the human race.

“True? no; there is nothing true about it! That is a low view of life and its possibilities. Our destiny is onward and upward, ever onward. The earth is but a speck in the universe which is our home. Look at the stars and consider that each is a sun larger than ours, and probably surrounded by more planets than our solar system contains. How can a man whose experience has been restricted to one little planet get up self-confidence enough to say: ‘Behold! I have measured the universe! There is nothing in it greater than myself! Man is the highest intelligence—except his creator!’ Some are not even sure that we have a creator. How can a man think that all the rest of the universe is a mere blank, a desert waste without life? On the contrary, the universe is full of life. Even the air is inhabited. We are not kings. We are not even members of the royal family—as yet! Far from it; we belong to the lower forms of life. We are among the most helpless and insignificant of living creatures. As a worm is to man, so are we to the higher planetary spirits. But it is in our power to rise to their level. Think what a noble destiny! And yet so many people are not able to look beyond the earth plane! They spend their lives feeding the body and let the spirit within pine of neglect. Your visitor came to awaken you to a higher life. This is a wonderful age! Thousands of people are meeting with experiences similar to yours.”

At this point our conversation was interrupted. I have had no opportunity to continue it although there are many more things I would like to hear explained. Not that I always understand, even after my occult friend has explained. I am of the opinion that there are a few things connected with the machinery of the universe which he does not understand himself.

Who and what was my visitor?

Was he an astral shell, as the spiritualist thought?

Was he an adept, as the theosophist said?

Was he a planetary spirit, as my occult friend thought?

Or was he—the devil himself?

I have not finished the article I was writing when he called. In fact, I have changed my mind about some things. I am not half so sure as I was that the devil is dead.

H. E. ORCUTT.

(*Concluded.*)

The first business of the philosopher is to part with self-conceit.—*Epictetus.*

The first thing for acceptance of truth is to unlearn human doctrines and become as a little child.—*General Gordon.*

The folly of all follies is to be love-sick for a shadow.—*Tennyson.*

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.—*Lowell.*

Wisdom is a defense, and money is a defense; but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.—*Bible.*

The face of a man gives us fuller and more interesting information than his tongue; for his face is the compendium of all he will ever say, as it is the one record of all he has thought and endeavored.—*Schopenhauer.*

I have often wondered how it is that every man loves himself more than all the rest of men, but yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

When we live by principles instead of traditions, by obedience to the law of the mind instead of passion, the Great Mind will enter into us, not as now in fragments and detached thoughts, but the light of to-day will shine backward and forward.—*Emerson.*

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

A plain and simple definition of what we term consciousness would be: Knowing thought.

From observations founded upon careful investigation, it may be stated as a fact that the first instincts exhibited by the animal mind, show a certain state of consciousness of existence in which is implanted the desire or love of life. The lowest forms of animal existence teach us this by symptoms of fear when life is in danger. These facts were brought to the mind of the writer by a forceful incident some years ago. A drain pipe had sprung aleak and, not being discovered for several days, the drippings had seeped under the linoleum covering the floor, causing a condition favoring the breeding of maggots. As the linoleum was lifted, the maggots scurried over the floor like a flock of sheep, trying to hide again under the friendly covering; the scurrying too, was in the right direction for concealment.

From the investigations of biologists, we learn that the infinitesimal lives revealed by microscopic study exhibit the same characteristic signs.

Fear, therefore, may well be termed the lowest form of consciousness or knowing. But it has its root and springs from love of life—that deep-seated intuition that causes Man to cling to it and endure the tortures of martyrdom before parting with it.

That life has been held so precious by the great majority of humanity, leads us to the conclusion that natural life, in and of itself, must be good. Therefore every manifestation of life must be a part of a harmonious plan that is for the mutual benefit of the whole realm of creation.

To discover this plan of harmony, will lead the soul to enter into many different states of consciousness, and it would be folly to adopt any doctrine or dogma that would keep one a lifetime in the same state.

The consciousness of existence and fear are the original states of

knowing, that underlie the law known to the Material Scientists as "The survival of the fittest." This law is claimed to prove the evolution of the material universe from the one-celled atom of protoplasm, to Man—the highest creature in the scale of physical life. The powers of conscious knowing, brought to light by the lowest types of humanity, appear in the same evolutionary forms as they are found in the lower scales of, what is usually termed, unconscious life.

Among savage and barbarian races, "the survival of the fittest" is the law of the community, and they exemplify it in the savage custom of destroying the weak and deformed children and old people.

As Man begins to develop the conscious knowledge of his thought-life, he plans and invents changes that benefit his environment and he gradually rises above the law we have spoken of, as he no longer allows himself to become a prey to the elementary forces of nature. The consciousness of civilization has dawned, and with it a consciousness of moral laws and forces.

Corresponding to his new ideas, and, as he recognizes a certain sort of responsibility toward his fellow-beings, Man drops a portion of his savage nature. In this state of consciousness, material savagery almost ceases to exist.

Fear, however, as well as the selfishness it engenders, still clings to the consciousness of the civilized man, but now it is called by a new name—Ambition; and it is expressed in the proverbs of the nation: "Competition is the life of trade," etc.

To succeed along any line of material or intellectual attainment, often leads to the grossest of selfishness; for Man's consciousness then begins to deceive his own soul and to cheat it out of spiritual growth and development. In place of cattle-raids and the subjugation of neighboring tribes, we have the hurry and worry of modern civilization; which, in order to accomplish the accumulation of wealth and the intellectual and æsthetic pleasures it brings in its train, crowd to the wall the weak and helpless elements of humanity; and such customs are justified, because they seem to be in accord with scientific principle as expressed through natural law.

Through all the existing planes, and combinations of planes, of animal and intellectual humanity, the wise observer traces the old animal consciousness of fear, with all the varying grades of selfishness that it breeds. In many households of our land, the gray threads of fear are all that is offered to the little trembling souls who are incarnated in them to weave "their coat of many colors." Is it not high time, now at the close of the 19th century, for an educated and enlightened people to lay aside the old animal consciousness and press on into higher planes of knowledge. To become conscious, that only in the development of the spiritual nature, as expressed by the love philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth (Matt. 22: 37-40) can the end be obtained; for it is this quality of love that casteth out fear.

Far too many of the religious people of to-day are still worshipping the conception of God formed by the old Jewish dispensation. They still look at God through the medium of the evolutionary laws of Nature that, as St. Paul expressed it, "groans and travails in pain, to be delivered": waiting for a spiritual people to express in their home and national life the love-consciousness of their Elder Brother. Religious people are afraid to accept the scientific theory of evolution, because they believe that Man will come to the conclusion that if he has evolved from a toadstool or a monkey, he will without conscious effort evolve into an angel. But this conclusion cannot follow.

With birth into the highest realm of the animal kingdom, man is recast in the image of his Maker and becomes endowed with the God-like potentiality of choosing,—he is a free moral agent—is left untrammelled to follow the evolutionary forces of nature in a circle or to lift himself out of them, at any arc of degree, where he has a desire strong enough to "step over the line" and become born again of love, out of his animal consciousness into the Divine consciousness. Then his soul is filled with Divine love and sympathy and all his forces are centred in a desire to work with the Creator, and to help uplift and benefit his fellowmen.

Beneath a gateway, formed by the doctrine of Man's free will, the true Religionist and the Material Scientist may clasp hands in brotherly love, and both gain the highest wisdom.

HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

CHILDREN OF THE KING.

AN ALLEGORY.*

II.

So, leaving the smaller princes to wander about, this older brother went alone into the forest and hewing a large block of wood from a fallen tree he began to carve it into the shape of a terrible monster, with ferocious fangs hanging from hideous jaws and great, cavernous eye-sockets from which staring eyes glared.

The immense log had lain there so long that it had become soft and afforded small resistance to the worker's sharp tools.

He smiled to himself as he looked at the awful thing his own hand was fashioning, knowing well that it would give him power over his little brothers. Their faith was implicit. They would believe this wooden monster was a sentient thing—a god that could destroy.

And when the time came for him to summon them, he sought his younger brothers, and told them in accents of awe of an awful something he had chanced upon in the forest.

Trembling with apprehension, yet urged onward by curiosity, the wondering children followed their informant into the deepest depths of the forest. When they reached the darkest part of it, and the little ones discovered the terrible thing scowling at them from out of the gloom, they shrieked aloud in their great fright and hid their faces in their hands.

“Behold!” cried the elder brother in thunder tones, turning suddenly upon the flock of children who had followed him into the forest's gloomy heart. “Behold! This is the king who rules over all! Down, down on your knees before him, you miserable sinners!”

At this the little ones fell down in affright, weeping bitterly in their helpless misery. Oh, *how* afraid they were! And as sorry as afraid, for they had always believed that their father, the King, was

*Continued from p. 104, Vol. IX.

a beautiful being who loved them, and never a hideous, hateful monster who threatened to kill them in his wrath!

So far so good. His method, in a measure, had succeeded; but only with the smaller children. To his discomfiture, the elder brother noticed that here and there among the flock were those who did not bend the knee in abject terror. These were older children, brave in their wisdom.

The half-grown ones—not without some natural fear at so terrible and unexpected a sight—stood gazing at the great wooden image under the trees. Among them was one who stood at the very edge of the crowd farthest away from the frightful thing that was causing them so much misery, and near enough to the golden sunlight outside to feel safe in his position.

He knew that he himself could escape if only he started to run when the monster—if it were, indeed, a wrathful god—made the first motion toward devouring his foolish brothers who had crowded up so close to the baleful object, only to fall prone before it in an agony of fear. He felt sure that he had but to step out into the sweet sunlight to be safe; for such a creature as this could never leave its own dark shadows.

So, safe in his position near the living light, he stood erect, and gazed across his sobbing brothers, at that which had struck such terror to their young hearts. And, as he looked, a ray from the Sun of Truth shot through the shadowy branches overhead, and, for a second's space, touched the hideous face of the image.

In the light of this living ray he discovered something which caused him to gaze more earnestly, and with questioning eyes. Was it, indeed, alive? And was it, indeed, about to speak?

A tremor shook him. He trembled from the fright which suddenly assailed him. Doubts filled his mind with dread misgivings, and to his troubled eyes the very sunlight, outside of the gloomy forest began to pale!

Suppose, after all, the awful thing was what his younger brothers seemed to believe that it was—suppose what had been told him was true—for it had seemed to move—it had—it had!

The eyes which glared with unholy hatred upon them had changed

as he had watched—but wait—another ray will touch it—he will dare to look again!

A second time the white ray shone upon the image. That which had made the carven features seem to move was made clear to him. From the deep-eye sockets, from the hideous, pointed ears, from the black nostrils, and spaces between the gleaming fangs crawled an army of little insects which lived in the wood of rotting trees!

Then he knew that his older brother had fashioned this absurd monster with his own hands. With the finding of facts came the losing of fear. He made his way swiftly out and around the outskirts of the weeping crowd, and, gaining the foot of the pedestal upon which it stood, he reached as high as his young arms would allow and dealt the wooden image a resounding blow!

With a cry of rage its maker threw himself upon his daring brother, and, because of his size and his greater strength, soon overpowered him.

Hearing the terrible din—the noises of which came from the direction of the great monster—the frightened children dare not raise their eyes to see what dreadful thing must be happening. They cowered before the thing of wrath, each awaiting his moment of certain annihilation. Because of this mighty fear the elder brother saw that none durst look toward him, and, taking advantage of this favorable opportunity, he bound the boy he had so ruthlessly grasped in his wrath and threw him into a cavern near by.

And in this gloomy place the brave young soul was forced to stay the livelong day—even until the night came at last, and all the world was hushed again in slumber.

He was not altogether unhappy, for although he was bound, hand and foot, and was more helpless than any baby among them all, he knew, he knew, he knew that there was really no terrible monster ready to devour his dear little brothers or hurt them in any way! That the awful thing at which they dared not look was nothing but a great chunk of rotten wood—the home of tiny, crawling insects that made free with it!

But oh, how he wished that he might go to those precious little brothers, and tell them not to cry—to explain away their mighty

fears and make them realize that only as they themselves imagined it so was the insensate image terrible!

He heard their shrieks of dire dismay, their moans of distress, their abject prayers for mercy, and his heart was filled with a compassion that could not make itself known to them, nor do them any good.

“They must find it all out for themselves,” he thought, as he lay, inert and helpless, upon the cold stone floor of the cave. “Sometime one of them will happen to look up and catch sight of what was shown to me in the clear light of truth, and he will be wiser than I, and whisper it softly to those nearest him, and bid them repeat it to the others. It was a foolish thing to do—to think only of my own enlightenment, and rush up there and slap that poor old piece of wood! An innocent, harmless image, that does not know with what great dread the children look upon it—oh, my punishment is just, for my rash act was all selfishness! And I must have killed some of the little insects when I beat upon the walls of their home. I must have taken innocent lives with that worse than foolish blow! Let me be punished, then—let me atone for all the wrongs I have done—all the errors I have committed; it is just, it is right; and though it wrings my heart to hear the cries of my poor brothers whom, had I been wise, I might now be comforting, let this thought be my hardest punishment and purge me of all future selfishness!”

As he ceased his self-communing a soft, rosy light began to gleam in the cave; a tender radiance that increased in soft splendor until the place about him was a dream of beauty. Every drop of moisture, every damp rock-surface reflected the fine pink fire, and the light crept even into the crevices, fissures and gloomier corners of the cavern.

At this the youth marveled greatly, knowing not that his own tender, beautiful thought, his sincere contrition, his divine compassion had wrought this miracle. There was no gloom, nor shadow, nor dismal corner left in what had seemed to him at first a living tomb. And the rosy fire seemed to bathe his material senses as dew bathes the flowers of the field, and he no longer felt the cords that pinioned his limbs. His body became senseless to suffering,

and his spirit soared, unfettered, to the regions of endless space!

And, because of this, the child knew not when the long night closed in upon his brothers, and they, worn by their harrowing emotions, sank into a slumber, dreamless and profound. Nor did he realize that at last the new day had dawned, and that, one by one, the little fellows were rubbing sleepy eyes still stained by tears, and beginning to look about them with the old-time fear and dread.

It was not until the glorious sun stood overhead, and many things had happened in that outer world, that the happy prisoner heard the sound of his brothers' voices and the noise of their nearing footsteps.

They were approaching the cave. Had some child been as foolish as he himself had been, and were they fetching there a second prisoner?

Nearer and nearer came the little band of princes. As they advanced, the rosy light of the cavern, dulled to shimmering pearl, which met and mingled with the clear, white radiance of the new day when the stone was rolled from the mouth of the cavern.

The princes, entering, set their brother free, and bade him fear not. Another day had dawned, they said to him—a glorious day after the long, dark night, and the sun of truth had shown so brilliantly into the forest that the older, braver children had dared to look and see that which the pure light made manifest to all who were not too cowardly to raise their eyes.

They bade their brother follow them, and see for himself what had befallen the idol of yesterday. With a glad heart he left the cave, and stood before the image; lo! all that was left of it was a dark pile of rotted wood fast crumbling into nothingness—the insects had destroyed it all!

EVA BEST.

(To be continued.)

Thy present opinion founded on understanding, and thy present conduct directed to social good, and thy present disposition of contentment with everything which happens—that is enough.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

COME INTO THE HEAVENLY SILENCE.

The author of the following beautiful poem also wrote "*The Song of the Soul Victorious*," which has been received with such high appreciation from the Atlantic to the Pacific; also in England and other countries. B.

Come into the Heavenly Silence,
To the inmost stillness and calm;
Lave thy soul in the fount of knowledge,
And drink of its wonderful balm!

O, *here* is the Temple of Wisdom;
'Tis the centre and source of light,
Where the Seers of all the Ages
Have been quickened and crowned with sight!

With the mantle of Love around thee,
And its diadem on thy brow,
A halo of peace will surround thee,
And thy life with new charms endow!

Leave the burdens of Earth behind thee,
And cares that are bounded by sense;
Arise to the realm of the Spirit,
To the Rock of Eternal Defence!

Away with all sorrow and sighing,
With depression and gloom and strife!
And the death that forever is dying
Shall be changed to the Fullness of Life!

Come into the Silence and listen;
'Tis the Temple where God doth reign;
Where His mysteries are unfolded,
And His laws made clear and plain!

O, speed to the Holy of Holies!
For here is the mystical key
That unlocks the manifold treasures
Of Creation, and makes them free!

Tread softly, the Angels are near thee,
By their love is the Father revealed—
He crowneth His faithful servants,
And biddeth them rule in His field!

* * * * *

Speed on, O ye brave Overcomers;
Your day is resplendent and bright!
The harvest is ripe for the Reaper,
And the Reaper is ripe for the Light!

The Summer is passed, and the Autumn,
With its bountiful fruitage, is here—
And your faithful hands have garnered
The sheaves of the Vanishing Year!

From the fields aglow with the morning
To the roseate sunset hue,
There is many a golden splendor
That charmeth our eyes to view.

There are halos of sunbeam and blossom,
Fair hill-tops and sweet-scented dells,
With groves and ravishing gardens
Of roses and asphodels.

But away in the Realm Ideal,
In the beautiful regions of Light,
Where Life has revealed the Real
To the ken of the innermost sight;

In this Kingdom surpassing all others
Is a garden of deathless mold;
Whose fair immortelles and aromas
In a flood of sweet charms unfold.

Surpassing, transcending all others,
Are the blossoms of high renown
That the faithful soul has garnered,
And wrought in a heavenly Crown.

By the storm-cloud the earth-blooms are smitten;
In a moment their fragrance is lost;
And the germs that survive the tempest
Are bitten to death by the frost.

Not so with the blooms of the Spirit
In their halos of purple and gold;
They shall crown the world with their glory
As the Cycles of Time unfold.

They shall spring in their deathless beauty,
They shall mantle the sacred ground
Where the Soul hath toiled and conquered,
And the key of its goal hath found.

More precious than gold are the roses
That bloom on the hilltops of Light,
Where Life in its fullness reposes
'Mid fields everlasting and bright.

Toil on, O, thou Spirit Immortal!
Cast thy seed in the soil and wait
For the harvest that opens the portal
Of thine own Celestial Estate!

* * * * *

In the balmy hour of the morning,
When the dewdrop is on the sod
I lave in the Ocean of Silence,
Alone with the stillness and God.

In the inmost calm do I linger,
Am blest that existence is mine,
As I kneel beside its altar,
As I bow before its shrine.

In its Temple the Spirit is reigning;
While the music is sweet within
No babel of sounds can molest it,
Nor distract with its ceaseless din.

There is light, there is life in the Silence
When the break of the morn is nigh;
And to one who hath drank from its fullness
The fountain shall never be dry.

Thou Pilgrim, o'erburdened and weary,
There is rest for thy soul's delight;
For the path thou hast found in the valley
Is leading thy way to the height!

Thou shalt taste the new wine of the Kingdom;
Drink deep and come into the calm!
And be girded anew with thine armor
Ere thou bravest the wrath of the storm!

Come now, while the flood-gates are open,
In the Temple of Silence be taught!
Launch thy bark on the Boundless Waters
That flow through the Kingdom of Thought!

ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CO-OPERATIVE RESEARCH.

The active interest in matters philosophical and occult that has been developing during the past twenty years, in such a variety of ways and among so many people, and which has been the object of independent research by a large number of students while dealing with many subjects, quite naturally results in a feeling that if these thinkers could combine their efforts they might help each other in forming conclusions and so prove to be of a still greater benefit to the public at large.

This thought has taken form in various parts of the world, resulting in organizations of diverse kinds based upon differing principles of action. Doubtless each one has accomplished some good and helped to increase interest in a train of ideas which, being practically infinite, cannot be overestimated, or viewed in too many lights. In New York City there has been a quiet and somewhat conservative contingency of very earnest and appreciative minds thinking closely and working carefully to *demonstrate the actual truth* of the numerous laws and principles presented under the general head of "New Thought." These have worked sometimes alone and sometimes together in small groups, newly interested minds coming, at intervals, to each group.

A strong desire has arisen to bring these and other similar ones together in concerted action for the broadest possible work, and for the general good of all the world of thinkers. To this end a meeting was held at 272 Madison avenue, New York City, on the evening of April 15th, to consider the subject and evolve plans. The lecture-room was well filled and a most enthusiastic meeting was held. Speeches were made by several well-known men showing a comprehensive appreciation of the subject and a unanimous vote was cast to organize at once

and incorporate a society for literary work inclusive of all subjects coming under the heads of 'Philosophy, Metaphysics and Occult Science, all investigation to be conducted in a careful, thorough, and impartial manner, and all proceedings to be entirely impersonal and for the benefit of all humanity. One aim—Universal Knowledge—was the sentiment of the meeting. A library is to be established and maintained on a more liberal scale than has before been given to this subject, and intended to become the foremost Scientific and Philosophic Library of the world. More than a thousand titles have already been contributed.

The Society will maintain Library and Reading-Rooms, conveniently situated, which will be a general headquarters and rendezvous for all interested in the liberal-thought movements.

Membership will be provided for non-residents as well as residents, and correspondence privileges will be maintained to further full and free co-operation from all countries.

We believe our readers will be glad to hear of this important movement, and we take pleasure in making it known. It is too early, at this writing, to obtain the full proceedings of the organizing meeting, but they will be reported in our June number.

Interested parties who wish to join in the work may communicate with the editor of this periodical, who will see that the necessary information is given.

METAPHYSICS AND THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE.

METAPHYSICS. By Borden P. Bowne, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University. Revised Ed. From new plates. New York and London. Harper & Brothers. 1898.

THEORY OF THOUGHT AND KNOWLEDGE. By Borden P. Bowne, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1897.

The term thought is often used with two entirely distinct meanings. It may signify all mental activity, but it may also signify the contents grasped through that activity. Professor Bowne defines thought:

From the subjective standpoint as that form of mental activity whose aim is

truth or knowledge. The reality and peculiarity of thought as a special form of activity will appear if we contrast it with the affections of sense.

He maintains in both works that:

Knowledge can never be a passive reflection of an existing order, still less can it be a passive reception of ready-made knowledge from without. It must rather be viewed as an active construction of the object within and for our thought and by our thought itself.

And what is thought?

Thought is an organic activity, which unfolds from within and can never be put together mechanically from without.

What is reality?

How can we answer this question otherwise than by opening our eyes and telling what we see? or by looking into experience and reporting what we find? This is a very natural question, and for all those on the sense plane it is decisive. But, at a very early date in the history of reflective thought, it became clear that the conceptions we spontaneously and unreflectingly form are not those in which we can finally rest. If we attempt to rest in things as they appear, we find ourselves involved in all manner of difficulties.

There are then two ways of reality: one for the senses, the spontaneous and unreflective thought, and another for the reflective thought. Our author does not deny the truth of the former; he speaks of phenomenal reality and ontological or causal reality. We cannot, however, rest in the former as final, but are compelled to pass behind the intuitions of sense to the noumenon. The latter has causality and substantiality. How is it that the former exercises so great an influence?

In the works before us the author shows how the fallacy arises; how the common man comes to give a *real reality* to sense objects, not knowing that things are not as they seem. He summarizes his teachings thus (*Metaphysics*, p. 422):

It is partly due to the conviction, which no one questions, that our thought grasps an order which it does not make, but finds. This independence of our thought is mistaken for an independence of all thought; and crude realism results. The illusion further rests on the failure to distinguish between the phenomenal and the ontological reality. Common sense unhesitatingly takes phenomena for substantial realities, and takes the phenomenal categories as the deepest facts of real existence. In this way it builds up a mechanical and material system which often proves a veritable Frankenstein for its creator.

Common-sense minds believe in the ghosts they themselves have created, the spectres of their own minds; they are like children in that respect. According to Professor Bowne:

The world of things can be defined and understood only as we give up the

notion of our extra-mental reality altogether, and make the entire world a thought world; that is, a world that exists only through and in relation to intelligence. Mind is the only ontological reality. Ideas have only conceptual reality. Ideas energized by will have phenomenal reality. Besides these realities there is no other. This is what is called my idealism. Historically, it might be described as Kantianized Berkeleianism. In itself it might be called phenomenalism, as indicating that the outer world has only phenomenal reality. It might also be called objective idealism, as emphasizing the independence of the object of individual subjectivity. It is idealism, as denying all extra-mental existence and making the world of objective experience a thought world which would have neither meaning nor possibility apart from intelligence. And this is the conception to which speculative thought is fast coming.

We cannot define the nature of these two works in any better terms than these of the author himself. It seems, however, to us that he has omitted the best word of all, the one most expressive of his standpoint; it is: the mystic. In that one word is included all the above definitions, though, to be sure, it has a wider range. As it is, the readers of our magazine will see at once how important these works will be to them. There is nothing like them in the flood of so-called Mind-literature. The many attempts that are made in magazine articles or minor writings, are so one-sided and subjective that they destroy themselves by their absurd solipsisms. It would be well for our readers to establish reading circles and use these two books for texts. Begin with the last and see:

That thought is an organic activity which unfolds from within, and can never be put together mechanically from without. . . . Externalism can be overcome only by an insight into the activity and organic unity of thought itself.

The whole of Professor Bowne's "Theory of Thought and Knowledge":

Goes to show that nothing is harder to grasp than thought, and yet nothing is nearer to us. The reason is that "thought hides behind itself and takes its own products for original data from without."

When it has been seen that "thought is an organic activity," and not a mechanical process or anything else, the reader will see how these two books prepare him for an examination and valuation of the two great classes of philosophic theories: theories of being and theories of knowing. They will help him in the first to determine whether Being is to be conceived as mechanical and unintelligent or as purposive and intelligent. And they will settle for him, as regards the latter, whether mind is active or passive in knowledge; whether knowledge is determined by laws within itself or is only a mechanical reflection of objects in a passive consciousness.

C. H. A. B.

THEORIES OF THE WILL.

THEORIES OF THE WILL IN THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By
Archibald Alexander, New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

At last a man has attempted to elucidate the will, which is perhaps the most difficult subject of philosophy. It requires special courage and no ordinary mind to handle such a subject as the will, because the term itself is so ambiguous and its uses so many, both ontologically, physiologically, psychologically, ethically, etc. In the book before us we get not only the historical development of the subject in its larger representative forms, but the author gives us also a constructive explanation of voluntary action. On the ambiguity of the word we are told that it:

Extends to many words often used in connection with the subject: such as *motive, choice, freedom* and *necessity*. A definition of will involves a consideration of the history of theories; it involves criticism, and even controversy. Some writers have defined the term, others have thought it indefinable. It has been used in a general psychological sense, to denote the whole character and disposition of man, together with the expression of these in action. It has been used in a special sense to describe the *fiat* of the mind in effecting action, an intellectual affirmation or denial, an impression, a muscular feeling or a nervous impulse. It has further been used to denote a general metaphysical or moral principle, as in the systems of Kant and Schopenhauer. Moralists have fixed its meaning in conformity to their practical needs; metaphysicians have sometimes discussed it, with very little reference to the facts of consciousness. Above all, the whole subject has been confused by that interminable dispute usually called the free-will controversy.

The reader will at once see the difficulties to be encountered and also the need of just such a work as that before us. Metaphysicians stand in need of it, no matter what their own theories may be or those of the school they represent.

The author himself deems it inadvisable to attempt to define will. He offers a provisional statement to show the general field that has been traversed. This is it:

Will is a general term, applicable to certain psychical events, and is primarily an object of psychology. These events are not all of the same kind. They cannot be called conscious states or acts, for some philosophers hold there is unconscious volition. They cannot be said to be peculiar to man, for theologians treat of the will of God; and there are no good grounds for denying that there is will in the lower animals. They cannot be said to be altogether deliberate, for there is a distinction between impulsive volition and volition with a purpose.

Although these statements seem reserved, they contain, however, the whole substance of will. They show clearly that the term will stands for something fundamental; that it represents a synthesis of various forms, not only "psychical events," but ontological principles and physiological factors as well.

The author modestly disclaims the title "History" of theories of the will, because, as he says, his book includes only the theories of the more important philosophers. It is true enough that it does not exhaust the literature of the subject, neither was there any need of it. He gives us, however, six chapters in 357 pages and they cover: (1) the theories of will in the Socratic period; (2) the Stoic and Epicurean theories; (3) the will in Christian theology; (4) the theories in British philosophy from Bacon to Reid; (5) those of philosophers from Descartes to Leibnitz, and finally (6) theories of the will in German philosophy from Kant to Lotze.

In conclusion we wish to quote a few lines from old Dr. Rauch. They seem apropos.

Reason is nothing else than will with prevailing consciousness, and will is reason with a prevailing practical tendency.

We think we must come to some such conclusion, for it is necessary to hold that the mind is one. Confucius expressed himself somewhat similarly when he spoke of a "determined mind." So much for will from the standpoint of psychology. Will from the standpoint of Ethics is to be treated under Ethics and is a different subject, but our author has found it necessary to enter upon that field from time to time. The subject compelled him to do so, and the result has been a most valuable work on the foundation stone of Ethics. It is to be hoped that he will next give us a work on "The Will in Ethics;" it follows logically upon the present.

The real problem to which the subject of the will relates is the one on the nature of the power that determines our actions, be they mental or otherwise. Is it so, as St. Augustine asserted, that "we are nothing else than wills?" Must we give that power so great a significance as did the Christian theologians? What that was and how it grew out of Paul's teachings, the reader will find exhaustively treated in Alexander's third chapter: "Theories of the will in Christian theology." May it perhaps be a complete psychological mistake to recognize such a power? There may be no such power. Maybe, as the Stoics taught, that will and desire are one with thought and may be resolved into it. Their saying was *omne actum est in intellectu*. Maybe there is no will in a metaphysical sense, and that that term is

only a term that applies to a species of impressions; that it simply expresses certain physiological states. That is psycho-physics. As the reader observes, the latter two possibilities do away with such a power as we spoke of above. The question therefore is: Is there such a power or not? The first standpoint, represented above, as the standpoint of Christian theology, asserts that there is. Such a view involves all the difficulties of dualism, etc. The latter, the one represented, as above, by the Stoics especially, and by psycho-physics to some extent, is monistic in character and infinitely more helpful in the exercise of a rational life.

But let us lay theory aside. The question of will is in itself one of practise, one of "the Path." What are the facts of "the Path?" Mystics and Theosophs have defined its stages of evolution, and by translating these into psychological terms we can readily see the nature and work of the will. But for the present purpose we prefer to use the terms and the exposition of William B. Carpenter's "Principles of Mental Physiology" (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1881; p. 376):

The only firm foundation stones on which we can base our attempt to climb into a higher sphere of existence are: "I am, I ought, I can, I will."

The first implies that we are in the first degree: simple 'Being; we realize the simple stage of consciousness. After a while we convert that into *self*-consciousness. When this conversion has become an accomplished fact, both simple consciousness and *self*-consciousness recede and give way to another transformation, and the expression now becomes: "I ought." Consciousness, whether of thought or feeling, is now a moral factor, a link of a chain of living existences. The new condition is a self-revelation of freedom and power, viz., it finds itself able to realize its position. It says to itself: "I can." When this realization is carried out with determination, we say "I will." "I will" is therefore the natural fulfillment of the "I am." Will, to define the word technically, can therefore be said to be "a determined effort to carry out a purpose previously conceived;" the effort, the determination and the purpose being the Self. It is true indeed: "Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself."

Reasoning on such lines removes many difficulties, especially those unsolvable ones raised by dualistic views, which pit one part of the mind against another. A thorough study of Alexander's "Theories of Will" ought to prove most conclusively that only views of the unity of mind, monistic standpoints, are the bases of all high, noble and true life.

C. H. A. B.

BUDDHISM IN DRAMATIC FORM.

BUDDHA. A DRAMA IN TWELVE SCENES. By Sadakichi Hartmann.
Author's Edition, New York.

Hartmann's drama is not like ours, representing persons acting so as to create a plot and then unravelling the same plot, and, while so doing, exhibiting scenes of life, real or imaginary, etc., etc., the whole set in frames of stage scenery, embellished by beautiful costumes and acted to music or song. His drama differs by resembling Japanese acting, by its quasi-religious strain, its nudities and general orientalism. His art is symbolical, hence vague and ill-defined. He wants to manifest a transcendent idea, the religious idea of renunciation, but art, on account of its very nature, cannot do it. Art being a synthesis of idea and the real cannot figure a negative. An abstraction cannot be given a sensuous and realistic form, and where that is not, there is no art. He is therefore compelled to attempt new imaginative methods. That these to us appear grotesque and bizarre is but natural.

Sadakichi Hartmann calls his art impressionistic, and wants that term taken in a moral sense. Science of life is to him the highest art. This science of life is summed up in the Buddhistic formula of Renunciation. In art the corresponding term and idea would be nudity, a complete casting-off of all accessories, symbols, etc. The spiritual idea of a statue should be so completely dominant over the material, that neither pose, drapery, ornaments, etc., would be necessary in order to tell the spectator what he had before him. Zeus must need no lightning, Thor no hammer, Venus no charms, etc. Of course, the world has not come to such a degree of development as yet, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, the world has fallen away from such a state of purity: the purity of immediateness. Such, at least, is the view of Sadakichi, "the fortunate." If we may trust Schelling, there is hope that it may yet come back. Schelling, the philosopher of nature, who stood near Hartmann's views, said: That the time would yet come when all sciences and arts would cease to be and immediate knowledge would take their place. They only existed where such knowledge was lacking.

One cannot understand "Buddha" except from the standpoint of immediateness, viz., an inner life which accords with the nature of the subject without the intervention of a symbol. "Buddha" is a vision of a soul passing from sense to reality. The first scene is on "the drifting sand" of the phenomenal. It represents Buddha's awakening from the sleep of earth-illusions. In the second the most tempting bayaderes and luxuriant tropical growth bewilder the beholder. From

out this furnace of sensuality comes Buddha murmuring: "Renounce!" The third scene shows a village street of jugglers, laborers, merchants, etc., and a stray mendicant, whose wisdom is spurned by those people, blinded by their "will to live." "The temple of renunciation" in the fourth scene seems to be a Buddhistic representation of the insufficiency of Brahminical methods. In the fifth act we listen to a nobleman's speech, a good expression of common worldly philosophy. He criticises the two pilgrims Nindar and Sudotana, who are devotees of Buddha:

Peculiar are your two theories. You (*turning to SUDOTANA*) to kill all, especially the viable, and throw their corpses into the river by night, so that sailors of the ocean may gaze on them, gnawed by vultures, floating with bloated bellies (*makes a movement of disgust*) away into the dim unknown. And you (*to NINDAR*) to teach mankind to avoid the nuptial state, thus calling forth the dissolution of the race. You two work hand in hand. If you succeed in preventing birth, and you kill off the living, the world will soon whirl depopulated through the universe. I understand you: you have grown weary of life. As for me, possessing various talents—I sing, write poetry, paint and sculpt a little—I should find life tolerable at least. I can lie for hours and listen to pearls pattering over marble slabs, or to the crackling of silk under old wenches' horny finger ends. And what delight, to have my languid limbs deluged with oils and wines, each fluid, like each paramour, caressing me in different grades of bliss. Yet, one man, after all, can accomplish so little, even if he ravished earth's nations with ardent swords, or conjured up towers of Babel with despotism's bloody fist. What can we really know! They say the world is an immense ball, circling through space, I believe. I am no astronomer—I must believe in hearsay. Therefore I have perfect right to imagine it an eclipse or a pyramid. And as far as human experience in sorrow is concerned—how insignificant! We cannot even realize what we have experienced. Only the great fireworker may express unconsciously the melancholy of a thousand lives with one fire line piercing the nocturnal sky. I also feel weary at times, for I have neither acquired great wisdom nor keen power of reasoning. I possess but deliquescent intuition; and it teaches me that he is best off who, like the butterfly, injuring not the color or scent of his beloved flowerlets, flies away after sipping the nectar. So I sing, write poetry, paint and sculpt a little. And in regard to joy in living, I can assert without conceit, that I have acquired one rather high-strung preference: I do not receive the same impression of things as other men do; they always consider my impression false, peculiar, vague, or exaggerated; and I feel that, after all—my taste for after-flavors seems superior—is, perhaps, the only true one—(*Pilgrims shake their heads*) that is the only true one to me—to none else—beautiful, good, sacred *is* what I experience so! However, let us have some recreation. (*Beckons, and*)

NURVA, the Magi of Odors, dressed in jewels and a veil of black transparency, appears. In her left arm rests a lyre in ivory and gold. She assumes a hieratic attitude, with her right arm makes a mysterious, sweeping gesture through the languid atmosphere, and strikes a few harmonious accords on her instrument.

A delicate scent is wafted from her, which changes whenever her right hand repeats the mystic sign and falls like fugitive kisses on the trembling chords. Her performance reveals the psychological wealth of odors, the possibilities of an olfactory art. The melodious colors of perfume subdue the illusion of reality; and the mind, laden with scent, soars into unknown realms of imagination, where desire alone is law. And in everchanging symphonies the odors suggest all sensations and embrace eternity. In the beginning the Magi suggests in intermingling harmonies the laughter of youth o'er green velvety meadowland, the flowers of subtlest emotions exhaling once more the dividual scents of their violated chalices to the fading sun, or aromatic balms (of vegetable substances) suggesting the silent reveries of night: when human lights extinguish and the moon, pale as if woven by fairy tales, mourns over dark cypress trees; then paraphrasing on the sweat of labor, the sea of multi-odorous life surges by in bold impressionistic dreams, strewn with the rafters of despair in variations of *ambergris* resembling the colors of Chavannes, ebbing at last on solitary strains of ardent unadulterated smells into timeless meditations over the Nothing, boring deep holes into consciousness—stark still pauses on the wisdom of renunciation—like the acrid, passionless litany of lilies.

During this scene NINDAR has repeatedly scratched himself and plucked his nose; and SUDOTANA has nervously groped for his dagger. He jumps up and stabs the nobleman who dies holding some perfume to his nose.

The realities of life are continued in the sixth and seventh scenes which represent a battlefield and "at the forest edge of life." The drama now takes a turn; from the vanities of life we come to "the valley of rest," which is the eighth scene. We see Gautama enter and hear his soliloquy. When it is ended:

Three maidens draped in lilac, with severe simplicity, seem to float through the still evening air. Gautama stands as if petrified.

The second maiden tells the story of the Buddha, thus:

Listen: It had been a Summer day like this, fifty years gone by. The evening was a lovely dream-hipped maiden like yourself; deepening space was like her flowing robes; the dark clouds like her braided hair; the stars like precious stones adorning beauty. And the Prince, the pride of India, whispered gently: 'Yasodhara, dear wife, it is late. Go to rest.' She answered with shimmering tears in the chalice of her lotus eyes: 'I am alarmed at your sadness of late, oh Prince, my soul of all.' He fondled her lovingly, kissing her moist bimba lips: 'Let not such anxieties cause you distress.' So she went musing to her jasmine-scented couch, nightly embroidered with fresh flowers. With her first born nestling to her bosom—unfastening her hipband in the soft blue charms of night—she fell asleep awaiting the hour when, wrapped in clouds of love, the dreams of life would rain upon her. Yet the Prince did not come to kindle her passion's low-lit flame to seas of lambent fire, for the night of destiny had fallen, which parted him forever from independent will and common joys, to search on supermundane roads perfection in this world. Before meandering forth on moon-

steeped paths, the Prince yearned to embrace both mother and child once more; albeit, afraid of awakening them, he merely threw—in the flickering light of the softly swinging lamp—a last glance of farewell and love on all his happiness. The Princess, awakening under the silvery streaks of dawn, finding herself alone with her child beneath the cover of purple and pearl, uncaressed by his delicate roaming hand, sank into a swoon. And though her soft waved limbs recovered weary life, her flower soul was dead to all its former charms. Outside the imposing castle gate, faithful Chandaka mournfully returned, leading his master's fiery steed, neighing loud. It was trapped with golden network and a saddle cloth blazoned with gold and irised with gems of every fascination, the work of the Princess. But the Prince had become a penniless and despised pilgrim, a homeless self-exile, in search for truth. (*Exit.*)

GAUTAMA. (*Murmurs.*) Yasodhara!—Yasodhara! He who has renounced this is no longer of earthly mould. He is past harm, even if convictions fall away and faith leave him!

Magic silence. The moon rises like a golden chalice from the sea of night.

In the ninth scene we see:

THE FIVE HOLY DISCIPLES, emaciated, with a facial resemblance to Hugo, Whitman, Tolstoi, Etc., squat on deer skins under the arch of the cave's entrance. They have a calm and self-chastised expression, as if they had written the world's history.

But I must omit what they say. We cannot see either Buddhism or any of their well-known thoughts in their remarks. In the tenth, Buddha teaches the following philosophy:

All the nomadic population of water, earth and air . . . all growing things, nay, this solid rock, possess soul-atmospheres in inferior states. Incessant concussion during millenniums had to *in* and *evolutionize* before the breathing of a tenuous leaf became the breath of human eloquence, before acranic two-holed bellies moved to the highest phase of individual consciousness: a mechanism even freer than the stars that can reflect upon its action and partly influence itself. The human soul with its panurgic zest and obsequious intervals of lethian rest, from where it comes, for which it pines in apathetic absentions of itself, straying through the weird capricious confusions of dreamland, or struggling in sombre estuaries of insanity's sea!

By parents, manifold and cruel, the germs of our life are shed in the fields of infancy and youth; changing their substance ceaselessly, each turgescent plant, fed by all affinity can draw from chaos' surging sea, unfolds unwillingly its individual zest with soaring trunk and leafy wilderness; its fruitage falling more or less complete according to the skill, that curbs the fire fluids as they intercourse. There are souls swooning away as noonday love and glare dissolve their overheated sheath; and there are others, burning fiercely in calm intensity, until the inward fire has consumed the mortal web maintaining it.

How frail and fugitive is life! Oh, magic friend, thy vernal radiance caresses

the outlines of this wasted form, still garrulous with itself as in the nights of yore,—a repetition of remembered love.

So circling time reiterates the tasks of nations and of men. Soul forces of ancestral times, currenting in unknown spheres, spinning in rhythmical curves, perchance, around some sun and influencing other conscious growths, suddenly return to human habitations to reflect the vice and glory of dead ages. Still sapient men of science ponder how reveries of sounds or color spread like pestilence through public taste.

Ye, forgermen of futurity, who will desolate your accidental sways as sages, warriors, and martyrs, how much, as I preceding captors, you'll resemble me—before whom other buddhas darken as the stars' variegation before the greenish yellow of the sun. (*Laughs softly.*) Our pabulation consisted of the same magnetic forces that command the instincts of the human herd.

Sensitive persons,—lovers of thy perlaceous pallidity, mate of my vanished dreams—in foolish weakness or emotion deep as the sundering white and dark blue sea, never overcome the loss of friendship and of love, because the soul of the departed one has left in them a part whose love lures cannot be extinguished—again, again, tenaciously they call when crushed by joyful hours or the healing antidotes of time.

As the visage of a child reflects the faces it has seen, elective pairs remain—ing lovers, grow alike in manner and construction as in the realm of reason and susceptibilities, for already in their first meeting, through a word or glance, a movement of the body or the soul, they shoot into each other a restless longing to complete each other in that sublime concussion which produces birth, the creative talent of the mob.

But ye, poor world-wide artists, fashioned in heaven and hell, you have absorbed too deep a share of universal heat! Its vehement radiation must repulse the multitude. Do ordinary mortals ever fathom the hungry depths of a creative soul!—perchance, in sunbeam hours of maternal sacrifice, in twilight broodings of despair, or nights of jealous rage. Life's gorges are too shallow for intensity of joy in pain; its waters, rebelling, rush to unknown limits and, inundating, rise into oblivion. I pilgered lonesome through this desert-dream, and now sit solitary on this mountain peak beyond myself.

Temple of redemption, redundant with bardic melodies of form, the rainbow's fragrant measures, with monuments of thought, and odorous hues of sound, thy white and sacred messengers of faith, rising phoenix-like from beauty's sacred flames, sun-soaring, resuscitate with every beat of wings the inspiration of thy Artist Gods! Their deeds redeem mortality, in their tireless outliving power to vibrate the imponderable into the inner world of man; and scattered love, throughout the universe transfigured, draws all affinities beneath her despot ban.

Who knows if one spark cannot call its brother from the stars with a decillion-fold rapidity of light!

Oh, thousand moments—in a high-strung life—of exquisite joyful pain, can you redeem the other plight, the blank monotony over which the unconscious

sheds its sere sardonic light! It is in vain, it is in vain the parasites of earth must wander forth to bane in endless discontent the inconsistencies of fate.

Even devotion, wooed by necessity and circumstance, lets her convictions glide away, time-pleasing considers them from other centres, until suddenly, in the tenebrious hour of death, doubt darts to the surface with appalling vehemence, breaking through all the stratas of persuasion and appeasement which have overgrown it, and re-establishes the old faith triumphant on waning lips.

We must "renounce" the rest and simply tell the reader that Gautama in the next scene passes into Nirvana in the midst of a heavy snowstorm on top of Himalay. Surely the symbology is correct. From the first scene of sensuality the spectator has gradually been lifted up and out of himself into a "scene of white." The spectator, however, is not to be left unprotected to the assaults of a violent reaction of feelings. After Buddha is gone and come to rest in Nirvana, "a color revery takes place in the universe" and the spectator enjoys the fireworks of Ragna-rockur.

As we said above, the whole drama is not spectacular; it is a vision of "the Path," an attempt to teach religion by means of scenic representation. The method is common enough in Asia, but it is a question if America would be able to use it. Hartmann's own experience would seem to prove that it would not. Boston arrested and fined him for his "Christ."

C. H. A. B.

A WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

CLAIRAUDIENT THOUGHT. THE DIVINE ROMANCE OF LOVE AND WAR. THE TWO MONARCHIES. THE ENIGMA OF THE TWO RACES. THE PARTIAL UNVEILMENT OF THE HIDDEN MYSTERY OF THE WORLD. Through Lady Bowyer, London. Published by the Guttenberg Press, 1898.

Though this book bears a long title, it is not characterized by it. The title does not explain it. It is more like a Commonplace book than anything else, but it differs somewhat from the idea of such books in this that it has some leading thoughts. It is easier, however, to feel the purpose of the book, than to define it. Like all clairaudient and other illumination, it has neither beginning nor end, and it would not spoil it if the contents were arranged to-day after one plan and to-morrow after another. Subjectivity is beyond all rule and discards all sequence of thought. The whole book, 344 pages in all, is one chapter without paragraphs, etc., and deals with "anti-reason," woman, immortality, the man, the fall, angels, etc., etc. The main

thought seems to tend to an apotheosis of woman, and, as such, it interests us.

By the designation Clairaudient Thought, we are to understand that Lady Bowyer has heard what is "written down." It behooves us to listen, she says, "if so be an angel speak through mortal ear." What then does the angel teach and tell us? Listen:

As a race, mankind is dissatisfied with a life of mere speculation, of analysis, of analogy, of hope, instead of an individual life of experience, of revelation, of manifestation, and of inspiration. The intellect has not the key of entrance into the Celestial Realms, however strong and massive it may be, it is unavailable; the Gates remain closed; they open not to mere human will without faith, but at the will of the Spiritual and Eternal.

This angel has had interests not usually attributed to the angels. He (or she) has been a student, and as it seems he (or she) has ambition. It appears so from the following:

There is another Spiritualism, an immeasurably higher Spiritualism, a true Spiritualism, a Spiritualism of the seer, a self-responding, an on-flowing, an all-satisfying Spiritualism, forecasting the eternal future upon the soul, to which all nations are now invited confidently to draw near.

It has long been our ambition to found a New Spiritualism, in the order and unfolding of Truth; a perfect Spiritualism, on, and in the Divine Humanity Himself—as The Supreme Medium, with, and for our approach, and nearness to the Deity—the Human Centre outshedding, and shining down its light upon the soul, from the Glorified Headship, with Whom we can ever be in personal and immediate communion, according to the life of whiteness that we lead. We would proclaim a Spiritual King as the universal Medium; the rays of His Majesty radiating the glories of the transmissions and revelations.

A Spiritualism that will fulfil the prophecy of benediction foretold by the Blessed Virgin, due to Her from all generations; shewn forth in recognizing and advancing the original Ideal of Woman in her dominion with Man, the mutual human government reflecting peace and happiness upon the lesser ranges of sentient nature.

This program of the angel is not written in the most lucid language, but nevertheless it advances a true thought. We need a high Spiritualism; not Spiritism, but the antithesis to materialism. We need to reassert the original reality of the object of the idea and must ascribe a spiritual content to the material elements. The conception of a conscious universe is far nobler and of more moral worth than a mechanical conception. Many pages are given to arguments against the senses. It is said, for instance:

The senses give no evidence regarding what is unseen, they assist us in types, they offer fuel for intellect and imagination, but they cannot demonstrate the invisible,

What is meant by this sentence depends upon the sense of the last words, "the invisible." Surely the senses lead us also to spheres which are invisible; to them lie open the whole world of nature, defined as sensation. The latest essays of Lafcadio Hearn reveal abysses of life entered only by the senses. Orientalism is self-consciousness in the main through the senses.

"The Divine Romance of Love and War" seems to be an attempt upon a new version of "Paradise Regained." Love to the celestial humanity leads to war on Satan and the restoration of woman, and upon that follows the "Infinitude of the Unborn" in which the "All-glorious Bride appears in nuptial robes of starry radiance." Of the heavenly joy we may, if we can, form an opinion from this ecstatic outburst:

In festal efflorescence of regalement, in the Jubilation of Love and Victory, sounds the swelling music, not only for a world, but for the universe.

The reader understands that this book of apocalyptic pictures is not a much-needed text book in spiritual sociology, but a Vision of Heaven. We have yet to do much hard thinking, perform many good deeds" and weave the robes of beauty before we are ready for His Heavenly Rest. But, perhaps, salvation is nearer than we know. Does it lie hidden in these Sibylline words:

Man cannot be re-enthroned in his humanity, until he has been dethroned from his false empire. Man in his domination is not where nature placed him, he is more bound around with physical lines, while woman points to the moral and spiritual.

The revelation of her true nature is like some "magic sword, it has lain concealed in its scabbard all down the ages, occasionally drawn out by men of genius, who admired it for its cunning workmanship and its perfect temper, as that of a true Damascus blade, but they reluctantly replaced it as a weapon of which their age was unworthy. But now it has been drawn for the last time, and it flashes from its polished blade and its edge is equal to the toughest mail."

We presume we are to understand that Lady Bowyer or "the Angel" has drawn the magic sword and that the battle of Armageddon is on. Putting this last declaration about the sword "drawn for the last time," together with the above expressed desire to "found a New Spiritualism," the conclusion seems inevitable that the publication of this book reveals the desire to start a new organization like the many others that have appeared in the last fifteen years. C. H. A. B.

If you would not be known to do anything, never do it. A man may play the fool in the drifts of the desert, but every grain of sand

shall seem to see. He may be a solitary eater, but he cannot keep his foolish counsel. A broken complexion, a swinish look, ungenerous acts,—all blab. Can a cook, a chiffinch, an Iachimo be mistaken for Zeno or Paul? Confucius exclaimed—"How can a man be concealed! How can a man be concealed!"—*Emerson*.

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, "I shall meet with the busy-body, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial." All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly. . . . I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman nor hate him.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Metaphysics, with which physics cannot dispense, is that wisdom of thought which was before all physics, lives with it, and will endure after it.—*Goethe*.

Mental courage, infinitely rarer than valor, presupposes the most eminent qualities.—*Diderot*.

The germs of all things are in every heart.—*Amiel*.

EXCHANGES.

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THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

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THE DUAL-UNITY OF MIND.

Experimental psychology recognizes that our psychic activity includes two dual modes: active and passive, as referring to our waking activity and to sleep states (natural or artificial) respectively. On the other hand, there is a variety of actions pertaining to our animal activity and vegetative functioning which have been called subconscious, unconscious and automatic.

The designations active and passive are Liébeault's. Other experimentalists have applied different terms to these faculties. The active mode has been described as the awakened, the volitional, the self-conscious, the normal mind. Confusion has, however, arisen with regard to the passive and the subconscious activities, from the fact of the variety of terms that have been applied, such as involuntary, subconscious, subliminal, secondary, automatic, and even unconscious. As the memories pertaining to the passive state and to the subconsciousness do not necessarily emerge into the cognizance of the active mind, these have been sometimes grouped as constituting a secondary personality; while, again, such submerged experiences would both come within the definition of subliminal, in relation to the active consciousness.

The human mind is, however, more complex than appears in these considerations. The experimental psychologists above referred to have confined their researches to that mind which perceives sense impressions; which is in relation with the outer world.

They have shown that the dual modes of activity pertaining thereto, function in alternation. But Professor Janet has made them function simultaneously, in post-hypnotic realization. The subject then does two things at the same time. The passive consciousness executes the suggestion made to it during the hypnotic sleep, while the active consciousness is thinking of and doing something else. We must therefore recognize that while our sensuous mind comprises dual elements, these may function separately, in alternation or unitedly, which facts give us three modes of psychic activity: active, passive and dual. But we have another, internal mind, which does not relate to the outer world, but deals with the ideas presented to it by the outer mind, digesting them in reasoning activity. This mind also comprises active, passive and dual modes of activity.

Both of these sensuous and super-sensuous minds, with their active, passive and dual activities, pertain to the self-consciousness; they comprise the man's experience, whether his life consists in sense-relations and sense-emotions or in the super-sensuous intellectual and moral reflection on the principles and meanings involved in external relations.

But in addition to this self-consciousness man also comprises a subconsciousness in which all the sensations and impressions are included, which do not emerge into his self-consciousness.

Consequently, we must recognize that man's psychic activity includes his self-consciousness and subconsciousness; that his self-consciousness comprises an outer and an inner or sensuous and super-sensuous mind, both of which include active, passive and dual modes of activity. The subconsciousness also comprises active and passive functioning, as it is associated both with awakened activity and with the life of sleep states.

The experimentation of the French school in hypnotic and mesmeric suggestions, deals with the mind of sense-relations or external mind and has been practiced after artificially inducing a passive state in the subject. But Dr. P. Farez has found that some people can be suggestioned in this way during their natural sleep. Many people of naturally passive temperaments can be suggestioned while awake. Bernheim and Hartenberg have established a system of psycho-

therapeutic treatment on this foundation, without hypnotizing their patients. The latter authorities even advance the exaggerated statement that "there is no hypnotism, there is only suggestion." They might as well affirm that there is no sleep or no such thing as passivity, receptiveness.

Yet there is a truth, and a most important one, in their pretensions, though misdefined, and that truth consists in the fact that all hypnotic phenomena are produced by *ideas*. If materialists could be brought to study the wonderful effects entailed both in the minds and in the bodies of patients by suggested (transplanted) ideas, they would be obliged to recognize by experimental illustration the validity of the metaphysical truths, that ideas are the precondition of discursive thinking and that matter is subordinate to, determined, and modified by mind. They would see mental shortcomings, emotional, temperamental defects remedied by the supplementation of transplanted ideas, imparting strength where required, or inhibiting faults; they would see organic stimulation and physical modifications effected and illustrated even in blisters or stigmata, determined by ideas.

But it has been further recognized that while the passive mind emerges into predominant functioning during natural and artificially induced sleep, yet it also functions subordinately during our awakened life, with control of the subconsciousness guiding us in the street when our attention is absorbed in a mental problem; turning the pedals of the bicycle while we talk with our companion; playing a waltz while we chat. As Liébeault and Durand de Gros say: The central mind (its passive section) receives and transmits the idea, while expression or realization of the idea devolves on the subconsciousness. Or, as Dr. M. Prince puts it: It would seem as if there were two minds, one the self-conscious mind that gives the general order and the other which carries out the details.

The difference between hypnotic suggestion and our awakened activity is that in the former, ideas are suggestioned to the subject's passive consciousness by the active consciousness of an external operator, while in the latter, the ideas are suggestioned by his own active consciousness. In both cases the interaction and co-operation of the active and passive minds are necessary. But this suggestioning

of the involuntary mind by the volitional mind may be trained and developed. It constitutes auto-suggestion or self-suggestion or active-suggestion as contrasted with hypnotic-suggestion or passive-suggestion.

The passive consciousness is endowed with an analogous independent functioning of its own in sleep, when it also reflects its own content involuntarily, constituting dreams. This is illustrated experimentally in artificially induced sleep and somnambulism, which is but an active dream state; the dreams being suggestioned by an operator. The passive consciousness then takes command of the sensor-motor reflexes (which pertain to the subconsciousness) and realizes the suggested ideas into action, through the so-called automatic centres.

The communications (suggestions) realized through trance mediums are evidently of the same order. The hypnotically or mesmerically induced somnambulism so closely approaches the mediumistic state as to be almost identical. Some of the women in France who go under the title of "somnambules" are undoubtedly mediums. Dr. Joire has applied the term mediums to his subjects. The memories pertaining to deep sleep, to artificially induced sleep and to mediumism, do not emerge from the passive consciousness but are registered therein.

Similarly many experiences pertaining to our awakened life do not rise into the attention of the active consciousness but are registered in the passive consciousness and emerge in sleep as dreams and in artificially induced sleep and in disease (which fact shows the presence-functioning of the passive consciousness during awakened life). This consciousness thinks, acts, and remembers on its own account, and consequently has by some been called a secondary personality.

The application of the terms involuntary, automatic, unconscious, to this passive mind, as made by some psychologists, is scarcely warrantable and arises from confusion of the passive mode of the sense-related mind with the subconsciousness. The passive mind is involuntary in its relation to the active mind, because it stands as passive, negative, recipient toward it; but it possesses a will of its own on its own plane of activity when it acts independently.

Whether the passive mind may be associated with the sensor-

centres and the active mind with the motor-centres of the sensorium is not known. But such an association is at least possible. The work of Van Gehuchten and Flechsig supports the inference that the sensuous mind may be associated with the sensorium or "regions of projection," as they term it, while the super-sensuous mind may be associated with the "centres of association" or "silent areas" of Flechsig, which are not in direct relation with the outer world, only mediately so through the sensor-motor centres.

Speaking of the subconsciousness on the other hand, Durand de Gros says that it comprises all the reflex-centres of the spinal system and ganglia. These, he says, are brains, or sub-souls or sub-selves, possessing sensation, intelligence and will, grouped in subordinate, co-ordinate dependence around the governing self-consciousness. While this central-self receives and transmits ideas their realization devolves on the subordinate sub-souls or subconsciousness. Consequently so-called automatic and unconscious actions are neither the one nor the other. They are only unconscious for the governing-self, but they are conscious for the sub-selves or sub-souls by whom they are executed.

This thesis presents man as an associative aggregation of derivative sub-selves, grouped around a central, governing self. The sensuous and super-sensuous self-consciousness with their active and passive modes pertain to the central, governing-self, while the subconsciousness pertains to the derivative sub-selves of the reflex-centres and ganglia, which function is associative dependence in their relation to the central-self, but in comparative independence in their relation to each other. The hypothesis of Durand de Gros is termed poly-psychism and is accepted by many leading biologists in Europe.

This analysis constitutes three planes of psychic activity in man: that of spiritual intelligence and feeling, that of sense-perceptual activity and passional emotion, and the plane of animal activity and vegetative functioning.

The higher spiritual mind has not been reached in French experimental psychology, which acts on the level of the sensuous mind. The American system of healing by thought-force acts from the level of and appeals to the super-sensuous mind and through it commands

the subordinate sensuous mind and subconsciousness; thence reacting on the body. But here also (as in the similar suggestive action on the level of the sensuous mind) the operator transmits through active, positive action, while the patient receives through the passive mind on the same level.

While both the super-sensuous and the sensuous minds may function independently of each other, we find from introspective analysis that in reality they remain interdependent. In its highest expressions of inductive and deductive reasoning, of moral judgments, the super-sensuous intelligence functions independently within itself. Cutting itself off from external relations it concentrates its attention in reflection on its own content. Yet this internal activity consists in digesting and recombining the elements of experience presented to it in the form of perceptions by the outer mind on which it is dependent consequently for knowledge of the outer world. Also it is dependent on it and on the subconsciousness for the execution of its judgments.

Both the sensuous mind and the subconsciousness stand in a subliminal relation consequently to the super-sensuous mind, to which they present their content, but that content is merely the result of relation with the outer world. The subliminal consciousness, while it constitutes so large a part of the personality, is therefore a subordinate consciousness to that of the super-sensuous mind and can present no new truth, new law, new artistic form, nor any revelation of a new order, transcending human experience. It is not the source of the inspiration of genius. It can and does present associated experiences to be grouped around a central idea, to be rearranged in new combinations by the super-sensuous mind of talent. It is not a higher consciousness but a subordinate one; a storehouse of submerged experiences of relations of the sense-mind with the outer world; originating in *outsight*.

These submerged experiences are the registrations of past thinking transmitted to the subconsciousness and recorded there. Dr. Whipple says that "mental images react by direct reflection through the atoms and molecules of the ganglia of the sympathetic nervous system." It is this subconscious deep, this stored-up reservoir of past thinking, that takes on disease. It is in this submerged mentality that the fixed ideas of Professor Janet, that obsess

the patient by emerging, are registered. All these experiences pertain to the lower, sensuous, subordinate mind.

The presentation of intuitions by *insight*, in a flash, distinct from conscious intellectual effort, pertains to soul-consciousness, as will be shown further on. Inspiration again implies suggestion, but by invisible transcendent operators, entailing the genius being possessed and controlled by his subject, instead of possessing and controlling it.

Turning to introspective psychology, we see that it recognizes that the mind comprises the dual faculties of intelligence or thinking and of emotion (feeling, sentiment, passion). These faculties have not yet been co-ordinated with the active and passive modes of activity of the experimental school. Yet we may recognize that as the active mode of the experimental school comprises our waking, volitional, self-conscious activity, it may consequently be identified with the faculty of intelligence of the introspective school.

This simplifies the position with regard to the other elements and implies that a similar relationship must subsist between them also. And this inference finds confirmation in the teachings of Liébeault, who classifies emotional states (in which he comprises faith and credulity) as pertaining to the passive consciousness.

This identification of emotion with the passive consciousness carries important significance. We have seen that the reasoning or logical faculty is the highest expression of the active volitional consciousness and that in this activity the active mind turns its attention inwards and reflects on its own content. This active consciousness is distinct from the emotional mind, we have seen. And it is apparently because the ideas generated by the active intelligence *per se* are devoid of the emotional element, that its highest expressions, such as formulated in idealism and in mathematics, for instance, do little to restore or to lift up humanity, they are comparatively sterile and barren in their effect on human life.

On the other hand, if the emotional mind is allowed to emerge in sole activity, it sways the individual into the errors of superstition and of passion.

The highest expressions of human ability and talent are those in which intelligence is fired into activity by emotion of an elevated

character, producing works that delight the beholder, or in which the ideas of the active intelligence react through and are imbued by pure and noble emotions.

This duality of mode in psychic activity throws some light on the obscure problem of the distinction between spirit and soul. Hegel has cleared this obscurity to the extent of identifying spirit with self-conscious intelligence, and consequently with the universal consciousness, but soul remains a vague and loosely used term, which is alternately associated with the signification of mind and of vitality.

Hegel's identification of spirit enables us to associate this with the active, volitional intelligence of the experimental psychologist and with the formal intelligence or objectifying faculty of the introspective psychologists, giving form (imaging) to ideas in reflection in the super-sensuous mind.

Soul may, by inferential contrast, be associated with the passive consciousness of the super-sensuous mind, comprising non-sensuous sentiments, feelings and emotions. This passive mind is evidently internal, subjective to the active mind. Its contribution arises from within, in response to solicitations presented by the active mind. Its higher activities can only be known by ingress through the active, volitional, imaging or objectifying, external mind, the activity of which has to be stilled in concentration, thus opening the door to the qualities of the inner mind (or soul), which are known in meditation, as conscious feeling and not as thought.

Both of these minds have a sensuous and a super-sensuous mode or degree. The sensuous mode of the objectifying mind is that which relates the outer world in sense-relations by means of excitations or impressions made on the energy in our nervous system and carried by it to the sensorium, where it generates simple ideas; the perceptions, which are all we know of the outer world. These perceptions give rise to motor actions, but that "conversion" may occur in reflex centres without being taken up into the observation of the higher self-consciousness.

The sensuous mode of the subjective mind or soul is that known in the presentation of feelings, emotions, passions, and which are evidently conditioned by heredity. There is probably a relation

between this sensuous soul of man and the earth's thought-atmosphere which possibly stands in a similar relation (but inverted) to the physical earth as man's sensuous soul does to his body. This ocean of thought-life pertaining to the earth, in which we live, is sensuous. Occultists say that the thought-atmosphere over our towns is filled with dark clouds of sin, disease and death. As we inbreathe this psychic atmosphere it is possible that its vitality, imbued with sensuous thought, may flow through our sensuous soul, entailing reaction of feelings therein. This passive relating may stand to our passive sensuous soul in a relation such as the active relating of objective sense-perceptions stands to our active sensuous soul. It may constitute an element in "passive experience." As the mind is ever accreting perceptual experiences, so the soul also must change, and probably accretes atoms of vitality imbued with the quality of previous thinkers which come to be sensed as feelings; sentiments.

We know that the physical body is continually changing, disintegrating and being built up afresh *from within*. Whence comes the vitality inherent in the nuclei, the periphery only of which is microscopically visible, of the cells built up in karyokinesis? Biologists cannot tell us, nor whence comes the nervous vitality circulating in nerves. The influx from the vital etheric thought-atmosphere of the earth here referred to, may possibly have some relation thereto.

Logic recognizes that there can be no law in the subordinate and accidental, which is not precedentially in the transcendent and universal. This law of change in the structure of the body must consequently be subordinate and sequential presentation of an analogous law applicable precedentially in soul. The soul must change, grow and develop. The process suggested here of etheric integration may apply to the sensuous soul. But we have also an inner spiritual soul which cometh from afar," which is not constituted of substance pertaining to earth states or spheres, however ethereal these may be. The law of influx and efflux illustrated in the body and in the sensuous must apply to it also. The influx of spiritual vitality to this ideal soul must occur by an *a priori processus* relating us in the essential transcendent unity from within; and it is this influx, solely, that constitutes intuition; that builds up the "Divine

Image" within, by which the Divine becomes manifest in the flesh. It is the radiance from this spiritual-soul-body, nourished by an *a priori* transcendent influx, that transmutes and transfigures the sensuous mind and the physical body, till these become "the footstool," subservient to the higher soul and the man becomes a living temple of God: the temple made without hands, all light from within to without.

This is symbolized in the sacred romance of Parsifal, the mind of purity, who, ascending the Mount of Salvation (or transfiguration) finds the light of the Holy Grail shine forth through him, so that its radiance heals the sufferings of the sensuous mind and the wounds of the physical body of the King.

While the physical body is related to the physical earth and moves about thereon, the sensuous-soul (or double) is related to the terrestrial soul-sphere. It may be exteriorized and travel about therein. Similarly the spiritual-soul is related to the supra-terrestrial spiritual plane and may be exteriorized (in deep dreamless sleep, by the action of transcendent operators) and travel therein, when the sense-mind and the body are still. But the memories of such experiences do not emerge into man's sense-related mind and this only occurs when the spiritual-soul has grown into the stature of the divine image. It is from this plane that the spiritual-soul must receive its replenishing sustenance of the spiritual vitality.

The super-sensuous mode of the passive subjective mind or soul is known, as already stated, in meditation, comprising pure and elevated feelings and sentiments such as love, faith, hope, etc.

The interaction of this dual super-sensuous mind may proceed from active spirit to passive soul, or from soul to spirit. The former gives rise to imagination, in which the ideas of spirit are impregnated or fertilized by love, purity, faith, etc., generating conceptions which give delight to men (as contrasted with the sterile ideas of pure reason). The action of soul on spirit gives rise to the intuitions presented by the soul from "within" to the spirit for formulation. Intuition may therefore be said to be the tuition of the mind by the soul.

QUÆSTOR VITÆ.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION.

“God, by an eternal and immutable decree . . . hath chosen some men to eternal life and the means thereof, and also . . . hath passed by and fore-ordained the rest to dishonor and wrath, to be for their sin inflicted, to the praise of the glory of his justice.”

This is an extract from the best known creed of Christendom, which is still supposed to be accepted by a large proportion of the orthodox Christians of America.

There was some justification for this idea. Almost all powerful ideas have had some good in them. They have been good to start with, even though they have not been good to end with. One of the reasons for the formulation of the old doctrine of Election was a fact that all thoughtful men have realized, and that is the inequalities that we see about us, and what seems to us the injustices of human experience. We see some men lifted up, and others cast down; some are rich, some poor; some wise, some foolish; some have had the opportunities of learning, and some have been denied them; some have a natural predisposition to good, and some seem to have been damned into life instead of born into it.

Another reason was the dawning consciousness of the supreme value of human life. The doctrine of Election presupposed that all men were sinners and consequently lost. Of course the original idea was that all men were sinners because Adam as their representative had sinned, and that in each man there was a root called “original sin,” so that whether he lived to commit actual sin or not, this “original sin,” having the possibility of development in eternity, would lead him to be justly called a sinner. And the smallest sin was supposed to be worthy of condemnation to eternal torment. Now all men being in this condition it was too great an idea to imagine that all men would be delivered from it. That idea had to come little by little. It was a great step forward when men believed that some would be saved; it took a long while for the idea of

spiritual immortality to be fixed in the consciousness of the race. We used to assume that all men were lost, and the problem was how any could be saved. We now assume that each life is of infinite value, and we cannot imagine the loss of one soul or of any essential part of any soul. We used to assume the worst, and then we made an exception of the best. Now we assume the best, and we find absolutely no exceptions.

There was some good in the old idea that God was willing to come into human flesh, and humiliate himself, and die in order that some individuals might be saved from eternal misery. It was better to believe that than to think that God would look coolly on at the calamities that had come upon the entire human race. It was good then to believe that God would die for the sake of saving some men; it was a partial declaration of the great truth that God will go to any length for the perfection of every individual.

I, for one, believe in the doctrine of Election. But I do not believe that men here and there have been chosen to be delivered from the sorrows of this life and taken to a place of bliss. I believe that all men are elected to the highest possibilities, and that what we need to-day is to learn how to realize our dignity and our infinite potentiality.

There is more medicine for a sorrowful soul in a first-class smile on somebody's face than in all the tracts and sermons that have been printed since the world began. The best thing to do is not to preach to unfortunate people, but so to cultivate our own personality that we shall have physical, mental and spiritual health to spare that shall run over and shall make even Col. Ingersoll believe that God has made health catching instead of disease.

The first thing is to recognize that in a certain sense there are no unfortunate people, and that, on the other hand, there are no fortunate people; that is, there are no people who are wholly unfortunate, and none who know nothing of misfortune or calamity. The old idea was that a man was either all good or all bad; either a saint or a sinner. We have found out that we are all sinners and saints; all animals and angels, though the proportions may be different in different individuals.

It is very easy for some people who have a great store of good fortune, who have been gifted with pleasant dispositions, who are optimistic, who naturally "look up instead of down, out instead of in, forward instead of backward, and lend a hand," it is very easy for these people to believe in the doctrine of Election, and that they are the elect. But there are people to whom it is very difficult to have the upward and the forward and the outward look, and to realize the divine life. Here is the great question for the most prosperous man that lives, as well as for those who have seemed to have the least of good fortune on earth: How may my life come to seem to me of value and of significance?

If I only knew one life, and that were the weakest, vilest, meanest of all human lives that have ever been lived, I think I could discern in that life the possibilities of infinite glory. We have learned that we would not know the glory of the sunrise or the sunset, or gaze with appreciation on the many-tinted clouds beyond which for splendor even the greatest imagination cannot reach, and also that we would all be swept from the earth, and neither animal nor vegetable life be possible if it were not for the glorious dust that has been perhaps of all things most despised by men.

That great artist soul, that great prophet soul, John Ruskin, never utters words of more thrilling interest than when he reminds us that underneath our feet we find the clay, the sand and the soot, and then suggests that "the clay may become porcelain, and be painted and placed in the palace of the king; that again it may become clear and hard and white, and have the power of drawing to itself the blue, the red, the green, the purple rays of sunlight, and become an opal. The sand may become very hard and white, and have the power of drawing to itself the blue rays of sunlight, and become a sapphire. The soot will become the hardest and whitest substance known, and be changed into a diamond." And I look at no clay where I do not see the porcelain and the opal! I look at no sand where I do not see the sapphire! And I look at no soot where I do not discern the resplendent gleaming of the potential diamond.

There is no ignorant man who has not the possibility of attaining to infinite culture. There is no one so uninfluential but that he may

reach in his ambition after all position and all power. There is no life so scorned by man on account of what we contemptuously call vice that may not grow so white as to let the eternal sun of the holiness of the Infinite God blaze into it and blaze out of it and make the universe radiant with unspeakable purity. There is no life so selfish but that it may grow until it burst the little confines that it has regarded as forming the universe, and take into its sympathies millions of worlds, worlds upon worlds like unto this.

I have read of men in Siberia who do not need telescopes to see the satellites of Jupiter. Their vision is so marvelously trained that with the naked eye they can see what would be invisible to us. But your sight has another sight, and your hearing has another hearing, and your soul has its counterpart in the Soul that made it. And in the greatest coward there is the making of the greatest hero.

I have read of some Brazilian shepherds who left their own land and sailed away to find gold in California, and they took some beautiful crystals that were common enough in their own country to play checkers with on board ship. When they reached San Francisco they were careless what became of these crystals, and they lost all but one. And then they discovered that what they had regarded as worthless checkers were diamonds. They hastened back to Brazil to take advantage of this discovery, only to find that others had learned the value of the crystals in their absence, and they had lost their opportunity. There is not a man or woman who has not been playing checkers with diamonds! There is not one person who does not have within himself treasures more rich than all the wealth of Golconda! There is no smile you ever saw on another's face that might not be duplicated on your own. There is no kind act that has ever been wrought that might not be duplicated by you.

“ Let's find the sunny side of men
Or be believers in it:
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
O, there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it.
Our hands contain the magic wands,
This life is what we make it.”

Not only is every life of infinite significance and we all elected the best, but each life is meant to stand for a certain idea.

“We see dimly in the present
What is small and what is great.”

When all was ready for the machinery to be set in operation in one of the greatest buildings that ever contained machinery on earth, the Mechanical Building at the Centennial, the tremendous engine failed to go. They had to shut off the power. There was one man who knew that engine as you know the expression on the face of your best beloved. He tried to find the difficulty which was not patent to any ordinary eyes, and finally he laid down on his back and worked himself under a certain portion of the great engine, and there he found a little piece of steel that had become loosened and dislodged (half as large as your little finger), and it was waiting for him to find it and place it in its position before the machinery of the great World's Fair could go on.

I would not call anything insignificant. We need to learn first, that every life is of infinite value; second, that every life has a distinct mission. How can this distinct mission be achieved? All religions that have any abiding power have had to teach that it can be achieved by the act of the will of man. We get into terrible confusion just so soon as we come into the realms of philosophy and try to reconcile fore-ordination and free-will. We never can do it. I have heard some wise professors who thought they had done this, but when they had finished their most lucid explanations it was only ‘confusion worse confounded.’ No man can explain how there is a great Universal Power that ordains things to be as they are, and the fact that man seems to be able to form his own destiny. But I appeal to the fact that you know you hold yourself responsible by a firmer standard than any judge would dare to hold you responsible, and that you hold your fellows responsible for what they do of their own volition. The world could not hold together for one second unless we acted practically upon the supposition that men were free to act according to *the best impulses and motives that may appeal to them at the time*. This is the religious appeal. It was the appeal that Buddha

made. It was the appeal that Jesus made. It was the appeal that Paul made, except in the seemingly contradictory doctrine into which he was led by *his philosophy, not his religion*. Almost all that the rest of the writers of the New Testament said was a powerful protest against the doctrine we find expressed in a few verses of the Epistle to the Romans, and the protest rises to its height in the words, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." John Calvin stood for the doctrine of Election and Fore-ordination, but the religious history of Christendom since his day has been a rising up in protest against the things that he especially taught.

I believe there may be a definite time when a man shall make a choice which shall influence all his other choices. You need not sneer at the conversion of the Methodist or the Presbyterian. It is the most real thing in the universe—the fact that there are *infinite forces waiting to take hold of any soul that lifts itself toward the light*. It is a magnificent thing for a man to be truly converted at a Methodist altar or in a Presbyterian church, or wherever he is converted. There may be a better and more intelligent conversion than this, but any conscious spiritual consecration and uplift is better than none. Any man on this planet who lifts up his soul, and definitely resolves that he will commit himself to the best that he knows, and to what I like to call "the spiritual forces," and will strive to be an angel instead of an animal, that man is a converted man. And he finds that there lay hold of him forces of which he had only the slightest suspicion, that cause his wings to grow until he can fly, and he realizes that he himself is a great revelation of the Eternal God.

I heard of a good old Presbyterian who was approached by some one who said, "Don't you think it was very unjust in God, if your view is true, that you should be elected and I should not?" And the Presbyterian said, "Well, my brother, I never heard of anybody being elected who was not a candidate." I do not believe that any man is definitely elected to enter into the divinest fellowship until that man's soul is so stirred within him that he decides to be a candidate for the best, and all the best, and nothing but the best.

Cicero, the great Roman orator, was taunted on one occasion by a decadent patrician with the fact that Cicero's family was plebeian.

And I can imagine how the great-brained man looked at the weakling as he said, "Sir, there is this difference between your family and mine: your family ends with you, and my family begins with me." We need to realize that we gather up into ourselves all the marvelous influences of God that have been in the world up to this time; that we are intended to fill in just this time in doing certain things for certain results, just as much as the President or the Governor or the Legislator, or any man elected to an office on earth, is expected to fill that position.

There is a good word in one of the books of the Old Testament, where one of the prophet souls is mourning over the Israelites, and speaking in the place of God, he says, "I would have made you a kingdom of priests." We do not have very much use for priests nowadays, but the writer did not mean the kind of priests we have in mind. What was meant was this: I would have made every one of you a Messiah; I would have given to every one of you just as much consciousness of his individual mission in behalf of humanity as I gave to Moses, as I will give to Jesus; I would have let each one of you feel just as divine a sense of responsibility as the father feels because he is a father, or the mother because she is a mother. We ought to do nothing unofficially. We ought to live continually in the consciousness that we have been elected to great offices, and that the world depends on us, and that we are partners as regards its creation and development.

There is no man who has yet come to a full sense of his own dignity, of the power and possibility of humanity. When this point shall have been approximately reached by a large proportion of mankind there will be a flowering of wisdom, beauty and love; of art, literature, science and invention; of adjustment of social conditions; of all that makes the highest, finest, noblest forms of civilization such as the world has not yet seen. Indeed, this is all that is needed for humanity's redemption from all that is still dwarfing the race, that we may come to full self-consciousness, knowing ourselves for what we are—beings of divine origin, divine constitution and divine destiny. Great souls, here and there throughout the ages, have caught some splendid gleams of this great truth, have yielded them-

selves to such light as they saw, and their messages have become words of fire, their lives stars of more than earthly radiance. But, with the best, it has been but as seeing through a glass, darkly. They have brought us only hints of the soul-thrilling revelations, the unspeakable power wrapped up in every human life. It is ours to be, to do, to become; to achieve larger and better things than the best imagination has conceived of the most worthy deities that the mind of man has constructed to be his gods. So glorious is this destiny of ours that the highest ideals, the conceptions of the most highly developed souls, the truest thoughts we have had, when we have, in our holiest moments, uttered the word "God," have only been hands pointing the way that leads to it. This ever-widening, ever-brightening, upward-tending path, is the one that we must tread. This unceasing process of unfolding into beauty and love and power beyond all present conceptions is that to which *we are fore-ordained*.

Let us believe it! Let us know it! That we are gods; not gods in disguise, but gods in embryo; out-breathings and irradiations from the great, infinite God-life that enfolds and animates all. And this belief may become to us so real a perception and appropriation of truth that there shall *now* be waked within us latent energies and capacities of which we have not even dreamed.

A new eyesight will be ours; a new hearing. We will break the iron chains of circumstance as if they were mere clay. We will see that these bodies of ours are exquisitely adapted instruments, constructed for our use out of the energies of our own spirits, and not the pain-labile, hard-and-fast casements we have thought them to be. We will see the love that is at the heart of every human life, shining out of every human face; we will meet that love with love, and all our relations shall adjust themselves to the harmony thereby created. In the inspiration of this belief our lives may become so true, so strong, so beautiful, with such an upward look, filled with such strength-bringing cheer, that we shall recognize ourselves, and all the world shall know us as being indeed of the elect.

So I ask you to give yourselves to this inspiration. Your souls will so expand in the sweetness and strength of its atmosphere that you will grow taller and larger and fairer for it this very day; and in

a new vigor it will bring to you, you will go forth to live to-morrow and all the coming days in such increasing loveliness and greatness, dignity and power, that unspeakable blessing shall surround you and flow from you; and the whole life of humanity shall receive an accelerating impulse toward the outworking of its glorious purpose!

Brother! sister! I nominate you for the highest position in the universe. You are destined for it. To it you must attain. Infinite, swift forces are waiting for your conscious recognition of your identity with God, to make God manifest in all your experience and service.

"You need not count your resources; they are limitless. You need not measure your strength; it is measureless. You need not count difficulties; 'Is anything too hard for the Lord!' You need not tremble for results; God's results are all successes. He stands with you beside a dead world, and promises its resurrection."

Infinite beauty surrounds you, marvelous music fills the atmosphere, great voices of infinite promise call to you; but having eyes you see not and having ears you do not hear. Higher vibrations than now you know beat upon your soul to stir you to the infinite possibilities. Your greatest fancy never pictured half the glory of your soul, its essence and its potency. What is there that you cannot conquer? You may master your circumstances and make them, rather than have them make you. You may so triumph over persecutions, distresses, weaknesses and so-called failures, that in all these things you may be "more than conquerors."

Sir Edward Stanley was leading his soldiers in a contest in Spain against a walled city. He was in the very van, and as he ran and tried to climb the wall, a soldier reaching over from above struck at him with his spear, but the general, like a real leader, grasped the spear before it struck his breast, and by it lifted himself to the top of the wall, smote down the one that had struck at him, and after him came his followers to victory.

When William the Conqueror landed on the coast of Britain and left his ship, he fell upon the shore—omen of disaster and defeat. He knew how it would affect his soldiers, but even as he fell the thought flashed through his mind how he might turn the ill omen

into a good one. He grasped a handful of the soil of Britain, and rising, cried, "Thus do I seize the land!" And the soldiers cheered him and swept on victoriously.

You may transfigure sin until it vanishes and your life is radiant in beauty. You may turn poverty into boundless wealth; clay into opals; sand into sapphires; soot into diamonds. You may despise sickness until it shall perish from very shame. You may grasp the spear that smites your mortal body and lift yourself thereby into the eternal victories. You may seem to stumble on the shore of the unknown country, but as you grasp the celestial soil the land shall be yours to hold forever.

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

A TECHNICAL ANALYSIS OF THOUGHT AND ITS FACULTIES.

What are thoughts? To say that thoughts are things is ambiguous. If they are things they must possess form and come somewhere within the scope of consciousness. It is the purpose of this article to analyze thought *per se*, i. e., the thing itself, not the mental effect produced by it, and we will treat the subject both from a generic and a specific standpoint.

If thoughts are things they are cosmic things since they belong to a cosmic atmosphere, and must logically be governed by the laws that govern that atmosphere. Again, if thoughts are cosmic in character their construction, properties, attributes, qualities and duration must be demonstrable by science inasmuch as science is the interpreter of cosmic varieties. Thus at the outset we establish thought upon a philosophic basis, and our reasoning, to be stable, must co-ordinate consistently upon that basis.

That thoughts *do exist* in our material atmosphere is self-evident and needs no demonstration. therefore thoughts are material, for only material creations can exist in a material atmosphere. This assumption will probably be denied on the ground that thought is impalpable and hence not material, to which we reply that material conditions like abstract conditions are always relative; it must also be remem-

ered that science, like life of which it treats, is dual; the corporeal and the spiritual or impalpable are essential complements as regards all the functions of being, therefore science must be considered as dual (physical and metaphysical) in discussing this question.

Thoughts then are impalpable things, i. e., they are objects with more or less definite conformation according to the skill and decision of the intellect producing them. Primarily all thought in a generic sense is organic, it is the product of thermal action in the brain by which the impalpable thought-substance is given off, which action is due in turn to the transmission of electric (virile) currents through the intellect* from the atmosphere at large. Thoughts being thus of organic origin are relatively transitory in duration, but the impressions they create upon the etheric substratum of mind† are immortal because mind is immortal. Thoughts, specifically, partake of the nature of the creative intellect, and their symmetry, beauty, refinement, vigor and utility are in direct ratio to the intellectual status involved; they are fragile or enduring according to the determinate energy of the individual will, and they are electro-magnetic, combining both electric and cerebral properties. Thought construction is executed in the mind, never within the mechanism of the brain, which is merely an engine for the concentration and application of power.

Thoughts also possess inherent atomic attributes which must be appreciated before any technical understanding of their nature can be reached.

1st. They are ponderable and can be gauged and classified by laws of gravity—thus, a thought of a given density finds its natural level in the mind just as clouds gravitate to specific levels in the atmosphere.

2d. They are subject to laws of evolution and do not come into existence spontaneously or full-fledged, they are concreted by mental processes; in an incipient condition they are nebulous and relatively vague to the comprehension; they compact by cohesion, more or less rapidly according to the volume and impact of the virile energy brought to bear upon them.

3d. They possess color and change kaleidoscopically as emotion

* Synonymous with soul.

† Synonymous with aura.

plays upon them. In the abstract, thought-substance is always blue, varying from a dull cerulean to the crystalline violet of the X ray; the more subliminal the intellect the more subliminal the quality and hue of the substance it evolves, but the passions of the heart modify this intrinsic hue and fuse upon it carnal color tints; it is rarely found in virgin integrity.

4th. They possess sound which is audible to the mental ear; this sound varies as the cohering processes vary; if the thought operations are in synthetic accord these vibrations are harmonious and produce soothing sensations upon consciousness, and vice versa.

5th. They also possess motion, not only the rudimentary atomic activity, but also a movement resembling the movement of clouds, produced by the centripetal and centrifugal respiratory currents of the spiritual body. As thoughts move thus to and fro within their mental precincts, various lights are cast upon them by the etheric solar rays by which the critical faculties of the intellect cognize their symmetry. It is to these currents also that the disintegration of thoughts is due; a thought form can survive no longer than a direct and definite virile force is played upon it, and this is usually of sufficient duration to project a vivid picture of it upon the mind. Thoughts disintegrate by dissemination, the substance of which they are formed dissipates in the atmosphere; it is expunged from the mind as fetid elements are expunged from the body.

6th. They are absorbent; being magnetic they derive bland or stringent qualities from our emotions; for instance, a violent thought carries the force of a blow if given a definite animus and trend, a pathetic thought will induce tears, a selfish thought incite resentment, etc., etc.

7th. Thoughts determine the purity of the mind, not the thoughts of others but our own thoughts; it is erroneous to suppose that an inherently pure intelligence can be infected by impure suggestions from without; there must always be the congenital affiliation for evil as for good, before either can be assimilated; intrinsic purity repels impurity as vigorously and as effectually as light dispels darkness. If thoughts were visible to the physical eye we would cultivate them more carefully.

This brings us by consistent procedure, from thoughts to the thinking faculties. Here much misapprehension prevails; the occupations of the mind are as various as are the manual avocations of man, but few of them, literally speaking, are thinking processes. Real thinking involves labor, because it involves the exercise of reason, and a collateral exercise of all the perspicacious faculties. From an esoteric point of view thinking *is* reasoning and is so taught by Masters of the esoteric cult. Technically, to think is to analyze, to discriminate in the selection of ideas*; it is to construct with precision and care, to build idea upon idea till a consummate result is attained, and necessitates the employment of all the profound faculties.

Intellect is endowed with many faculties that are in no sense thinking faculties. Imagination is a recreative faculty, its creations are phantasmagorical and evanescent; they hover erratically over brain territory and are always diaphanous and unstable in form. Metaphorically imagination plays with thought-substance; it catches as it were furtive glimpses of intellectual possibilities with no desire or ambition to actualize them. Imagination is rapid and discursive in action, reason is deliberate and concise; imagination is speculative and visionary, reason is calculating and exact; imagination is ideal and intuitive, reason is practical and logical. Imagination operates upon the boundaries of the executive territory of the mind, reason focuses brain power upon operations in immediate proximity to the brain.

Memory is a recreative faculty, it deals with the past and holds us in touch with it.

Recollection, or more accurately the recollective faculties, for they are many, are laboring faculties, and very important auxiliaries to reason; their office is statistical, they deal with the data of individual experience, and are indispensable agents in all study or research; specifically they provide corroborative support by means of which the deductions of reason are sustained.

Contemplation is a diversion of the mental faculties and embraces an indolent exercise both of reason and imagination or of either alone; it is a cursory survey of mental interests, and resembles

* Fragmentary thoughts.

thinking no more than the tranquil survey of scenery from a mountain top resembles actual exploration of that scenery.

Musing, reflection, retrospection, introspection and all kindred mental moods are somnambulic in character; they are slumber periods for the active faculties. During these rest periods the subconscious faculties act; the interior self communes with the exterior self; moral estimates are taken, moral resolutions made and moral admonitions and incentives received. In these reveries the mind is religiously self-examined (always semi-consciously), and tutelary impulses reach it from the occult.

Perception is not a faculty *per se*, it is what in the *corpus homo* we designate a sense; it is intellectual vision, and all the mental faculties possess it pro ratio to their degree of utility.

Reducing this analysis to a simple mathematical equation, we find but two generic classes of intellectual faculties, viz.: the reasoning and the imaginative, each equal to each in reactional reciprocity. Every grade of intellectual action may be classified in one or the other of these categories; they represent the antitheses of intelligence and between their limits every variation of learning and ignorance is found.

PAUL AVENEL.

First, then, thou must purify thy ruling faculty, and this vocation of thine also, saying: Now it is my mind I must shape, as the carpenter shapes wood and a shoemaker leather; and the thing to be formed is a right use of appearances.—*Epictetus*.

The beginning of creation (in man's soul as in nature) is light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds.—*Carlyle*.

Science is the systematic classification of experience.—*G. H. Lewes*.

Science always goes abreast with the just elevation of the man, keeping step with religion and metaphysics; or, the state of science is an index of our self-knowledge.—*Emerson*.

The all in all of faith is *that* we believe; of knowledge *what* we know, as well as how much and how well.—*Goethe*.

The being whose strength excels its necessities is strong; the being whose necessities excel its strength is feeble.—*Rousseau*.

LIFE ETERNAL:

THE LIFE OF ETERNITY.

II.

Our individuality, as we exist in this sublunary world, does not constitute the whole of our being. Much that pertains to us essentially has never been developed in this life. Hence we are differentiated rather than integral, a grouping of qualities and characteristics rather than a complete essence. We are influenced by others and imbued more or less by their peculiar nature and disposition; while, on the other hand, those with whom we associate and whom we love and esteem take somewhat from us in their turn. The traits which are peculiar to us are chiefly accidents of our individual mode of existence, and very often are the heirlooms of races and families to which we belong. Indeed, we have, all of us, become more or less the continuation and bodying anew of ancestors. The umbilical cord is not really divided while we exist here, and we are nourished from the life and permeated with the thought of a thousand generations. We are shoots and branches of the great World-Tree, and derive sap, all of us in common, from its root.

The unexplained operations of the mind, nevertheless, may by no means be all imputed to heredity. The Rabbis tell us that several souls, human spirits, may adjoin themselves to an individual, and at certain times help, strengthen and inspire him, dwelling with and in him. They generally leave him when their work has been accomplished; but in some instances an individual receives this aid all his lifetime. Oliver Wendell Holmes remarks in one of his works that there are times when our friends do not act like themselves, but apparently in obedience to some other law than that of their own proper nature; and also that we ourselves do things both when

awake and when asleep that surprise us. "Perhaps," he adds, "we have co-tenants in this house we live in."

John Bunyan also has represented his Pilgrim as being on one occasion infested by a malignant spirit that whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him in such an artful manner that poor Christian thought that they proceeded from his own mind. We observe something of the same nature in the mesmeric phenomena, and in the contagious enthusiasm of popular assemblages.

It is but a step further for us to acknowledge unqualifiedly the presence and agency of invisible beings. Milton assures us that millions of these are constantly walking the earth. We may not reasonably doubt, when the physical world abounds with innumerable races and genera of living beings, that the invisible world is no less densely peopled; nor that we all are surrounded by spiritual entities, bodied and unbodied, that are capable of transfusing their thoughts, impulses and appetences into us. We observe something like this in our ordinary mental operations. What we denominate *reasoning* is the conscious endeavor of the understanding to trace out facts, their relations and correspondences.* Beyond this region of the soul there is that of the intuitive intellect, more occult and apart from this world. It is not limited, like the other, to matters of observation and experience, but is manifestly in communication with beings and intelligences that are beyond the acknowledged realm of physical existence. Such intercourse is of the eternal world, of which this material universe is but a colony. "Not when I am divorced from the connection of the earthly world," says Fichtê, "do I first gain admission into that which is above the earth. I am in it already, and I live in it more truly than in the earthly. That which they denominate *Heaven* lies not beyond the grave. It is already here, diffused around our nature, and its light rises in every pure heart."

I am convinced that what is commonly recognized as apperception, intuition and inspiration, is this faculty of supra-conscious intelligence. It is a remembering, the reproducing and bringing into consciousness of what we knew and possessed before we became sojourners in the region of limit and change. It belongs to that sphere of being to

*"Every thought is a soul!"—BULWER LYTTON.

which we are now in a measure oblivious and estranged. But there can be no mental activity without its aid, any more than there can be muscular action without the exercise of the will.

This declaration is by no means absurd or irrational. The soul and mind, as indeed the brain itself and the entire nervous systems, are antecedent to sensation; and, in perfect analogy to this, the faculty of Intellection is not by any necessity a matter of physical consciousness. It has little to do with the brain-material, and does not oxidise or wear away its tissues. The individual is not wearied, but actually refreshed and invigorated by its exercise. There is an ocean of mind about us, quick and electric with life, which brings and keeps all souls in communication with each other, like the innumerable drops of water in the ocean of our sublunary world; and its currents make the individual understanding, when under peculiar conditions of exertion, receptive of ideas and thoughts which are not in any common way original to it.

The attempt has been made to set forth that this is an operation performed unconsciously by the cerebral organism, but it should be cognized as the cerebration of the Great Universal Brain, which the writers of the *New Testament* characterize as the Holy Spirit. "Take no thought what you shall speak," said Jesus, "for it shall be given you in that same hour by the spirit within you."

True spirituality consists in being like God, pure and holy through righteousness, and not in wonderful and extraordinary communications with denizens of the invisible region, or even with the angels of the highest heaven. Nor is it well to boast or be elated with such experiences. To see is better than to be seen. Indeed it is very questionable whether they may with propriety be spoken about at all. The true spouse rejoices in the possession and society of the conjugal mate, rather than in the boons and endearments that are bestowed, but speaks of none of them to any other person. Greater modesty than this is becoming in regard to these interior associations with the superior world. They should be kept close and sacred from those who have no heart to appreciate them. They are subjective and interior, supra-conscious facts of the supersensuous world, which are known only as we know God, and hence they may not be con-

verted into images for others to gaze upon with empty curiosity. We are cautioned against such profanation by the assurance that swine will trample stupidly upon our pearls, and dogs will turn upon us and rend us after we have given them the holy bread that may not be thus desecrated. "The psychic man" who cognizes only matters of sense, Paul declares, "doth not receive the things of the spirit, for to him they are foolishness; besides, he cannot know them, because they are discerned spiritually."

For this reason we may not attempt, and we cannot properly delineate the eternal world. We may cognize and be preconscious of it, but we are not able to comprehend it fully. It is above and beyond us, and yet is present with us; like the heaven which transcends and at the same time contains the earth within it. It is spiritual and divine; but to give its altitude, its profoundness and extent, is beyond our ken. We may not, however, for such reasons, circumscribe our thought and imagination within the limits of daily observation and experience. Such a withholding of our eyes from the vision of the immutable and everlasting would be a suffocating of our higher nature. It would not be innocent or blameless to be willing thus to remain "of the earth earthy," when our nobler selfhood is from heaven.

Our existence in the material universe is the result of causes which we are hardly sufficient to comprehend. It may have been for the object of perfecting our individuality and so constituting an essential means to establish our selfhood in a more complete identity. We may not doubt that it is necessary to us, and has its uses, which we may not safely forego. We should also bear in mind that it is the occupying of a certain sphere of being, rather than the mode of dwelling in it. We are really in it before our birth, or even our conception, and do not leave it by the dissolving of the body. That by this event we seem to forsake it is not enough; the conditions which allied us to material nature must also be exceeded. Otherwise, like a weed which has been cut off by the hoe in one place, we shall be certain to issue forth again in another.

Eternity is in no essential sense a Foreworld or Future State. It is purely the unconditioned, that which always IS, which changes

not. The soul is native there; and its manifestation elsewhere is accomplished by shutting itself away, so to speak, after a manner as we shut ourselves away from everyday life in going to sleep. It thus passes into the genesis, the transitional condition, and from being permanent becomes subject to change, from being integral it is differentiated into qualities and faculties, from being eternal it is thus transformed into a being of Time. In this connection, evil—the privation of good—and the conditions of phenomenal existence are incident to it. Thus the corporeal environment and the other consequences which it inherits in the world of Nature, are as the grave, and even as hell within them, to the essential principle of life.

This is not, however, an abyss of hopeless destruction. The soul, thus enveloped and enthralled by the pains and affections of the body, is in a crippled and impotent condition, and in a manner alienated from the celestial home. Its interior rational principle is comparatively asleep. But it does not entirely forget. Our ego, the nobler essence, that which we really are, is beyond this region of sublunary existence, immortal and imperishable. We have a superior consciousness, a spiritual sense which transcends physical sensibility, and it awakens betimes from this dormant state, as if for the purpose of reminding us of the celestial life. Our every conception of the Good and the True is of this character. These memories, for such they are, which are thus now and then aroused, have often a vividness as if they were now occurring. We even realize the force of the words of Schelling: “Such as you are you have been *somewhere* for ages.”

It is true even in this world of sense, that when we are in communion with a superior mind, we perceive ourselves passing after a manner beyond the ordinary limits of thought, and coming into the All. In the longing of the spirit after that state of perfect knowledge, purity and bliss in which it once abode, there is somewhat of the same experience. We apprehend in a degree where we belong. We attain a deeper perception and consciousness of that which really is. We become more intimately cognizant of the eternal laws and reasons of things, which are behind as well as mingled with the endless diversity of sensible phenomena. We then find the Highest to

be the nearest—to be closer than the air which we breathe or the thoughts which we are thinking.

“ Each ‘Lord, appear!’ thy lips pronounce contains my ‘Here am I!’
A special messenger I send beneath thine every sigh;
Thy love is but a girdle of the love I bear to thee,
And sleeping in thy ‘Come, O Lord,’ there lies ‘Hear, child!’ from me.”

Many there are, however, who seem never to break the chain of illusion. They neither perceive nor understand anything which does not pertain to sensuous existence. It has been somewhat of a study with me whether the immortal principle in such persons does not return into the other world, as the rain-drops merge in the waters of the ocean, not being fixed in any real identity. It must seem as though a being possessing immortality would cognize the fact, and by parity of reasoning, that whoever does not is not so endowed with unending life. Nevertheless, it must be supposed that no capabilities or experiences are ever in vain. A dormant faculty may appear to be extinct, and so remain unrecognized by us, till under circumstances which we do not well understand, it shall be roused from its lethargy. No word or outflow of Divinity will return fruitless or abortive.

It may seem to many, however, to be a matter of wonderment, that if we have our real origin in the eternal world, we appear, nevertheless, to have no distinct or positive remembrance of that fact. Whether we ever existed before among men, we believe, rather than know for certainty. This does not prove anything adverse. It has been already remarked that the soul, upon entering the realm of conditioned existence, became as though asleep, unconscious of the celestial world, but dreaming, so to speak, of scenes in the material universe. The ancient sages used to teach that human souls, before again becoming incarnate, drank the water of Oblivion, and forgot the past, and in particular the occurrences in which they had borne a part. Several of these wise men, however, affirmed that they could recall to remembrance scenes and experiences of a former life. I am disposed to regard this as possibly true. I have seen an infant that had never had a fall since birth, exhibit the liveliest apprehension of such an accident. Perhaps this terror was

suggested by some invisible guardian, like the dæmon of Sokrates, or was occasioned by some reminiscence of such an occurrence in an anterior term of life in the earth, which had been carried forward by the internal memory. Unless we may suppose that cerebation takes place before birth, this was not possibly an action in which the brain participated. Meanwhile, it is a significant fact, that the belief in a *karma* or influence from a former life, or series of lives, affecting us for good or ill, has been general and had a place in the philosophy of every world-religion. "Who sinned," the disciples are said to have asked of Jesus, "this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?"

The forgetting of the former life and mode of being, whatever may have been the cause, appears to have been incident to the beginning of a new term of existence. Children in like manner forget the scenes and occurrences of the first months of infancy; and they even become totally ignorant respecting their parents if they are taken away from them during this period. It may be, however, that some individuals attain such purity in the previous lifetime as to be able to preserve somewhat of the memory of events then occurring. I have heard children but a few years old narrate tales of what they did and observed in a former term of existence, as though they remembered it accurately. Pythagoras appears to have actually preserved such reminiscence, and I can believe the same thing of the author of the *Phædrus*.

Although, however, the souls that are prisoned in this world of sense cease to know about the higher life, and so are as though dead, yet this exile and death do not constitute a total separation from the heavenly world. They have some remembrance of their former state of bliss, and yearn for a purer and nobler form of life. The interior spirit continues to live from above. It is no parentless evolution of the physical nature, but is itself a projection or outcome from the eternal region. Corruption is not an heir to incorruption, and that principle of our being which rises in glory, a spiritual essence, was first sown before it could experience any evolution. It was always immortal, without reference to the sensuous nature. Immortality has nothing to do with the accidents of the body. It is in no genu-

ine sense, a condition to be attained and enjoyed by reason of the phenomenal occurring of corporeal dissolution. Such an immortality would fall short of the eternal life, and is little better than a mirage of the imagination. The spiritual essence, the inward man that delights in the law of God, is the fountain of our life, and confers upon the corporeal structure all its significance. We are, therefore, immortal, imperishable and eternal, without becoming so. The supersensuous world is not a *future* state, in any essential sense of the term, but is now present and about every one of us. Our life in that sphere of being is by no means incompatible with living here on the earth. It is not necessary to lay the body aside in order to become free from the contamination of this material existence. The soul may turn again toward its celestial source, contemplate it, and be at one with it, and so become spiritual and divine as partaking of Deity. Thus will it be delivered from the illusions of sense and the disturbances of passion which obscure its vision, and be exalted into the region of eternal truth, goodness and beauty. Here all things are perennial; the love of good, the enthusiasm of the right and unselfish motive exceed all the limitations of time and space. Whoever attains these and lives in the exercise of them, possesses life beyond the veil which separates the visible world from the greater universe, and is in very fact a son of God living in eternity.

We may now understand intelligently these sayings recorded of Jesus in the fourth Gospel: "He that heareth my word and believeth in him that sent me hath life eternal; and he cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into the life." "He that believeth in me, even though he die, he shall live; and he that is alive and believeth in me shall not die." The *living* here denoted is that of angels and the various genera of celestial beings in the eternal world. Of that region this universe is but the effigy and shadow; and of the life of that world, this sublunary life is but the apparition and dream.

"The sense by which we lay hold on eternal life," says Fichtë, "we acquire only by the renouncing and offering up of sense, and the aims of sense, to the law which claims our will alone and our acts;—by renouncing it with the conviction that to do so is reason-

able and alone reasonable. With this renunciation of the earthly the belief in the eternal first enters our soul, and stands isolated there, as the only stay by which we can still sustain ourselves when we have relinquished everything else, as the only animating principle that still heaves our bosom and still inspires our life. Well was it said in the metaphors of a Sacred Doctrine that a man must first die to the world and be born again in order to enter into the Kingdom of God."

This sacred experience is prefigured by the meeting of the soul with its diviner self at the Bridge of Judgment. The resurrection from the dead to the life eternal, the life of the eternal world, is denoted. It is the converse of the apostasy or abandoning of the celestial home. The Ionic philosophers, after the custom of the sages of the farther East, designated it as the *metempsychosis*, which, though usually interpreted as meaning the transplanting of the soul from one body to another, denotes rather the transformation and transition from the sensuous and corporeal to the spiritual life. The Hebrew Psalmist gives the graphic description: "He brought me out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay; he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." The soul, having become immersed in the mire of sense, and lost sight of the celestial world, is brought again to the perception of the truth, and stands erect in its native divinity, ransomed and redeemed. It is now transfigured and changed into the image of the heavenly.

The resurrection is not to be understood as a restoration from physical accident. We can afford to disencumber this subject from the gross fancies and interpretations which originate in a sensuous conception. To the dead who hear and obey the divine voice there are not promised any renewed pulsation of arteries and stimulating of the nervous system, but a birth into spiritual life. The fatal sting of death is taken away and the king of terrors is dethroned when we cease to wander from the right. The victory thus achieved relates to moral and not physical dissolution. "The body is dead through sin," says the great Apostle, "but the spirit lives through righteousness." "Ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit," he says again. "You hath he quickened; ye are risen with him through the operation of faith." "God hath quickened us and hath raised us up and

made us sit in the heavenly places." These declarations shut us up to the direction: "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead to sin, but alive to God."

We have no occasion for apprehension or perplexity in regard to a judgment of the last day. The form of speech is Asiatic and highly metaphoric. By those whose mental purview is bounded by Time, that event may be regarded as relating to some physical crisis, like the consummation of terrestrial existence, or perhaps the end of life; but in the world of Mind there are no such limitations. The day of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, always at high noon, without sunrise or sunset; it has always been, it now is, and it will never cease to be. It is a "last day" to those alone whose life and thought are still involved in corporeal nature; it is a day of judgment to those only who love darkness rather than light, and are wrongdoers. But they who have attained the pure life and the true resurrection are living all the while in the divine, eternal day. They are in the heavenly places, in beatific communion with spirits and angels, and are endowed with the perceptions, faculties and energies which pertain to the life of the eternal world. We have the assurance that as we live in family, neighborhood and society in the earth, we may likewise sustain analogous relations with those who dwell in the celestial region. The basis of this assurance exists in our own being, and we confirm it by living in charity and doing the right. "In all moral feeling," says Jacobi, "there is a presentiment of eternity."

The life which we live as inhabitants of the eternal world is in no sense a continuance of the life which we live upon the earth. It is not a form or mode of existence, but a quality of being. It has no part in any action which is inspired by the consideration of a result. It consists solely of the moral essentials, love, virtue and goodness. It knows no going and coming as in a region of space; there are no words for divisible conditions in the language of the gods. We have no occasion to search for any one in the heavenly world. We are in and with those whom we love, and are permeated by them through all our being. We cognize rather than recognize them. There is no space or limit to the human mind, and hence our personality possesses a power of indefinite extension over the world of spirit. The glad-

ness of thought, the communion of love, the beatitude of service, the ecstasy of worship, the contemplation of the divine, make up the life there; as they are also felt and known here to be the highest of our employments.

The whole matter, however, transcends the sphere of common reasoning. It belongs to the universal faith which has been cherished alike by seers and sages. It pertains to the world of ideas, the prior realities which came with the spirit from the eternal home. Let no one, then, seek to intermeddle and exercise dominion over the faith and conduct of another in matters of the spiritual life. It may be our province to serve as guides and heralds of the eternal verities, but beyond that point each one must minister to himself. The truth; and not its exponent, will make us free. This liberty of the spirit, however, is no mere breaking of yokes and fetters, but an initiation and induction into the fullness of the divine life. We are not even made subject to the will of the Most High, but render to it a free obedience.

Thus we are at one with the Divine Order which inspires and regulates the interior universe, and is supreme in all worlds. In this is *the* life eternal, the life of the eternal region—being without change, participation of the Absolute Good. The celestial warder, our pure law and inmost spirit, conducts us onward, not only into Paradise, but to the very foot of the Celestial Throne.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

He who made the past, that imprisons his present, can work within the prison house and create a future of Liberty.—*Annie Besant*.

The wise man in God has the wisdom of God, and he will teach it in a way that nobody can contradict or resist him, and his teaching will harm no one, but bring joy and gladness and glory to all who will receive it.—*Paracelsus*.

Beliefs which are sound and manifestly true are of necessity used even by those who deny them. And perhaps a man might adduce this as the greatest possible proof of the manifest truth of anything, that those who deny it are compelled to make use of it.—*Epictetus*.

GENIUS.

The study of genius is certainly fascinating. The mere classification from works or from lives is intensely interesting though in the end generally unsatisfactory. The examination of genius itself is attracting thoughtful consideration. As psychic phenomena, its works and its nature are being cut to pieces and subjected to all known tests. The time will come when its philosophy is known and the present physical and physiological experiments will help in the attainment of that knowledge. But pure psychology, metaphysical and not anatomical, will give the final solution.

In the realms of literature, art and music, we can best study genius in the present state of our knowledge. We must look into the material now. It is necessary for the human reason to work up to the supernatural from that which is understood; and we find the supernatural is either nothing or is natural. We but expand the rule of nature. Christ said, "If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" Our basis for argument changes as our knowledge grows. Several centuries ago a French scientist argued that it would be as absurd to say that the sun revolved around the earth as to think that the fire revolved around a fowl to roast it. To-day we do not ask for proof that the earth revolves; we do not need to argue about it. Our time to understand genius has not yet come.

There are three ways in which we may study it to-day: its effects in the man, in his works, and in the audience. Genius is not imagination, but it needs its help. The artist, composer and author must draw from their own experience—and if the conscious world-experience were all, how narrow it would be. Talent by itself lacks originality. The immediate audience may not be able to differentiate. It may be carried away by emotion, by a borrowed humor or pathos, by a stolen melody, a copied picture. But the thoughtful find more than a single strain in each work of genius. The master musician composes his harmony out of his own experience; besides its leading melody

are undertones and overtones, so that all who listen hear true melody though no two hear the same. The poet translates his thought from the terms of his own life and imagination and we read into his work that of which he never dreamed. The artist paints a picture and calls it "The Portrait of a Lady," and yet as we admire it we do not ask whose portrait it is. We see the picture of one we have known long in our own subconscious self. We recognize a friend long known but never seen in life. The work of talent we praise for its mechanical effect. We ask for and examine the original. We praise the style, the execution, the tone. Before the work of genius we do not speak, we think. There is no pure genius in this world. We find genius not only in the great works where it is predominant, but also in what is weak. A touch of genius is often found and to it there is a quick response. The work of talent without genius does not last; it wears out. True art, true literature, true music is where the genius stands out clear above all else.

The evidence of genius is to be found not only in the effect produced, but also in the work itself. It has been said that the necessary qualification of excellence is truth to life. But the photograph is not art, the scale is not music. There must be that element which makes it possible for what is true to one experience to be as true in another. A beautiful serenade is not interpreted in the same way by two musicians. The cross on the wall which one tries to grasp and finds to be painted is wonderful for the skill in the mechanical side of painting which it shows, but it has not the suggestiveness of art. It is the result of talent; the serenade, beautiful when played by either musician, is the creation of genius. Genius steps without trouble from heart to heart, from life to life. It picks out intuitively the real truth, which all recognize, though no two see the same phase of it.

In the man himself we find the greatest proofs of genius. Educated or uneducated he has that vital touch which sets the heart strings vibrating on every side. He puts before us what we have never seen before and yet we know it is true; we recognize what we have seen through a glass, darkly; he expresses what we have long wished to put into words or on the canvas or in harmony. He is a

prophet. The expressions of his thought are carried beyond his reason, and he builds better than he imagines. This is especially true in literature and of poetry. In the religious writers we call it inspiration. When the Lord is represented as speaking of the song of the morning stars, we do not think that the Hebrew poet had ever heard of the music of the spheres. He is said to have been inspired. Was Goethe less inspired when he made Faust say of Nature: "Thou trackest out the rows of living things before me and around me and dost teach me to know my brother in all about me, the bush, the air, the water?" He little imagined what an influence that half-understood thought would come to exert, when systematized, upon the scientific and religious thought of the world. Genius is the power to express the inmost secret thought so that others will be set thinking, not of it but by it. Genius enables man to dip his pen into the eternal verities and write so that all ages and all men can read and recognize the truth. Genius is a gift from God. Only as we realize that "In Him we live and move and have our being" can we explain its nature. Then its phenomena become noumena. We make inspiration and genius the same, not denying the divine nature of inspiration, but acknowledging it to be the highest and purest type of genius.

PROF. HENRY NELSON BULLARD.

ONLY DREAMING.

I've thought the world is ever greater growing;
 That men stand on the thoughts of yesterday,
 To reach unto new thoughts; that round us flowing
 The causes and effects of what we are,
 From o'er our bounding heights—where truth is glowing—
 May shed a trembling ray,
 A gleam afar,
 That breaks upon our night, a new and golden star.

I've thought there is a loveliness supernal,
 That lies beyond us—o'er us and beneath;—
 I've dreamed of an Elysium eternal,

That stands behind the mystery of Death;
Where life and love and thought are ever vernal,
And man, developing, a soulful flower,
Beneath a golden sunlight round him shed
From off some farther energizing power,
Reaches through dawning Truth up toward the eternal head.

And then, I've thought, as man is reaching onward,
Mayhap he'll find some hidden proof of this;
Mayhap he'll find a light is breaking sunward,
To shed its rays upon the dark abyss
Between the mystery of that-which-is
And these, our dreams of it, that reach and fall
Back on themselves; mayhap is gleaming dawnward
A day, whose golden orb will shine o'er all
And light the scenes which lie beyond this mystic wall.

But still, I've thought, the race is dying, dying;
And still above the bier the human weeps;
And still the man is ever crying, crying
Unto his god, that still forever sleeps
And makes no sound; and still beyond the portal,
The mystic portal, breaks the sea and sweeps
Upon our shore—
That unknown sea, where hopes and fears of mortal
Meet in one wreck at last, where breakers roar
And human dreams dissolve and blend forevermore.

And then, I've thought, perhaps 'tis only dreaming.
We seek the Infinite with finite thought.
The world to us is but the world in seeming;
And *all* to other souls, to us is *naught*.
Truth unto us is only faintly gleaming,
And is, mayhap, through colored glasses caught.
We do not know the different modes of seeing
That different beings have through all the modes of Being.

There is a limit standing around about us.
We look before, behind, and dream beyond.
There is a Mystery that stands without us,
Which hardly on our weaker sense has dawned.
We pray, but cannot break the mystic bond;

We weep, but still the silent stars shine o'er us;
Our memory breaks behind, and all is dark before us.

I'll turn me back. There is one balm of healing—
There is a God within Humanity.
I feel the notes through all my being pealing:
"Go forth and make thy fellow-man more free."
A love sweeps through the flood-gates of my feeling—
The dear, green world is shining still to me.
"Go forth and bring the New Day into birth,
Until its beauty beams on all the waiting earth."

J. A. EDGERTON.

CHILDREN OF THE KING.

AN ALLEGORY.

(Concluded.)

The tiny insects had destroyed the idol; but where was he, the elder brother, who had carved the image to frighten the little children?

"He has gone to a far corner of the garden," the princes replied.

"What to do?"

"To make new idols."

"Will the children there believe in them?"

"They do believe in them. They are ignorant."

"Then I shall go and teach them the truth."

"No, no, no! They are fierce and savage——"

"They are my brothers——"

"They will kill you——"

"And I am immortal!"

The point of the compass given him, the young Prince started bravely upon his self-appointed journey, and soon those whom he had left staring sadly after him separated, and went their several ways.

It was high noon when the Prince reached a steep and stony path which led up from the lower levels of the garden. Its roughness and its sharp acclivity were so forbidding to the Children of the King that few of them at one time had followed it. Besides its formidable ascent, the fierce light of the noonday sun beating upon it like a

golden flame repelled the faint-hearted; for the pilgrim, whencesoever he came, reached the foot of the slope always when the Orb of Light shone from the zenith. Perhaps that was why the would-be climber's eyes were blinded to the stupendous height before him; for its real length was hidden in the golden mist that glimmered low upon the mountain-side.

Striding on bravely at first, then more and more slowly, though none the less eagerly, the heat of the vertical rays beating fiercely upon him, the young Prince climbed the Path. In time, although he advanced with less and less haste, he overtook a solitary traveler limping laboriously up the slope.

"Hail, brother!" cried the Prince.

The boy turned and smiled a glad greeting.

"The way is difficult," said the Prince.

"It is difficult."

"And you are lame!"

"Yes."

"Come rest a moment here upon this ledge."

"I may not rest."

"But you are crippled——"

"It is my punishment."

"Your punishment? Pray tell me——"

"'Twas thus: One yesterday—I know not which one of the many I have passed—I was at heart a beast. I quarreled with my brother, and we came to blows. I struck him with my club, and hurt him so he never walked again. Awhile—for after days and days—I crawled for punishment. Now I may walk, although I limp, and every step upon this awful height is double agony. But I could leap and dance for joy that I may stand upright and walk at all! Each upward step hath healing for me, and I care not—no, not I!—how long and rough and steep this journey prove!"

"You choose to climb, my brother?"

"I 'choose to climb,' when, in the valley yonder, *I crawled?*"

"Who taught you—who told you of the Path?"

"Reason—Reason, who came to me through suffering and remorse! I see—I feel—I *know* that I shall conquer ignorance in

time. Black hatred, born of error, the hideous cause of all this fell effect, is fading out under the white heat of the Sun of Light! Love takes its place—atom by atom—and when my Being has become filled with it, and my heart beats to the harmony of life, then shall I reach atonement!”

“I am glad to have overtaken you——”

“And so am I. But you must not remain with me. My steps are slow and painful, and although I thank you for your good intent, I’m best alone, believe me. Farewell, my brother, and All Good speed thee on thy way!”

“If you would walk alone, so be it. But first, if it be possible, answer me one question, I would ask. During the time you have been climbing, has any maker of idols passed you by?”

“The makers of false gods skirt the base of the mountain to reach their goals. They could not climb if they would. The weight of sordid greed holds them forever to low levels.”

“Could I not more speedily have reached my journey’s end had I, too, followed the mountain’s base?”

“Not in all eternity! Your goal lies at the end of motives—not of miles. I know neither how long, nor how tedious will be our journeying; but, though I hobble and halt with each slow footstep taken, I shall follow you, my brother, on your shining way! Farewell, and speed you!”

Higher and higher climbed the young Prince. The airs he breathed seemed cooler, the light about him mellower, although the ascent grew ever steeper before him. Away beyond was a wooded slope, and toward this he bent his eager feet. Here in the pleasant shade he would sit for awhile, and rest.

To his surprise, he found the wood sparsely peopled by his brothers. To his greater amazement, he discovered that upon approaching any one of the solitary figures that dotted the glade it would speed away hurriedly, casting dark frowns back upon the venturesome intruder.

After a few vain attempts to gain a hearing, the Prince desisted, and, throwing himself upon the soft grass and fallen leaves of the forest, fell into a refreshing although brief slumber. A slight noise

awakened him, and, sitting upright, he gazed curiously at a figure, youthful and slender, emerging from the heart of the shadowy woods.

Upon the child's back were strapped bundles innumerable—so many, indeed, that he stooped as he walked.

“Hail, brother!” cried the Prince.

“Good morrow,” the child replied.

“You call it ‘good’—you who are so burthened?”

“All morrows are good, since they are filled with opportunities.”

“Whence come you?”

“Out of the Shadow.”

“You have always lived here—you and those others of whom I catch glimpses through the trees?”

“No. Ages ago we, one by one, climbed a Path which led us here ——”

“Led you *here*? Did the Path, then, lead no farther?”

“Ah, yes, brother! But the heights beyond were even steeper than those we had been climbing; and the Way seemed endless as eternity!”

“Why climb at all, if, knowing there is a Beyond, you are content to linger here?”

“If I remember rightly (it is so long ago) we meant, each one of us, to rest but a little while—an hour, an age—and then go on. But the shadows were so sweet, the coolness so grateful, we have lingered here until the Path and its direction are lost to us who dwell apart in this still Refuge.”

“Learned you nothing on the slopes below?”

“Too much and not enough! Abusers of a Holy Privilege we, the would-be Learners of the Law, so filled ourselves with mortal wisdom, that, by the time we reached this place, each deemed himself above his fellows, and, with the *I-am-holier-than-thou* feeling in his heart, each drew his garments around him, and shut his senses to the needs of his fellow creatures.”

“But you? You are leaving the forest of isolation. What impulse prompts you, brother?”

“I do not know. Perhaps I have grown in spirit. At any rate, the solitude is no longer silent—it speaks to me. And although I

lost it ages ago, I shall find the Path. Perhaps you can direct me?"

"Nay, brother—the Way lies yonder—seek it for yourself—for so it must be discovered by each pilgrim soul. You sigh?"

"It is a long road——"

"One step at a time is all you need to take."

"It is steep——"

"Truly, seen afar off. But approach the Path, and see to what a marvelous degree it levels itself beneath your feet!"

"But I am so burthened——"

"Burdens of your own packing, doubtless. Come, brother, let us see if there be really need of all this cumbersome merchandise. Loose the strap, and let it fall."

"But if I do not carry these, the world will not recognize me."

"What matter? Will the number upon any dwelling—howsoever firm its earthly foundation—save it ultimate destruction? What's here within this pack?"

"Pride."

"A heavy cargo! And this?"

"Vanity."

"A mighty lot of personal clamorings for worldly recognition! And here's a host of aspirations false and futile—let the whole lot lie!"

"These—all these I brought with me so far upon the road. I cannot leave them *all*!"

"Choose, then, of your belongings if you must—but, my brother, any one of these will clog your footsteps, be sure of that. Take time to make your choice; for unless you leave the burden willingly, 'twill prove heavier in thought than in materiality, and not a fraction of its weight be lifted from you, after all."

"If you would only wait until I make my choice——"

"Your choosing must consume your own good time, not mine. Nor can I take one onward step for you, my brother. Slowly or speedily as may be, *each pilgrim, alone and lonely, makes his own journey for himself.* Fare you well!"

On and on, and, after higher altitudes, a pleasant level now and then.

At length the veiling mist lifts a little before the traveler, and he sees, in the radiant distance, height after height shining in golden splendor. In the dazzling perspective the slopes seem gentler, the Path a light-enhaloed aisle where only Love itself may pass!

But, oh, for any Child of the King who gains this vantage from which he may discern the entrance to peace celestial—who hears the faint, far music of the singing hosts whose harmonies create new worlds,—to press eagerly on toward the Light is to lose the substance of the lessons learned upon the slopes below—to listen to heaven's harmonies only is to deafen the ears of the spirit—for Life hath other sounds for him to hear and heed—low cadences which throb the louder as he listens—discordant tones which reach him more and more distinctly, until, at last, the harmonies beyond are lost in the piteous, nearer clamorings!

Away from the alluring light ahead he turns—to right and left from whence are borne to him the cries of creatures in distress—the moaning of his brothers upon the mountain sides—to right and left, where yawn dark pathways leading down—leading down and away from the heavenly light—pathways steep, gloomy, dangerous, forbidding, yet named with a name so tender, so pure, so full of holy love, that, with heaven itself in sight, the pilgrim soul turns from the radiance beyond, and, with Being purged of every thought of Self, makes his willing, godlike way down, down through the long, dark vistas which environ the Pathways of Compassion!

EVA BEST.

Scientific truth is marvelous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air and walks by its light has found the lost paradise.—*Horace Mann.*

Be as the bird perched for an instant on the too frail branch which she feels bending beneath, but sings away all the same, knowing she has wings.—*Victor Hugo.*

Temperance is a tree which has for its root very little contentment and for its fruit calm and peace.—*Buddha.*

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think.—*Beattie.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

As announced in our May number, a Literary Society has been in process of organization during the past two months in New York City, for the purpose of definite and continuous study and research in the prolific fields of metaphysics, philosophy, occult wisdom and psychic phenomena. The adjourned organization meeting was held on the evening of April 29th, when the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The Committee on Organization submitted a detailed report of its work, and outlined plans of procedure which it recommended as most feasible for prompt results, giving also its opinions about features for future development. The following definite features for immediate action were adopted:

1st. To establish and maintain a hall for meetings, entertainments, etc.

2d. To provide for regular and extra meetings for business matters and for entertainment, as well as for literary work.

3d. To appoint committees for special work along any desirable lines of research.

4th. To establish a Circulating Library and begin collecting works on all desirable subjects connected with the search after truth in any of its guises.

5th. To maintain Library and Reading Rooms open to members and to the interested public, which may become a general headquarters for those interested in the advanced lines of thought-action.

All of these features are to be more definitely determined as the work proceeds.

It was decided to name the organization "The School of Philosophy," the word "school" being considered in its highest sense, as a sphere of learning, and philosophy, in its ideal sense, as the love of wisdom. A search for wisdom is the object of the School.

A Preamble, declarative of principles, and a Constitution and By-Laws adapted to the various requirements of the School were adopted, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary and Recording Secretary were duly elected.

An Executive Committee of twelve experienced and able business men was chosen who will have charge of all business matters pertaining to the School.

A Literary Committee of three women and two men was appointed, to attend to the programmes of meetings and entertainments, and to look up sources of production of progressive material.

It was decided to publish the more important papers, reports, and proceedings developing through the work of the School, and THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE was chosen as the official organ of the School on such matters as are suitable for its columns. Other material may be issued separately.,

Seventy members and associates are enrolled as organizers, and a large number more have signified their intention to join as soon as the necessary blanks are ready for use in formal application. The prospects all point to a large and enthusiastic membership and a valuable and instructive work.

The Officers and Executive Committee chosen are as follows:

President :

FLOYD B. WILSON, ESQ.

First Vice-President :

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

Second Vice-President :

THOMAS WILSON TOPHAM, M. D.

Third Vice-President :

EDWIN D. SIMPSON, M. D.

Treasurer :

V. EVERIT MACY.

Corresponding Secretary :

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

Recording Secretary:

A. FRED. KILMER.

Executive Committee:

FLOYD B. WILSON, Chairman;
 ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.,
 THOMAS WILSON TOPHAM, M. D.,
 EDWIN D. SIMPSON, M. D.,
 E. C. BOLIN, M. D.,
 V. EVERIT MACY,
 HENRY W. MERRILL,
 HENRY WHITNEY TYLER,
 J. WILLIAM FOSDICK,
 ELISHA FLAGG,
 A. FRED. KILMER,
 LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

THE FIRST MEETING.

The first regular meeting of the School was held on the evening of May 1st in Mr. Whipple's Lecture-Room, 272 Madison Avenue. An enthusiastic audience of members and associates filled the room. After the reading and approval of the minutes a Committee on Plan and Scope of the Work of the School was appointed, as follows:

MR. LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, Chairman;
 DR. ALEXANDER WILDER,
 DR. EDWIN D. SIMPSON.

This committee will present plans from month to month for the consideration of the School in open meeting, and perfect for operative action, such plans as are approved by the School at its regular meetings.

It was next decided to take up the study and investigation of the subject of "Dreams, Somnambulism and Kindred Phenomena," and a committee of seven members and one advisory member has been appointed to conduct these investigations and submit reports at regular meetings. An explanatory circular was adopted to send to members, together with blanks on which special dreams may be recorded and authenticated for the use of both the committee and the School. An exceedingly interesting paper on "Therapeutics" was read by Dr. Thomas Wilson Topham, and enthusiastically received.

The general trend of all remarks made at this meeting showed an undercurrent of earnestness that insures success in the undertakings from their start.

After deciding to hold meetings for the present at Metaphysical Hall, 465 Fifth Avenue, the meeting was adjourned.

SECOND MEETING.

On the evening of May 10th the second regular meeting was held at the Hall, which was entirely filled, nearly every seat being occupied, by an audience of about two hundred people of the highest intellectuality, in which all the professions were liberally represented. The President being unavoidably absent, the first Vice-President presided.

Dr. Edwin D. Simpson spoke for twenty minutes on the objects and purposes of the School, his remarks calling forth enthusiasm and commendation for the justice as well as earnestness of intention of those concerned in the early work of the School.

Dr. Topham read an interesting and valuable paper on "The Higher Mind," which dealt extensively with the possibilities of development of the spiritual faculties and the consequent growth of the mind. The following programme was presented, with evident satisfaction to the audience, and the artistic rendering of so varied a programme, all by members of the School, is a suggestion of the varied abilities and intellectual as well as spiritual development of those who are taking up the great work:

PROGRAMME.

1. Remarks, "The Objects and Purposes of the School."

EDWIN D. SIMPSON, M. D.

2. Violin Solos $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} (a) \text{ Air (G String)} \\ (b) \text{ Gavotte} \end{array} \right\} \quad . \quad . \quad . \quad \text{Bach}$

CLARENCE DE VAUX ROYER.

3. Paper, "The Higher Mind."

THOMAS WILSON TOPHAM, M. D.

4. Aria, "Don Carlos," *Verdi*

MISS MARGARET CRAWFORD.

5. Report of Committee on Dreams, Somnambulism and Kindred Phenomena.

6. Recitation,
JOHN G. SCOTT.
7. Violin Solos } (a) Romance }
 } (b) Canzonetta } *Godard*
CLARENCE DE VAUX ROYER.
8. Recitation, "The Wooing of Henry V.," *Shakespeare*
MISS SAIDEE VERE MILNE.
9. } (a) Sappische, Ode }
 } (b) Wiegenlied } *Brahms*
MISS MARGARET CRAWFORD.
- MISS EDNA CLERHEW, Accompanist.
- Adjournment.

This meeting was declared by all present to be a perfect success and most satisfactory to the founders of the School.

The first annual meeting for the election of officers and committees for permanent work during the coming year will be held on the evening of the first Monday in June.

Much valuable work is already under way for future meetings.

L. E. W.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS.

THEIR SIGNIFICANCE IN THE RELIGION OF THE EAST.

"The Seven Sisters of the Secret Chamber"—Why They Are So Called.

In the "Rig Veda," which is the earliest known composition, there was no mention of temples built with hands in which our Hindoo-Aryan forefathers worshiped the divine manifestations. Their adoration was freely given to the Supreme Deity by paying devotion to the natural phenomena ever present before them. They observed many peculiarities following each other in regular order, each seeming to be a sequence to the one preceding it. Light seemed to be the most important, for with its advent in the morning all nature was roused to activity, and the business of life was taken up afresh where it had been dropped when the mantle of night fell on the previous day. Fire produced light in the darkness and could overcome the gloom of night. Therefore, fire was a symbol of the divine energy, and a pious Hindoo at once concluded to keep a fire always burning, that the sacred emblem might be ever present in his home. A room was set apart, an altar was builded, and upon it the fire was kept. This was called the sacred chamber. The first duty of a pious Brahmin in the morning is

to attend the sacred fire, and this he does, chanting the proper mantra. As the flames leap up he says: "The flames of thee who art mighty and eternal * * * touch the heavens. Thou art the messenger of the gods; bring hither the gods to-day." When the occasion required that fire be generated, this was done by rubbing pieces of wood together; not after the fashion described as used by the American aborigines, but by the means of twirling a piece of wood rapidly against another after the manner of churning butter. A frame is built having two upright pieces and two cross-pieces. One of the upright pieces is passed loosely through holes in the cross-pieces, the bottom rests in a fixed mortar, about the centre of the piece is wrapped a cord by which it is turned rapidly around by pulling the cord in a seesaw fashion the length of the arm each way; the other upright has a firm foot made like an inverted Y, so that it rests firmly on the ground. This is called churning the fire. When the flames break forth by this churning process the worshiper chants: "The radiant one burst forth from the wood like a fleet courser—the mortals have begotten the immortal."

The fire is then placed upon the altar and the worshiper pays his devotion to the Spirit of the Fire, as the messenger who will call the ministering spirits of the day, in the following words: "Thee have the gods and men in every age retained as their messenger, immortal bearer of oblations. He whose messenger thou art, in the house of him indeed people say his offerings are good. May our sin be repented of."

The Hebrews also kept a perpetual light burning in their synagogues, and some Christian sects keep an altar lamp always burning in their churches, showing, they, too, respect the worship of the Spirit of the Flame. The Hindoos call this the Agnidhira Fire, and, as before stated, the place where it is kept is called the sacred chamber. So in the Order of the Ancient Mysteries, the sacred chamber is the first stepping stone to the higher knowledge.

In the Soma service of the Brahmins there are seven stations where the priests stand between the Agnidhira fire and the Marjali fire. These stations are marked by little circles extending in a straight line from north to south. And there is also the Agnihotri, or officiating priest, who makes up the eight official members necessary to this service.

The Agnihotri, after performing certain purifying rites, is supposed to be endowed with a special gift of the Spirit of the Divine Messenger, much the same as a Christian minister after the ordination rites. So you see the Christians have kept much of the form, if they do despise the foundation upon which they have so effectually builded.

In the order, the first degree is called the Seven of the Sacred Chamber, and when the work is conducted among or by females the degree is called the Seven Sisters of the Sacred Chamber.

This, however, is only the first degree and only one of twelve. A Brāhmin gives twelve years of his life up to the study of the sacred knowledge, or a year to each degree; and his education is carried forward by a course of didactic lectures, upon much the same system as a university course. As their religion was and is so closely identified with nature, it became necessary that they be well grounded in the natural laws. Therefore, their curriculum embraced grammar, mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, botany, therapeutics, and civil and political economy, mechanics, geography, philosophy and theology.

Their first attention was given to the language, so they understand the proper meaning of the sacred hymns, and thus their grammar became identified with their religion; so the study of grammar and theology was taken together.

We have observed, however, that there were eight persons necessary to conduct the service of this degree. While it is called the Seven Sisters of the Sacred Chamber, you will observe the eighth person, therefore, is the teacher, or the one who delivers the lecture; and to this person the communication is sent. As he or she is supposed to be possessed of sufficient knowledge of the subject and the way of expounding it the others will be able to comprehend it better than if the written lesson were sent to the individual. After the regular religious worship which always precedes a lesson among the Brahmins, the teacher begins and reads the communication or lecture, which is somewhat after this manner, the subject, we will say, being Sanskrit grammar:

It is our pleasant privilege to-day to introduce to your attention the subject of grammar. It is our first duty, however, to admonish you of the fact that the Hindoo grammarian found himself placed under very different conditions from those which confront the European scholar who undertakes to do for his or any European language what the Hindoo must do for the Sanskrit.

The European begins with letters and the spelling of words, and then proceeds to build up sentences and so construct and improve upon the language. Not so with the Hindoo who ventures to touch the Sanskrit, for instead of broken utterances and unconnected words he finds a language already rich in words full of expressive power. According to their teaching, this language was delivered perfect and full, handed out of the storehouse of divine wisdom. The great Creator taught man the Vedas. They existed before man was, and the Rishis

aw them and then instructed their students. The word rishi is commonly understood to mean a wise man, but it really means "one who sees." Therefore, these holy men, after long meditation in the seclusion of the forest, acquire the faculty of soul-seeing. By this we mean of seeing that which is not visible to mortal eyes, but is discovered by the perceptive faculty of the mind, or, as they say, the intuitive soul, the individual soul having come into intelligent communion with the all or universal soul (the atma). It sees what exists for the universal only. The Rig Veda is the hymns used by the emancipated ones to sing praises unto the divine creators or the triad. Moses was shown the pattern of the ark while alone with God in the mountain. So it existed already, though unseen. He wrought it out according to the pattern in material form, but he was charged not to alter it. So the Rishis saw the Vedas, and were instructed to produce them without change, for the use of those who were taught in the divine science, with the promise that they would form an acceptable service to the holy ones. For many centuries these hymns or mantras remained unwritten, and were taught orally, or from mouth to ear, by the guru, or teacher, to his students, and the greatest caution was exercised to prevent any change or variation in the sounds. But it was divine gift intrusted to human hands. Therefore, as time sped on they began to be corrupted, until the first meaning of the words used to express the thought began to be obscure. Then God created a desire in the minds of the faithful to preserve the waning beauty and purity of these heaven-taught sounds, in which and through which the fathers had sung His praises and held communion with him at the beginning of time. The hymns were then collected and committed to writing and intrusted to the descendants of the seven Rishis for preservation, a book to a tribe. Now, when this compilation of the sacred texts began the duties of the grammarian commenced. You will please remember the Vedas were words set to song to enable the God-aspiring man to worship Him by singing the praises of His manifest power in the phenomena of nature.

The grammarian then began to deal with perfect words, and from them worked backward toward the elements, as they are termed. I will use an illustration, which will be readily understood. We will take the word "grave." Now, as the European scholar would render it, a place or pit where the dead are buried. But the Hindoos did not bury their dead, they burned them. And instead of the body they took a relic or something belonging to the departed, built a monument and placed the relic within it. Now, this tumulus or grave they called a dagoba, a word composed from two roots: Dhatu, a relic; garbhu, the womb. Dagoba, enclosing skin, a grave. Again, in speaking of the interior of

a temple, or a house, they use the word garbhugriha. Thus: Garbhu, the womb; griha, a house. Garbhugriha, the inner temple. Again, we notice that before the main temple there is usually found a detached pavilion, generally of large dimensions. This is called the mahaman-tapa—great portico—from maha, great; mantapa, a portico. And again, in speaking of Brahma: Brahma neuter is the 'supreme Brahma, but Brahma masculine is the highest manifest personality of God, and the principal character in the Hindoo Triad. These extracts will be sufficient to show that the Sanskrit student had to deal with words at the outset and to learn the exact sounds before the etymology was attempted. And, furthermore, as these words were to be used in addressing deity, they needed to be reproduced with the utmost fidelity, and it is not to be wondered at that but few of the priests ever attained to such proficiency as would enable them to master all the mantras, or that in time they resolved themselves into groups of one, two or three Veda teachers, as their excellence was made manifest. There being over 20,000 verses to be committed to memory, the task was something enormous, and only men of superior talent could ever hope to approach perfection. It is expected of you, however, that you exercise all diligence to acquire such proficiency in the language of Rig Veda as will enable you to offer up acceptable devotion to the All-wise in the words in which the angels praise Him. After you have acquired a knowledge of the words and the true pronunciation we will proceed to instruct you in the use of the letters and manner of making and combining them to form the words. After this manner the seven sisters of the sacred chamber are instructed.—G. S. HOWARD in the *Globe-Democrat*.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

From Canada comes *Du Catéchisme à L'Évangile. Confession par Ernest Tremblay*. Montreal, Canada (1899).

This is a forerunner for a larger work of the same title, in which the author will explain:

The life eternal and how to obtain it by the Catechism and by the Gospel. . . . It will be preceded by an epigrammatic preface showing the urgency of the hour and the nearness of destruction of the Nimrodian world, scripturally called 'the end of the age to come'—*finis venturi sæculi*, also the approaching return of the Lord, descending from the heavens to 'take up' His own, etc.

The work before us is a sort of personal and open confession of the author's emancipation from the Catechism to the freedom of the Gospel. We must leave it to him to settle, but we fear he has transgressed

a spiritual and holy rule known to all on "the Path," and that rule is: Never to speak in public of the intercourse between the soul and the "Beloved." However this may be in his case, we shall all take exception to the following:

Why has God created you and placed you in the world?

God has created me and placed me in the world that I may know, love and serve Him, and thereby acquire the Eternal Life.

This is not the freedom of the Gospel; it is bargaining. "To know, love and serve" are terms that perfectly well may be taken in their everyday sense and thus logically call for a recompense, but the Eternal Life is a phrase that does not stand for a vulgar reality, but means symbolically something which language cannot express.

Many of our readers will have an understanding of the Second Advent, which differs materially from the author's, as intimated in the above translation, but there are probably also some who take the Scriptural prophecies literally. These latter will find much encouragement from the author in their belief. Philosophically their standpoint is that of the realist and it has a right to exist as much as the idealistic. But the truth is that both are extremes of human thinking and thus self-destructive. The truth cannot be contained in either separately; they are too small vessels. Is not the following a better solution of the perplexing questions that arise when the dogma of the Second Advent is discussed? There is always an "end of the age," always a "second coming," always "signs of the times," always "restorations of the Kingdom of God," namely, to the individual and to the ages, when he and they turn from the phenomenal to the real. Such turning is necessarily *in* time, but not *of* time, hence the correctness of the phrases "end of the age," etc., and yet the coming of the "Kingdom of God" remains invisible. The story of the return of "the forlorn son," the doctrine of regeneration, and the Second Advent are descriptive stages of the Path and by the Path we simply mean a symbol of life. Life is ever self-renewing. Every recuperation after an exhaustion, every Spring, every influx of new ideas are Second Advents. Let the reader think for a moment and he will see that this explanation satisfies both idealist and realist, for is it not true that "as it is without, so it is within; as it is within, so it is without"? All theological and philosophical theories, which have had a long, lasting home in historical periods, have been forms of God's self-revelation, but they have usually also become idols. This has happened when Life went from them and they dropped from the evolutionary to the fixed, the settled, the systematic, the dogmatic. A theory becomes a curse when it loses its motive force, its identity with the

ever-self-transforming, the plastic power of Being. The doctrine of the Second Advent is like a burnt-out cinder, it gives warmth no more. Such a cinder is useful in roadmaking. The Second Advent lies on the road of the history of Christian dogma like a remnant from the days of early enthusiasm. It is only a stone now. Its warmth is gone.

C. H. A. B.

UNDER THE ARCH OF LIFE.

EARTHWORKS OUT OF TUSCANY. Being Impressions and Translations of Maurice Hewlett. With illustrations by James Kerr-Lawson. Second edition, revised. London. J. M. Dent & Co. 1899.

The reader will remember Rosetti's platonic sonnet, "Soul's Beauty":

Under the arch of life, where love and death,
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath.

It came instantly to mind upon reading the story, *Quattrocentisteria* (How Sandro Botticelli saw Simonetta in the Spring), in that charming book of Hewlett's. Had Botticelli not painted Simonetta he would have made a similar confession and written just such a sonnet. His "Birth of Venus" is his declaration of faith in "the religion of beauty." As for Hewlett, he, too, must be an initiate of the cult of Beauty. His book bears evidence to that in every line, both as to form and contents. He has, indeed, done as he tells us—tried to "make pictures of pictures, images of images, poems of poems." No wonder he says to us: "You may call it Criticism, you may call it Art: I call it Religion. It is making the best thing I can out of the best things I feel." He has not given us morals or philosophical crumbs from his spiritual repasts; he has led us by his own intensity into the secrets of an ardent soul. With love, who is "the interpreter and mediator," as guide, he has revealed to us the occult message of the Human Form. When we close the book we feel the spirit of "other-worldliness" upon us.

The theme of the following story is not new, and it is quite possible that some will read it as "the old, old story" of an artist falling in love with his model. It is not an objection to the story, however, but it is a pity that such readers should not discover that the story is simply a Symbol, a Fascination, and that it brings us "under the arch of life."

Up at Fiesole, among the olives and chestnuts which cloud the steeps, the magnificent Lorenzo was entertaining his guests on a morning in April. . . . Beyond lay Florence, misty and golden. . . . The valley was just a lake of hot air—hot and murky—"fever weather," said the people in the streets. . . . At the villa, with brisk morning airs rustling overhead, in the cool shades of trees and lawns it was pleasant to lie still watching these things, while a silky young exquisite sang to his lute. . . . The Magnificent, sitting in his carved chair, nursed his sallow face and smiled approval. . . . He spoke: "Beauty, as thou sayest, is from heaven. But where shall it be found here below, and how discerned? . . . Our Sandro will tell us it is yonder. The Star of Genoa shines over Florence and our poor little constellations are gone out. *Ecco*, my Sandro, gravest and hardiest of painters, go summon Madonna Simonetta and her handmaidens to our Symposium. Agnolo will speak further to us of this sovereignty of Beauty." The painter bowed his head and moved away. . . . [At the far end of a green valley were the girls.] Simonetta, Sandro could see, was a little apart. . . . While she stood there, proud and remote, a chance beam of the sun shone on her head so that it seemed to burn. "Heaven salutes the Queen of Heaven—Venus Urania!" With an odd impulse he stopped, crossed himself and then hurried on. He told his errand to her, having no eyes for the others. "Signorina, I am to acquaint her Serenity that the divine poet, Messer Agnolo, is to speak of the sovereign power of beauty—of the Heavenly Beauty whereof Plato taught, as it is believed." . . .

Simonetta arched a slim neck and looked down at the obsequious speaker, or, at least, he thought so. And he saw how fair she was—a creature how delicate and gracious, with gray eyes, frank and wide, and full, red lips, where a smile nervous and a little wistful, he judged, rather than defiant) seemed always to hover. Such clear-cut, high beauty made him ashamed; but her coloring (for he was a painter) made his heart beat. She was no ice-bound shadow of deity, then, but flesh and blood; a girl—a child, of timid, soft contours, of warm roses and blue veins laced in a pearly skin. And she was crowned with a heavy wealth of red-gold hair, twisted in great coils, bound about with pearls and moulderling like molten metal where it fell rippling along her neck. She dazzled him so that he could not face her or look further. His eyes dropped; he stood before her, moody, disconcerted.

[The company assembles, and the poet repeats the story of the fifth book of *De Republica* and argues for the beauty of the body against conventionalism.] The name of Plato had a strange effect upon the company. . . . The poet spoke again:

"Beauty is queen: by the virtue of Deity, whose image she is, she reigns, she sets up, fires. . . . We fall when we rashly confront Beauty, but that Beauty who comes unawares may nerve our souls to wing to heaven." He added. Lorenzo, with a fine humility, got up and kissed his thin hand. Simonetta remained standing in her place, seeing nothing of her companions. . . . Then she tossed her head . . . and threaded her way to where Sandro was. "*Ecco*, Messer Sandro," she whispered, blushing. "You

have heard these sayings. . . . Who is there in Florence like me?" "There is no one," said Sandro, simply. "I will be your Lady Venus," she went on, breathlessly. "You shall paint me rising from the seafoam." "The Signorina is mocking me. It is impossible; the signorina knows it." "Eh, *Madonna!* Is it so shameful to be fair? . . . Do you mean that I dare not do it? Listen, then, Signore Pittore: to-morrow at mass time you will come to the Villa Vespucci with your brushes and pans, and you will ask for Monna Simonetta. Then you will see. Leave it now; it is settled." . . .

They sang her a goddess, that she might be flattered and suffer their company; she would show herself a goddess indeed. . . .

When he entered Simonetta was standing by the window, leaning her hand against the ledge for support. . . . Neither spoke. . . . Suddenly . . . she lifted her arms, and the cloak fell back like the shard of a young flower. . . . "Holy Virgin! what a line! Stay as you are, I implore you. . . ." Could he but catch those velvet shadows, those delicate, glassy, reflected lights! What a picture she was! . . . It was a curious moment. [Simonetta discovers that she is in love, but Sandro "knew nothing and cared nothing." Simonetta's feelings revert upon herself, and she grows angry and dismisses Sandro. A day or two after she was dead; the fever had carried her off.]

Such is the legend and the picture for which Simonetta Vespucci stood model is labeled "The Birth of Venus" and hangs in the Uffizi in Florence. It is one of the paintings of Botticelli on which he has most completely stamped his personality. It exercises a strange fascination and is both a puzzle and a charm. It has inspired a whole school of imitators. And why? Because of its sympathetic feeling and imaginative quality, not on account of its technique, for that is faulty. This is how our author explains the painting:

As he had seen her, so he painted . . . he painted her a rapt Presence floating evenly to our earth. A gray, translucent sea laps silently upon a little creek, and in the hush of a still dawn the myrtles and sedges on the water's brim are quiet. It is a dream in half tones that he gives us, gray and green and steely blue, and just that and some homely magic of his own hint the commerce of another world with man's discarded domain. Men and women are asleep, and as in an early walk you may startle the hares at their play or see the creatures of the darkness—owls and nighthawks and heavy moths—flit with fantastic purpose over the familiar scene, so here it comes upon you suddenly that you have surprised Nature's self at her mysteries. You are let into the secret; you have caught the spirit of the April woodland as she glides over the pasture to the copse. And that, indeed, was Sandro's fortune. He caught her in just such a propitious hour. He saw the sweet, wild thing, pure and undefiled by touch of earth—caught her in that pregnant pause of time ere she had lighted. Another moment, and a buxom nymph of the grove would fold her in a rosy mantle, colored as the earliest wood anemones are. She would vanish, we

ow, into the daffodils or a bank of violets; and you might tell her presence
re, or in the rustle of the myrtles or coo of doves mating in the pines. You
ght feel her genius in the scent of the earth or the kiss of the West wind, but
could only see her in mid-April, and you should look for her over the sea.
always comes with the first warmth of the year.

What "pictures of pictures, images of images, poems of poems"
re we not here? "The artist, in the language of Neo-Platonism, is
emiurge; he only of men can convert dead things into life." What
he demiurgic power of the story above, if our poor rendering has
destroyed it?

Simonetta stood before Sandro in the blaze of her fairness, queen
herself, subject to none other; her will had the force of law. The
rentines had sung her a "goddess that she might be flattered and
fer their company." She would therefore show herself a goddess
eed. She knew who she was; the tale of Plato had revealed her to
self. In the joy of self-realization she would reveal that joy through
garment of her soul. Robed only in virtue and beauty, through
should the soul's beauty be revealed under "the arch of life."
d it was revealed! The name of that soul is "the eternally
inine." Shame be on that spectator who misinterprets the lines of
s "lady beauty." He has never even dreamt that there is a beauty
ich is never found in nature, but which only human thought can
it. It is a beauty of mind, images of the universal and of deep
ling. It is a beauty only revealed to that mind which has the
ing to project itself into the regions where dwell the Mothers.
ust could not reach them. Traditions tell us that only the pure
old the vision. The requisite passports are, according to J. A.
monds, a purged insight, fiery, yet patient imagination, earnest
ught, love of the best things, ever-eager selection of the highest
n can rise to, strong planning and strenuous application to the
ecution of the plan. Even more is needed. We cannot enter in the
ength of ourselves. An invitation must come! "The moment"
st be there. What is "the moment"? Some say the meeting of
aven and Earth! A Danish philosopher, Søren Kierkegaard, has
itten a volume on "the moment." Rich and profound it is, but it
only revealed how removed we are from "the moment." "The
ment" is as eloquent as the empty socket of the eye of the Greek
tues. It is, yet it is not. It is transfiguration. So it was to
monetta and Sandro: the springtime of life. C. H. A. B.

The Deity works in the living, not in the dead; in the becoming and
changing, not in the become and the fixed.—*Goethe*.

SOUL-LIFE.

To find an article on the life of the soul in a free-masonic journal is both curious and suggestive, for it proves that even modern formalistic masonry is going beyond its symbols, trying to come back to its original grandeur, to those ages when it represented the true and only plastic human force that builds the Temple: Humanity.

In *Der Zirkel* (Wien, am 15. Jänner, 1899) we find an article entitled *Hygiene der Seele*: Hygiene of the soul, in which by the soul is understood "the x, which we call the moving force of the organism, the Divine." So far so good, but of soul hygienics we learn very little. The article, or the address, as it originally was, contains numerous statements which we must take exception to, but nevertheless it shows that never did "that plastic human force, Humanity," die. The symbol under which the writer covers his thoughts is *the soul*; and every time that he speaks of the immortality of the soul he means to convey the masonic idea, that the Human Builder never ceases to work, and as ages pass away and new people come upon the scaffolding new stones are laid upon the walls of the Temple. His ideas are perhaps these: that the Hindoo lays down a stone which is ideal; the Egyptian one which is pure; the Greek one which is harmonious; the Roman one which is strong; and the Christian one which has the binding power of love, while that of the Jew is the most excellent one. Such, we imagine, is the esoteric sense conveyed. Now for a little criticism and discussion.

No definition of soul is given. Its existence is taken for granted. The author's starting-point is this:

If there be a soul, then we must labor for its health, because only through the health of the body and the soul do we promote moral welfare, secure progress and perfect humanity.

We are next told that common sense in all our doings is the simplest requisite for the attainment of health of soul; that religion, education and science are necessary. Then the author asks if it be attainable and proposes to let the ancients answer the question. This he does beginning with India, telling us that:

The Indians (Hindus) were always of ideal nature. Their country, their customs, their religion induced meditation and contemplation. As early as 18,000 B. C. did they believe in the soul and its immortality. From that early date down to the time of the Greeks were they the most harmoniously developed culture-people, setting the example for all peoples and races.

Most of our readers know that these statements are not historically true. We may grant the truth of the assertion that the Hindus were

a people *par excellence* of ideal longings, but dare not exclude other peoples and races, and as for the 18,000 years, we think there is one or too many in that figure.

The author continues:

Though they laid the greatest weight upon the development and training of the spirit . . . they nevertheless made it a religious duty to care for the body. Diet, care for the skin, beauty and health of the body, reason in every word and act became so thoroughly ingrained, that they could be said to be flesh and blood of theirs, and they made them happy, virtuous, satisfied and highly civilized. The kernel of all education and religion was unlimited love of the neighbor and all beings on earth. Every and any harm done a fellow-creature was a sin, because all were included in the same fellowship. Hatred, anger, covetousness, vanity and secret desires were condemned and spurned. This religion of mildness and charity has conquered the world and exercised the most beneficent influence upon culture and science. . . . Unfortunately there arose a caste of priests who monopolized religion, politics and science. . . . The priests externalized the high and divine teachings and buried them in a sea of fancies, mysticism, superstitions, etc.

The reader will notice the use of the word "spirit" in this last translation. The author evidently means to say that "the original in man" was given full sway for development. By the "original in man" he means, we presume: That which underlies the physical force and that which constitutes individuality; That which is the spiritual sense (*Vous*) in man. It was the Hindu's duty to care for That first; next came care for the body. These two were, so to say, the pillars of his existence. Between the two lay his moral life, and that was nourished by constant devotion to love to the neighbor, etc. This moral life was his soul-life.

We next come to the Egyptians, and about them he says:

The Egyptians were next to the Indians the oldest and highest culture-people. They too (at about 8 to 10,000 B. C.) believed in the presence and immortality of the soul. This is not to be wondered at, for the highest caste, the priests, consisted of immigrated Indians, a white race of man. The black race is to this day a subject people, which never raised itself high. . . . Egyptian superstition was always connected with nature, which it symbolized. . . . As Egyptian doctrines of soul were like those of India, so were those relating to the hygiene of body and soul. With both was everything killed excluded from the food. Their clothing was made of linen, which was considered holy, while woolen ones were profane. In the temple no one came except in linen, and all bodies were buried in linen garments. This was done as rules of soul dietetics. The prohibition of flesh food and wine had its cause in the fact that they weaken soul-life and prevent a rise to highest knowledge. . . . Loss of honor was greater than loss of life, because embalming was forbidden to

such. . . . Also among the Egyptians did the priests destroy religion and spirituality, etc.

It is interesting to notice the ethical rules of these ancients, but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that here exclusive weight is laid upon externals and that the Internal is supposed to result as a matter of course from compliance with dietetic, etc., rules. Nowadays we think differently. We do not know on what authority this author settles the vexed question of the origin of the white-faced Egyptian. We do not think that it has been proved that he was from India, nor do we think that we have a right to say too positively that Egyptian and Indian doctrines were alike. Every age has certain characteristics and all people show them more or less, but that does not necessarily imply similarity or a possible loan, as, for instance, of the Egyptians from India.

Now, let us hear about the Greeks. They were life-artists . . . and by them we again find the Hindu rules of life. Their conceptions squared with natural facts. In spite of their poetical and artistic genius, they were sober and simple. The educated classes believed in immortality.

The reader must not understand that the Greeks borrowed the Hindu rules of life. It ought to be well known that Greek civilization, at least from the time of Socrates, is radically different from that of India. To them the life-giving conception of Being was Mind, but to India it was Nature. The lecture continues:

All, especially Aristoteles, taught that a sound body and a sound soul conditioned each other. All virtue consisted in the keeping of the right measure; to overstep it was sin and such an act would draw punishment upon itself. The punishment was the much-feared shadow life of Hades.

Students of Classical philosophy will, to say the least, smile at these statements. They would rather, we imagine, have said something like this: The favorite doctrine in ancient philosophy was that of harmony, by which was understood an agreement of movements and relations. Life should be balanced, not swing into extremes, because the soul is a harmony, as the Pythagoreans had shown. Plato especially teaches the doctrine of melody and harmony, but does not accompany his teachings with spectres from Hades. We shall not translate any further remarks on the Greeks. Let the reader take some modern history of philosophy and turn to the chapters on Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, etc., and he will be better served, or take the charming little book of G. Lewes Dickinson, "The Greek View of Life." He shall then learn that "to them the world of fact was also the world of the ideal"—that "harmony, in a word, was the end they pursued; harmony of the soul with the body and of the body with its environment,

and it is this that distinguishes their ethical ideal from that of later date which made the perfection of the spirit depend on the mortification of the flesh."

The author next characterizes the ideal of the Romans as being the practical life; that, to them, procured a healthy soul, but its excesses finally ruined Rome. He then begins a lengthy exposition of Christianity in which there is nothing new to our readers. We are sorry to see in it the well-exploded theory of the so-called "French fraud" Jacolliot brought forth once more, viz.: the identification of Krishna and Christ; it is unscholarly and absurd, and to find historic facts in the Krishna legends is childish. Upon this follows a discourse on Mohammedanism, which is unjustly declared devoid of ethics "compared to Christianity, or even to Krishnaism and Buddhism." Finally we come to Judaism, which is glorified because it brought monotheism into the world. This is good masonic teaching and historic truth, though we do not mean to say that no monotheism was known in pre-historic ages.

The article offers no solution of any philosophical problem, to be sure, but it conveys a sentiment and shows a temperament disposed to brotherly love, and that is of great value in our day. The worker in the field of the Good is worth quite as much as the laborer for Truth. It is our value or moral worth that determines who we are.

C. H. A. B.

ERRATA—APRIL NUMBER.

Page 233, 17th line—read "inhibited" for "exhibited."

Page 234, 8th line—read "psychical" for "physical."

Page 233, last line, and 234, 24th line—read "de Gros" for "de Tros."

Page 235, 14th line—read "pure" for "prone."

Page 235, 15th line—read "revelators" for "revelations."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

DATE OR LAW. The Story of an Optimist. By Warren A. Rodman. Cloth, 218 pp. Price, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

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In one of her introspective moods the author asks herself, in reference to the heroine of the book: "Had she not lived before? Yes, always. How could it be otherwise with Eternal Being as the background, the source and centre of her existence? For this there was neither beginning nor end. Was she not an indestructible part of all that is, was and ever shall be? Behind her was no birth, before her no death. These were but 'world-fictions.'"

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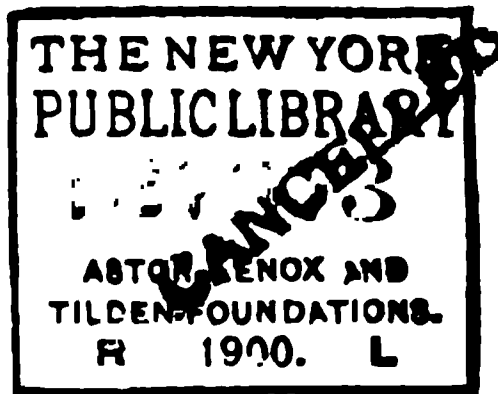
THE
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Reason, looking upwards, and carried to the true above, realizes
delight in wisdom unknown to the other parts of our nature.

—*Plato.*

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THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

JULY, 1899.

No. 1.

THE DUAL-UNITY OF MIND.

(Concluded.)

Man is never separated from the Universal Life or Living Mind, but is ever united therewith. The distinction or differentiation pertains only to the surface, to appearances, to the senses. This basic foundation rests in Reality, in the Oneness. If instead of looking outwards into the plane of distinctions he turns inwards towards the Oneness in which he rests, his perceptive power of *insight* (in contrast with *outsight*) may be illuminated.

Soul is the inner, subjective, passive, feminine signification of the Universal, as love may be said to be internal to and the inspirer of wisdom. By turning inwards to his spiritual-soul man may receive intuitions; but these have to be informed by the mind.

Imagination, however brilliant, can but recombine and rearrange the elements of experience already present in the mind, when stimulated and fired by emotion. It draws from the subliminal store-shop, but that store can only present accumulated perceptions drawn from the outer world of sense relations. It is correctly termed subliminal, as pertaining to the subordinate plane of sense.

The presentation of intuitions to the mind from a higher, inner level by the spiritual-soul should in contrast therewith be termed supra-liminal, as coming from above the normal level of consciousness instead of from below it.

Inspirations are ready formed ideas coming from precedential thinkers, consequently by thought-transference. The conceptions leading to the loftier, luminous, masterful works of genius imply the reception of ideas from commensurate transcendent thinkers.

The use of the term psyche (soul) as associated with mind is not erroneous, we see, yet the same word also carries the signification of life or vitality. And this finds its confirmation in the modern system of mental healing, a branch of experimental psychology which is of purely American origin, though undoubtedly a development of suggestion therapeutics. This system teaches that by turning inwards in meditation, power, strength, vigor, health may be drawn by this inner mind from the universal life in which its foundation rests, of which it is an inseparable unit. This influx of strength replenishes the outer mind and through it invigorates the body, which ever is recipient from and passive to the mind.

The dual position above defined necessarily carries the logical implication that the Universal Life is itself a dual-unity, comprising both consciousness and vitality, or spirit and soul, or knowing and being, or thought and substance, the Ideal and the Real, or active and passive, or Father and Mother in dual oneness.

This duality in mode of psychic activity repeats itself in the field of experimental psychology, and will be found to solve the much-disputed difference subsisting between hypnotism and mesmerism (called magnetism in France). The hypnotists of the Nancy and Salpêtrière schools claim that suggestion is the only reality in magnetism. Some other people incorrectly infer that hypnotism is but a new name for mesmerism. Professor Boirac, however, while admitting the unity of nature underlying these phenomena, has, with admirable lucidity, demonstrated their distinction. He describes experiments illustrating the production of purely suggestion phenomena and of phenomena produced by mesmeric influence (which he compares to induction) apart from suggestion in the same subject. Phenomena induced by suggestion were inhibited and annulled by magnetic influence in the blindfolded subject. Consequently, he concludes, these two forces may replace, contravene or supplement each other.

agnetic influence belongs to the phenomena pertaining to exteriorized psychic energy which have been shown by Dr. Luys, Rochas, Professor Boirac, Dr. Joire, Dr. Montin and others to be sensibility and motricity; to be visible to clairvoyants. This exteriorization is always accompanied by the emerging of the passive consciousness in the subject, and may consequently be associated with it.

In French experimental psychology the term *psyche* has come to be used as associated with soul; while German, Russian and Italian psychologists have applied the term "animism" to the manifestations of this psychic energy. As this energy is associated with the vitality of the sympathetic which builds up and renews our organism, the validity of this term is evident. In this sense vitality and psychic energy become identified, consequently man may be said to be a "living soul."

Dr. Rochas and some others have pushed the exteriorization of the *psyche* so far as to have constituted the "double" of the body, which traverses solid walls, rises in space, meets other doubles, etc. He calls this psychic double the soul, and argues that the soul which exteriorizes temporarily from the body while the body lives, carrying sensibility, consciousness and motricity, may re-integrate permanently when the body dies.

Experimental psychology brings confirmatory evidence, therefore, in support of the inferences previously advanced, based on introspective analysis, that soul may be associated with the passive consciousness and with the invisible vital energy flowing through our nervous system. It is in this energy, says Liébeault, that the source of attention, awareness, is inherent. It is this vitality, therefore, that is the basis of our conscious and vital being.

The psychic soul energy exteriorized in mesmeric experimentation corresponds evidently to the sensuous or outer mind and soul. While its exteriorization entails the anesthesia, lethargy and entrancement of the subject, yet the experiences of the subject acquired in that state are recorded in his passive mind and the recollections can be made subsequently to emerge.

This outer sensuous mind or psychic soul is evidently the same as

what the occultists call the astral principle, and which is shed at the second death. No such exteriorization has ever been experimentally effected on the super-sensuous soul.

Hypnotic influence, when induced without contact, by verbal persuasion merely (Nancy) is a mode of action pertaining evidently to the active, positive intelligence of the operator, acting on the passive-consciousness of the subject's outer mind. As intelligence is identified with spirit, the healing effected in this manner may be termed spiritual healing, or healing by thought.

When a passive state is artificially induced by a fixed stare of the eyes and touching the eyelids by the fingers, before the influence of verbal command is added, as the precondition of suggestion cure, a dual influence is then exerted, psychic or magnetic and spiritual or mental. The curative influence is recognized to be more potential. This is resorted to when the subject's passive consciousness is not sufficiently sensitive normally, to be suggestionable.

It is to be noted that mesmeric influence usually produces deeper stages than can be obtained by verbal suggestion merely, or by staring at and even touching the subject's eyes. The subject's active consciousness becomes inhibited by some process which is not yet understood. This is accompanied by the emerging of the passive mind, bringing with it special faculties of perception which exceed those of the active self in their reach and acuteness and which become proportionately unfolded as the artificial sleep deepens in stage into active somnambulism, with its dream-walking, dream-working, and dream-willing activities. The "ecstasy" induced in some mesmeric subjects (Cahagnet, etc.) in which the subject visits spiritual states and refuses to return to the body when called back by the operator, and then only does so with intense regret, must apparently be accompanied by relation with the higher states belonging to the terrestrial soul-sphere.

The hypnotic state induced by staring at a fixed point, at a bright spot, at a revolving mirror, etc., (Braidism) is of a different order. It is really self-hypnotization and is of the same order as the mental concentration used in American mind cure, in the Eastern system of Yoga and in Western magic or Kabbalism. It implies the fixing of

the attention on a subjective image; the stilling or quiescence (submerging) of the active mind and the relating of and even emerging of the passive mind.

This interaction may be carried to various degrees or stages. It may occur in the outer or sensuous degrees of the active and passive minds already referred to; or it may occur in the super-sensuous degree of these dual minds. It may be superficial or deep. The hypnotic state so induced entails the emerging of the passive mind and submerging of the active mind as in sleep. It is an artificially induced sleep as correctly defined. The activity that then occurs is that of the passive mind. It is an active sleep state: somnambulism, in which the ideas of the operator's active intelligence are accepted and realized by the sleeper's passive mind.

But not only do people walk in the body during sleep: they also walk in their exteriorized psychic doubles. This exteriorization is effected by pushing the will of the active mind into interaction with the passive mind. The thought emerges with a psychic pabulum in trailing form. This occurs in the lower minds. It is effected by invisible operators and imparts dream experiences of traveling. Occultists claim to effect it volitionally, carrying their active will and mind into and through the passive mind and subconsciousness and emerging in conscious relation, carrying memory of the experiences.

This principle is illustrated in natural sleep, also, in which some people develop the faculty of carrying a volitional intention into sleep, causing themselves to dream to order. A recollection of such experiences emerges into the waking state, because of the interaction established between the active and passive minds.

The principle thus illustrated in passive dreams and in active tracing or imagining, as, also, in active and passive exteriorization and again in mental curing, is the same as constitutes the basis of magical relations by concentration on certain arbitrary symbols, forms, sounds, etc. The psychic element of the forms related may be brought into subjective relation with the psychic consciousness. The subjective presentations in the mind assume arbitrary forms, the resultant of the conditions of relation so established; these are called elements. So-called magicians affirm that the forms of these per-

ceptions have an independent conscious existence. But occultists are not metaphysicians. The form is really the effect of the reaction of the relation in human perception. It is subjective; psychic, and conditioned by the human consciousness. Occultists, also, claim to exteriorize their psychic double into relation with certain elements of the psychic world and see the psychic soul aspect of matter (which they call astral), as the outer senses relate the external aspect of the physical world. The world is the same, but the mode of perception differs and consequently the level related and the forms of perception, differ.

All these experiences pertain to the sensuous degree of mind, the outer mind, related to the outer world (whether seen physically—actively, or psychically—passively) and do not necessarily engender spirituality. In fact they are distinctly dangerous to spiritual equilibrium and tend to enhance self-centeredness, self-exaltation rather than the self-surrender and abnegation which are the inseparable conditions of spiritual development.

It is claimed that sorcery is still practiced in France; whether that be so or not, it is the same system of magic that is used. The temptation to use the powers acquired for ends sanctioned by personal judgment, and which do not come within the constraint of normal social supervision, is great. The interests of a small corporation may come to be considered to justify the invisible influencing of persons, even to the latter's detriment. Under such temptation the judgment becomes warped; we see Dr. Anna Kingsford, a woman of brilliant abilities and broad sympathies, openly claiming to have invisibly inflicted injury entailing the death of Paul Bert and Claude Bernard. We hear followers of T. L. Harris claiming that that occultist caused Laurence Oliphant's end. Similar statements have been made with regard to the death of a French priest and an occultist leader recently.

It is the interaction of the dual active and passive minds that induces telepathic transmission to a distance and mental healing at a distance; but this action will be referred to further on.

The interaction of the active and passive minds occurs spontaneously sometimes, apart from any training or knowledge of the process

involved entailing the spontaneous exteriorization of the psychic double, which then is passive—as similarly when induced by a human operator. This apparently spontaneous exteriorization must be induced by the action of an invisible operator, as it is not self-induced or by a human mesmerizer.

It is more than doubtful that such exteriorization can be effected by man through his super-sensual mind. Such exteriorizations do occur and the double of the self has experiences in purely spiritual planes, transcending the inner earth plane. But this exteriorization is produced by the action of spiritual operators (magnetizers, or vitalizers, rather), and the recollections do not generally emerge into the active mind.

The most that man can do is to approach the threshold of this inner soul consciousness as indicated in the system of mental healing, and draw strength imbued with divine love therefrom into the external mind and thence into the body whence it is radiated outwards.

It is this process that is symbolized in spiritual alchemy in which metals stand for energies, gold for love and silver for wisdom. Thus, lead and copper or the sensuous energies are transmuted to gold and silver in the athanor of affliction and suffering. Thus the alchemical marriage of gold and silver, or love's intelligence or active and passive minds: spirit and soul engender the quintessence, the elixir of life; or, as the mental healers have found, the imbuing of thought by divine love, gives an energy that heals the body from all disease; that transmutes the lower emotions into altruistic sentiments.*

It may be noticed here that the reasoning process of the mind can be compared to the digestive process that occurs on the lower plane of vegetative life of the organism. The outer, sensuous mind takes in perceptions from the outer world and presents them to the inner mind for digestion and transmutation, as the stomach takes in food products from the physical world and after digestion presents them to other organs for transmutation and assimilation. Both

* The symbolizing of this in the legend of Parsifal has already been referred to. It also refers to mystical at-one-ment; true wholeness; the coming of "the Comforter." The voice that speaks in the Sanctuary on the Mount of Transfiguration.

dissociate, separate, isolate, before associating, modifying and recombining, and unifying or integrating. And whether this activity occurs on the plane of digestion or of reason and imagination, its functioning is limited to the elements previously integrated and presented to its activity.

A mind that from infancy had no sense perceptions presented to it, would become idiotic. Mind requires food as much as the body does. It may digest and transmute its own content and distill a modified product from it, but the whole process is limited to the element of experience present.

When food is transmuted into chyle and poured into the blood, it is assimilated into cells, but it there meets a higher element: vitality, by which it becomes integrated as the periphery or physical body. So do sense perceptions taken up into the super-sensuous mind meet a higher, vital element there, into which they become integrated as ideas, living thoughts.

It must be observed that all suggestional phenomena of a passive order, hypnotic, mesmeric, mediumistic, are induced by impressions, ideas presented from without to within, whereas the higher phenomena of an active introspective order, telepathy, mental healing, magic, are produced by ideas acting from within to without; from the subject's own active mind to his passive mind and through his subconsciousness to his physical plane or organism.

In both orders of phenomena it is thoughts, ideas, that are the cause of all the effects witnessed; and this is in accord with idealism which affirms that thought necessarily precedes the thing; that ideas are preconditional to expression.

A further mode of psychic duality appears in the discoveries of Dr. Ed. Branly, of Paris, as to the analogies subsisting between man's nervous system and the discontinuous radio-conductor or coherer used as receiver in wireless telegraphy. This analogy implies that man's nervous energy or psychic force, is similar in character to the induced radiant energy used as transmitting force in wireless telegraphy, and this implication has been confirmed by experimental demonstrations in therapeutic application.

This necessarily infers that man's nervous system and psychic

activity comprises electro-magnetic modes of energy, and, consequently, must also include positive and negative elements. Whether these may be associated with the active and passive modes of psychic activity, of experimental psychology, remains for future research to demonstrate. If we might compare the sensor-motor system to the primary circuit in an induction coil and the sympathetic to the secondary circuit, then every thought message transmitted through the sensor-motor or cerebro-spinal system, would generate magnetic or induced inverse and direct currents of greatly increased potency in the sympathetic. The ganglions placed along the spinal system might be compared to a series of induction coils or transformers.

Some mediums for physical manifestations admit that they feel a current flowing down the spine and across to the solar-plexus, and it has been generally recognized that the energy used for these purposes is drawn from the sympathetic. Occultists, also, admit that in producing psychic exteriorization the will is brought to bear in this manner.

The cerebro-spinal system undoubtedly pertains to the active intelligence, while the sympathetic, it has been inferred, pertains to the subconsciousness. The active mind, in willing to transmit a message to a friend at a distance telepathically, would induce currents of a radiant character in the sympathetic. Whether such a process actually occurs or not may perhaps be discovered by some successor to Dr. Branly. But, given the analogy established by Dr. Branly, it becomes a rational inference to assume that thought-transference occurs by a process analogous to wireless telegraphy.

Metaphysics teach us that ideas are the logical precondition of thinking. We are, consequently, led to the strange conclusion that as the mind includes both active and passive aspects or sections, the ideas entailing its thinking by their reaction and thus generating active experience and passive experience respectively, must be of a similar nature. The percepts of the sensuous mind must be of an active and passive nature, while the ideas of the super-sensuous mind must be of a positive and of a negative nature, and the ideas carrying the reciprocal reaction of these dual sections of this mind must be of a dual nature.

This summary shows that psychological research requires pursuing both by the experimental and the introspective methods. Scientific investigation requires supplementing by inferential deductions; as analysis requires complementing by synthesis, deduction by induction. The hypnotist, the mesmerist, the Yogi, the spiritualist, pursue various modes of passive experimentation. The mental healer and the occultist follow positive, active experimentation. But both active and passive experimentation should be pursued in alternation to attain equilibrate development. Instruction and unfolding by intuition, illumination, inspiration, require the passive attitude, and culture by such means should be obtained before entering upon the use and development of expression through the active, positive, occult energies; otherwise the latter powers may come to be used independently by the lower mind, apart from guidance by the higher mind. Instead of attaining the development of the "Divine image" within and the surrender of the personality by the transmuting radiance of the inner spiritual-soul, the personality then becomes inflated and exalted, while the inner light is obscured.

QUÆSTOR VITÆ.

A TECHNICAL ANALYSIS OF THOUGHT AND ITS FACULTIES.

(II.)

In order to arrive at any satisfactory comprehension of thought and the thought faculties, it will be necessary to first study the technical character of intellect and of mind, separately and in association. In a previous article we stated that mind and aura are synonymous; this assumption needs specific elucidation before the analysis can proceed explicitly. Our analysis of this subject is esoteric, and to expound occult verities in the same language that is applied to the tangible facts of material life is extremely difficult; hence the reader must confine his attention exclusively to the intangible features of the question or no consistent appreciation of its consummate completeness can be gained.

Mind in the abstract is an etheric atmosphere; it surrounds the planet, and man occupies it as he occupies the oxygenized atmos-

phere which sustains the physical life; but each individual possesses, also, what may be termed a personal mind, by which we mean that portion of abstract mind immediately surrounding and permeating his body; this is distinctively the individual's, inasmuch as in it he conducts the intellectual operations pertaining to his own being. It is this personal mind with which we are dealing. Basically, mind is identical with the etheric substratum of the planet's atmosphere, and upon this basis the various inherent qualities of the individual blend; it is these personal effluvia that create what is known as individuality in human intelligence.

Intellect, which we made synonymous with soul, is the nucleus of life in man; it is synonymous with soul in that, through the mechanisms of the brain and heart, it provides the only coherent expression possible to soul in the carnate life. Science has proved that the heart is a secondary brain, therefore the expressions of the heart are secondary thoughts, and since the heart speaks only in emotion, emotion is thought.

Esoteric philosophy teaches that brain and heart are equal factors in maintaining the integrity of the intellect; that they are comprehensive and reciprocal in the most comprehensive sense. To the heart, emotion is as coherent as is thought, *per se*, to the brain, and it is produced by an identical and simultaneous thermal agitation in the atomic structure of the cardial muscles, by which an impalpable emotion-substance is effloresced into the cardial region of the mind; with this substance the heart faculties operate. If cerebral agitation is in the ascendent, cardial agitation is relatively quiescent, and vice versa. In this article we shall treat of intellect in its dual aspect, otherwise the exquisite symmetry of intelligence is lost.

Before we can understand the specific *modus operandi* of intellect in conjunction with mind, we must know something of its structural nature. This can be succinctly accomplished by the following illustration: Imagine the complete nerve system of the human body entirely separate from the remainder of the anatomy, every minute filament to the slenderest microscopic tendril naked and dual, i. e., every corporeal nerve embodying an incorporeal nerve as the *corpus homo* embodies the spirit; place in the centre of this complex mech-

anism at the ganglia of the solar plexus, a pale luminous subliminal globule (the soul); then imagine an ethereal elongation of each incorporeal nerve, however minute, extending out into the mind, intersecting and interlacing it in the most intricate network conceivable, and you will have an approximate image of the human intellect in its radial system of co-ordinated faculties. These incorporeal filaments, in their entirety, are the mental faculties *per se*; as a whole they constitute consciousness, and are subdivided into two equal classes, viz., the cerebral and the cardial which derive specific qualities from the brain and heart respectively; the larger of these filaments represent the major faculties, reason and imagination, and their emotional counterparts; the multiplicity of ramifications represent the minor or tributary faculties, those exquisitely articulated systems of intellect by which intelligence is differentiated and elaborated. What the nerves are to the body their incorporeal counterparts are to the spirit, and through it they convey to the soul such impressions from the exterior world as they are able to cognize.

Mind, literally, is the fluidic basis upon which both spirit and body are cohered, and the only difference between the two organisms is the degree of refinement and of compactness in their constituent atoms; otherwise, they are identical part for part. Soul is the vital spark, the true entity, and its inherent vibration is of such a character as to maintain both spirit and body in a concrete condition pending carnate existence; its centripetal energy is inconceivable, and being, as we have shown, the seat of intelligence, it cognizes and controls the two organisms over which it presides, with true prescient sagacity; ethically, soul is an epitome of Omnipotence.

Between intellect, *per se*, and body, *per se*, there is no immediate rapport; all communication between them is indirect via the mental faculties; the body is merely a transient accessory to the intellect, a physical adjunct incidental to the terrestrial life, a sensate armature for the protection of the delicate attributes of the ethereal ego. The body is dependent upon intellect for vitality, and every physical function is animated by its corresponding ethereal function.

Individually, these mental faculties are telescopic: they are endowed with a power of extension and contraction by which they can

reach out into the mind, or, as in unconsciousness, retreat to the plexal region; it is to this ductile quality that the versatility of intelligence is due. These faculties possess, also, all the sensitiveness of the combined physical senses; they see, hear, feel, smell and taste occultly in synthetic accord with the corporeal functions. This explains many of the supersensitive conditions of life, as for instance, the acute sensibility of the finger-tips of the blind; it also explains certain paradoxical phenomena such as tasting food before it enters the mouth, hearing sounds that are out of range of the ear, seeing objects that are invisible to the eye, etc.

In technical construction each faculty is cylindrical and hollow, and at its terminus is endowed with a suctional power by means of which vital essences are assimilated by the intellect; they dilate and contract transversely under the influence of these volatile essences, much as the lung cells do in breathing; they also vibrate or float from side to side, swayed by etheric agitations.

These faculties are not in constant simultaneous activity; they operate in groups under the volitional actuation of will, and in accord with the necessities of life; when not externally employed in the mind, they retire until their terminal orifices are flush with the skin.

In addition to their specific individual functions they also execute a combined and fundamental respiratory office: they absorb etheric elements for the normal support of the spiritual and physical tissues. If we allow the body to relapse into perfect tranquillity and then examine its condition critically, a faint tingling will be perceived over its entire surface; this is due to etheric stimulation and is produced by the perpetual inhalations of these microscopic mouths.

PAUL AVENEL.

(*To be continued.*)

For to be vexed at anything which happens is a separation of ourselves from nature, in some part of which the nature of all things is contained. In the next place the soul does violence to itself when it turns away from any man, or even moves towards him with the intention of injury, such as are the souls of those who are angry.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

THE MEMORY OF PAST BIRTHS.

(II.)*

The teaching of past births comes to us from the East, and most of all from India. How then did the Indian teachers face the problem which we have spoken of—the blank pages of memory for all the illimitable past which was unrolled, before our latest descent through the gates of birth? Why do we not remember our past births, in the view of the Indian sages?

To answer this question, we shall have to ask the one which precedes it, namely, what did the sages of India teach concerning rebirth; and what is it they conceived as reborn? And we can do this best and most satisfactorily by taking in their order the passages in the Indian sacred books in which rebirth is taught.

To begin with, we are met by a very general misconception, which practically runs through all that has been written by students of Indian lore: the belief that we owe the teaching of rebirth to the Brahmans, the great hereditary caste of priests and scholars who loom so large on the Indian horizon, and who have kindled the imaginations of so many generations of foreigners visiting India in search of secret wisdom. By looking deeper into the Indian books we shall find that, so far from originating the teaching of rebirth, the Brahmans for the whole first period of their history confessedly knew nothing about it; that it was already well known even then to another race in India; and that it was taught, on a definite historic occasion, by this other race to the Brahmans.

The older race who taught the Brahmans was a red race, kin to the inhabitants of ancient Egypt and Chaldea; and it is among the descendants of this red race that we find the clearest conception of rebirth, and of the whole teaching which makes up the subject of the Mysteries. From whom this ancient race received its tradition, we cannot tell; but the suggestion constantly put forward, in India as in Egypt, is that their teachers were a race of demigods, or divine beings

* Continued from Vol. VIII, p. 235.

in form: the representatives of man before the fall; and that is divine race, the teaching of rebirth has been handed down in unbroken succession to the present day. And for this reason we have the teaching of rebirth complete, even though there is no vestige of memory of their beginningless past in the minds of those who are new to the world.

The books which contain the tradition of the Mysteries, as handed down in India by one branch of the old red race, are called the *Upanishads*: that is, the Books of Secret Teachings, or Hidden Wisdom. And there are two chief passages in the *Upanishads* which deal with the teaching of rebirth. The first of these is in a passage which is traditionally known as the Lore of the Five Fires: because, in it, the worlds above this, through which the soul passes in its descent to earth, are spoken of as fires. There is, first of all, the higher celestial world, the paradise of peace, where the soul has rested for long years, after its last birth; and in this world, the soul is an immortal and angelic being, above the waves of birth and death, free from the shadow of sorrow and pain. When the time for the new incarnation comes, we are told, the gods offer up the soul as a sacrifice in the fire of the celestial world, and from this sacrifice, the lunar lord

This is a simple allegory in the old mystery-language: the gods who offer up the soul are its own inherent powers, its unfulfilled desires, its attractions to other beings alive on this earth, its own desire for further physical life; these offer it as a sacrifice; dying out of the celestial world, it is born into the psychic world, the midworld between earth and heaven.

The lunar lord is the psychic body; and all through the mystery teachings the moon is used as the symbol of the psychical world.

In part because the moon, as cause of the tides, is regent of the waters—the waters being the commonest symbol of the psychic—and in part because the waxing and waning of the moon represent the great law of alternation, which rules everything psychic, and is manifest in our human life in the alternating emotions of pleasure and pain, hope and fear, sorrow and joy. The lunar lord is the psychic self, the personal self, who lives through the life of the emotions, whose keen sense of being is due wholly to the alternation of

emotion; since any one emotion continued indefinitely would bring a sense of numbness, of total absence of that keen feeling which is the very life of the personal self. Therefore sorrow and fear are as much the food of the personal self as are hope and pleasure; since the one can never be separated from the other.

From the psychic world, the borderland between earth and heaven, the soul passes downwards to the physical world, which is called the third fire, through the intermediation of human parents, who are the remaining two of the five fires. To enter into a fuller explanation of this symbolism of the fires, and the part they play in birth, would be to carry us away too far from the main theme; but it may be said that this apprehension of bodily life as a fire, or radiant energy, and its further analysis according to the color of the flames, is a part of symbolism which runs through the whole tradition of the mysteries, from the remotest ages to the present day.

In the passage we are quoting from, the actual earthly life of man is embraced within a sentence as brief as an epitaph: he lives as long as he lives, and so he dies. Then we come to the brief description of the Indian rite of burning the body, and we are told that the soul rises from the pyre in a vesture the color of the sun, and passes upwards again through the three worlds.

And here we are met by another great part of the mystery teaching: the teaching of the difference of destiny after death. There are in reality three paths open for the soul which has just left the body, and these three paths depend wholly on its inherent quality and spiritual treasure and attainment. For those whose imaginations have been wholly set upon earthly life, and who have never caught a glimpse of the Beyond, nor any gleam of the celestial light that shines to us from the back of the heavens, their destiny is, to be born again almost without an interval; to begin a new earth-life, as soon as the former earth-life is ended.

Those who have been full of aspiration, of religious longings for happiness in a better world; whose imaginations have been full of pictures of heaven and glory to be won and enjoyed by themselves, are carried upward on the strong stream of their aspirations, and ascend once more through the regions of the psychic world, in their

or according to their remoteness from earth and nearness to the higher and more spiritual worlds. Their aspirations are a body of seeds, as definite as those wrapped up in the seed of a tree, which will bring forth an oak, a beech, or an elm, according to their inherent character, and thus give birth to a life that may endure for generations. Just as the whole growth of a huge forest-tree is stored up in a minute seed, and lies hidden there, in a web of invisible forces, so the soul carries its future with it, in the germs of its aspirations and desires.

But these aspirations and desires were formed for the personal self of the personal self, and therefore they are not devoid of the element of egotism, of self-centeredness; they cling around the personal self, and depend on it. And they are mixed with other desires, such as for more material happiness, for more earthly joys, to be satisfied by a new return to earth. So that the soul full of religious aspiration for personal bliss is yet bound; it has not escaped the law of necessity, the law of repeated birth. Drawn up by its aspirations to the verge of the celestial world, it is irradiated by the spiritual light, and opens and expands in that light as a flower opens in the sunshine. Then for generations or ages it bathes in the joys of satisfied aspiration, with a full sense of personal bliss and exultation, until the hour strikes for it to be born again. This comes when the store of aspirations and upward longings is worn out, ended like the life of a tree, full grown and ready to fall, and so the soul falls again through the realms of the psychic world, and comes back again through the gates of birth, to begin once more the life of earthly life.

Here we see one reason for lapse of memory, for the blank pages of the new-born soul. For at the moment of death, its mind-images are of two kinds, spiritual and material; and the force which was stored up in the spiritual thoughts has already been released and exhausted in the long rest of paradise, bearing its fruit there, in the splendid vision woven of the very best of the life just lived. The material mind-images have remained latent during the repose in paradise, and in the form of germs of force, comparable to the seed in the tree while yet in the seed, they await the returning soul,

and join it as it approaches the gates of birth. These material images and tendencies form the forces which impel the soul into its new body, and which spin themselves into the web of a new bodily life, thus exhausting themselves just as the spiritual forces exhausted themselves in paradise. Thus it seems that the memories of former births, whether spiritual or material, whether of aspiration or desire, are actually worked into the substance of a new existence on this earth or in paradise; so that they no longer exist in the form of memories, and cannot therefore be remembered, in the same way as we remember the events of the day before yesterday. They are not present as memories, in the sphere of the new personality, just as what happens to a father is not present in the memory of his son, though it may and does work most vitally through the son's life.

To take a simple simile, and one which is thoroughly in harmony with the language of the Mysteries, throughout all ages, and in all lands. The former life is like a plant, which completes its growth, and reaches maturity. It comes into flower, and all the essence of the plant is transformed and glorified in the blossom, with new and splendid coloring, form, and odor—all strange to the plant, and yet formed of its essence. This flowering is the life in paradise where, under the radiance of the spiritual sun, all that was best and most vital in the soul is transformed and expanded into a glorious life, and puts forth new and spiritual powers quite strange to the natural man, and yet springing from his being, or rather from that being and inwardly working soul which has put forth the mortal man into the human world.

But the matter does not end with the flower; there are the seeds also; and these seeds will in due time bring forth a second plant of like nature with the first, and ready in its turn to burst into splendid bloom. The seeds are the material germs which rest within the soul in paradise, and, when its time of blossoming is done, bring it back again through the gates of birth. And seedtime and harvest go on forever. So is it with the life of man. But, as the former plants are not present except in spirit, in the new plant, so the former lives are not present in the form of material memories, which might be recalled like the events of a few days or months ago.

There is yet a third destiny: the path of Liberation; and this, rather than the way of rebirth, is the essence of the Upanishads, and of the whole Mystery teaching. Instead of faring forth along the cycle of necessity, there is another destiny open to the soul, and this its own true and proper destiny. The soul is not by right a timeless wanderer, but a present immortal; a divine and creative being; an undivided part of the everlasting Eternal. And it is within the will of every man at any time to claim his heritage; to pass out from the ranks of men who die to be reborn, and to join the host of the immortals, and share in the wisdom and power of the Divine. And this entry through the doorway of the Sun is the true Initiation into the Greater Mysteries, an initiation which finds man mortal, and leaves him an immortal.

For those who have passed through the door of the Sun there is no return; their destiny lies elsewhere; they are no longer on the path of the Fathers; they have entered the pathway of the Gods. The whole message of the Upanishads is the discovery of this way, the tradition of it, and of the powers and immortality it brings. And it is only as leading up to this higher way, that the teaching of rebirth has a place in the Upanishad teaching.

And now we come once again to the question of the memory of past births. We can trace a strong and unchanging tradition all through the books of the Mysteries, to the effect that one of the first fruits of the higher way, of the true initiation into life, is a memory of former births, down to the minutest and most distant details. In the Upanishads this teaching is rather present by implication than explicitly stated; it is said, again and again, that he who has entered into the Self, and thereby become immortal, knows all things; that he is lord of what has been and what shall be; that he shares in all the wisdom of the Eternal. But, in the great Upanishads, the particular command of the past implied in a knowledge of former births is not definitely mentioned, though we can easily trace the tendencies which make it an inevitable conclusion.

It is only when we come to the first great Indian revival of the Mystery teaching, under Krishna, that we have a clear and explicit statement of the fact that this memory of past births is real. The

tradition of India places this revival at a point just five thousand years ago; and it is constantly suggested that there is a definite and precise cyclic relation between that period and the present day. In virtue of this cyclic link it is the lot of the present age to see given out broadcast, in the ears of all men, teachings which have formed a part of the Mysteries for ages, and one great historic presentment of which was due to the Rajput sage Krishna, five thousand years ago.

Krishna teaches quite clearly the doctrine of rebirth, following the lines which we have already traced from the great Upanishads, and using the symbolism of the fires, the moon, and the sun, which we find everywhere throughout the mystery books. He also teaches, with especial grandeur and force, the splendid reality of Liberation; of our heritage of present immortality, our divine and celestial destiny. And, speaking of the cycle of rebirth, he says that this same doctrine was taught by him in the beginning to the Solar Lord—the genius of the great red race which, in Egypt, Chaldea, and India, handed down the teachings of the Mysteries from earth's earliest dawn. This teaching, he says, was taught by the Solar Lord to Manu, and by Manu to Ikshvaku, the progenitor of the solar dynasties in Ancient India; and in the heart of this Solar race, the race of the red Rajputs, the mystery doctrine was faithfully preserved.

Arjuna, also a Rajput, and the disciple of Krishna, vainly tries to comprehend this hard saying, and answers: "Later, Master, is thy birth, while the birth of the Solar Lord was earlier; how then am I to understand that thou hast taught him?" And Krishna replies: "Many are my past births, Arjuna; and also thine. But my past births I remember, while thine thou rememberest not."

This passage from the fourth chapter of the Bhagavad Gita. of Teachings of Krishna, is the earliest specific and indubitable mention of the restored memory of past births, in the Sacred Books of India. When we come to the next great revival of the Mystery-teaching, under Prince Siddhartha, of the Solar line—known to the religious world as Gautama Buddha—we shall find this tradition expanded and given out in its entirety; so that we shall have even a perfectly specific and clear explanation of the psychological method by following.

which any man can remember his past incarnations. After going on the Buddhist tradition in the matter, we shall have to complete the theme by taking the few though quite definite allusions in Plato and the classical writers, together with the one remarkable passage, "Before Abraham was, I am," so nearly identical with what Krishna answered to Arjuna, many centuries before.

To finish the subject, as it refers more especially to the main theme of occult tradition, we shall have to enter on another mystery doctrine: the fourfold being of the soul; for it is only by understanding this that we can see exactly where the memories of the vanished past are stored, and why it is that, lost to mortal man, they are recovered again to man the immortal, as one of the fruits of initiation. St. Paul speaks as an Initiate when he tells of the regeneration from the psychic to the spiritual body, and then speaks of the spiritual body as "the new man, the lord from heaven." He is using a phrase of speech as old as the human race, and which only the tradition of the Mysteries can help us to understand. The threefold man is overshadowed by the highest Spirit, the infinite Eternal; ever spoken of in the tongue of the Mysteries as the Sun; therefore it is that regeneration is spoken of as "entering in by the door of the Sun." The threefold man thus overshadowed is made up of the natural self, the intellectual self, and the causal self. The natural self, the man of animal instinct and appetite, dwells in the physical body, the vesture of earth, perpetually dissolved and perpetually renewed under nature's law of never-ending mutation. The psychic self, the man of emotions, hopes and fears, of pains and pleasures, of doubts and expectations, dwells in the psychic body, which, though subject to time, is above the limits of space, dwelling in a world where space has no place, as there is of the material world alone. Above these two, which are subject to death, is the causal self, the immortal, in the causal vesture, above both space and time. And man the personality stands between the two: the animal self below, and the causal, divine self, above; swayed by the one or the other, drawn downwards, or upwards, according to the alternations of his will and fate.

If he be overcome by the downward tendencies, and allow the human soul to sink altogether into animal sensation, then the psychic

body takes on the likeness of the physical, and is formed in its image. But if the divine bears down upon man, and carries him up, from the world of sensation into the world of Life and present immortality, then the psychic body takes on the image of the causal body, and the man consciously rises above death, which will be for him not even a break of consciousness, but simply the putting aside of an outer body, he being meanwhile conscious, and exercising full volition in a psychic body not subject to space. And it is this turning or conversion of the psychic body, as vesture of the human soul, which St. Paul so magnificently describes: "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in strength; it is sown a psychic body, it is raised a spiritual body."

The causal and immortal self, with which the man has now identified his destiny, is overshadowed by the one Eternal: the infinite Ocean of Life: the Sun, after whose shining all else shines: the Soul of souls. The causal self stands in the midst of other selves, individual souls like it; and a part of its destiny is to establish true and divine relations between "thyself and others, myself and thee." Again, the causal self has, as a part of its task, to guide the lives which make up the chain of incarnations; it disposes all things wisely throughout endless years; it is the divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will. Therefore the causal self is the lord of past and future, the guardian of the whole cycle of births. And now we come to our definite answer: the memory of past births is preserved, it is true; but it is preserved only by the causal self, the immortal; and it is only in proportion as we inherit our immortality, and consciously rise above the barriers of time, that we can possibly inherit the memory of our past. While we are still confined in all our thoughts and hopes within the natural self, and only dimly conscious even of our psychic life, it is impossible for us to have any more memory of our past than the beasts that perish; and our memory of the past is exactly measured by our foresight for the future; if we cannot see forward to our immortality, we cannot see backwards to the dark abysm of time from whence we came.

When we rise above instinct to emotion, we already come under the shadow of our brooding past; we are ready to apprehend the

truth as to our endless births, but we are not yet ready to hold any clear and definite memories. These can only come with the next step, when we pass above the limits of the psychical, and rise into the real realm of spirit and causal life. And this is equivalent to saying, what will be perhaps more readily intelligible, that we cannot perceive the memories of past births so long as our whole minds and hearts are preoccupied with the present birth, the present day, the present hour. Add that almost all men living in the world bear about with them a heavy burden of material hopes and fears, and that they are so wholly wrapped up in these that there is no possibility of their seizing and steadily apprehending any other form of mind-image; if they are not even conscious of their present souls, how can they be conscious of the soul's remote and vanished past? It is like something we have all noted, without thinking of it: at a magic-lantern performance we see the colored pictures on the screen, one after the other, images of lands and cities and men; but if the gas be suddenly turned up, or the daylight be allowed to pour in, the picture on the screen instantly becomes invisible, even though it is still there exactly as before, and even though precisely the same rays from that picture are entering our eyes, just as they were while we saw the picture. So the emotions of each new birth crowd out the memories of births gone by, and therefore we cannot remember them. They are of a finer quality, a different order of mind-images; and the coarser and nearer blot out the finer and more remote.

It is, once more, just as in the case of a palimpsest, where some medieval monk or scribe has taken an old parchment with lines of Homer or Plato, or some of the divine old Greeks, and, erasing the large utterance of the early gods, has written on the parchment his own thoughts of a baser and more common day. We can only recover the old by overlooking, and in part sacrificing, the new. The first writing on the palimpsest can be brought out, but the later writing will lose its clearness and sharp outline in the process.

It may be asked of what profit it would be if we did remember our past births, and what we lose in losing them. The answer is: to most men it would be no profit at all; it would simply weaken their hold on the present, without giving them any hold on the Eter-

nal. For while still learners in the infant-school of the world, they can only grasp the forever through the now, and are therefore endowed wholly with brief and ephemeral desires. For them it would be loss rather than profit to remember their past; therefore the law, which disposes all things wisely through endless years, has decreed that they shall not remember.

But when the sense of our immortality is borne in upon us, and thus gradually loosens the tyranny of the present, it is different. Then comes the time for us to be reminded that we have lived before, that we shall live again. And there are always witnesses in the world to remind us, for the tradition never dies away utterly from the hearts of men.

And when, under the leading of the brooding Soul, we have remade ourselves in the likeness of the divine, drawing ourselves forth from time's cycle to the quiet presence of eternity, the time comes for us more fully to remember; to see the life of to-day, not separate, but taking its place in the perfect chain, ranged with the lives that have gone before, all leading up to the everlasting; when man the mortal is ready to be initiated into present immortality, then comes fuller memory; then Krishna, type of the regenerate soul, replies: "Many are my past births, Arjuna, and also thine; mine I remember, though thine thou rememberest not."

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The face is the index of the mind.—*Proverb*.

The divine state, "par excellence," is silence and repose.—*Amiel*.

The essence of all religion that was, and that will be, is to make men free.—*Carlyle*.

The eye by which I see God is the same eye by which he sees me.—*Scheffler*.

For as to children, through their inexperience, ugly masks appear terrible and fearful, so we are somewhat in the same way moved towards the affairs of life, for no other cause than as children are affected by these bugbears.—*Epictetus*.

PLATO'S DOCTRINE OF "BEING."

(XXIX.)*

In the twenty-eight preceding essays on "Being" I have followed my own way and method. They were in the main descriptive and the individual essays attempted at the time only to point to one single aspect of Being. Nothing else was possible, and that for two reasons. My form was dictated by the subject as that presented itself to antiquity: unreflectively and in the main symbolically. The other reason was the danger of reading modern thought into the ancient conceptions. But with Socrates and Plato begins a new method; a reflective one. We leave the sphere of poetry and enter that of philosophy. The main difference is as follows: The poetic antiquity beheld the Universal in immediateness. The *energia* of the beholder led him beyond time and space into immediate contact with "Being," and the result was a description of "what he lived and felt." Such descriptions were always given by means of pictures, allegories and symbols. The poet was a seer and his productions resembled reality as much as a photograph reproduces the living picture. In former essays my endeavors were to guess at that vision of the poet, to try to interpret his symbology, and to do so in philosophical language. With what success that has been done and how many errors have been, the reader knows very well. This very guessing at the vision of the poet, and the attempt to reproduce the vision in rational terms, or terms which have an everyday meaning, lies at the root of all epistemology or doctrine of knowledge. The philosopher tries to explain. The poet simply reproduces. The philosopher asks what *is* the thing; what can we *know* about it; how are we *related* to it? These three questions lie at the bottom of his metaphysics, his epistemology and his ethics. The first question has never brought any satisfactory answer and the philosopher is still, in the main, on the same ground as the poet. The second and third questions have brought forth a very large number of answers, and Plato's are among the most important.

* Continued from Vol. VIII, page 380.

In the West, Plato was the first to ask the question: What is the principle of knowledge and Being? He was, therefore, the first epistemologist. He called his "art" dialectics. His answers bear the character of what was ever afterwards called Idealism.

Most people have an opinion about things and their origin. But opinions are, according to Plato, blind gropings in the dark; they are not knowledge and true reasoning. True opinions, if chained like the statues of Daedalus, are admirable, as Plato tells us in the *Meno*, but knowledge is better because it is "chained," viz., it is verified thought. Plato sought knowledge, and, knowledge, strictly so-called, is of the One in the Many, of the Idea. There is a knowledge of the Many, and that is called *sense*-knowledge. Knowledge of the One is of the Mind and is *mind*-knowledge. In his inquiries after Being, Plato proceeds from the results attained by two prominent predecessors in the field, from Heraclitus and Parmenides. As has been shown in previous essays of this series, the former held that all things exist in a state of flux, that there is no fixity anywhere, and that Being is really Non-Being. "The flowing philosophers," as he and his disciples were called, were lost in the Many, and to them knowledge becomes an impossibility. Parmenides, on the other hand, denied reality to everything that underwent change. To him and to his disciples Being is of so pure existence, that all color, life, movement and activity are gone. Zeno argues that a flying arrow does not move, because everything that is "where it is," is at rest. And he would be right if "where it is" did not cover a tremendous assumption. Parmenides, however, offers us a true and real condition of knowledge. He substitutes a mental system, a system of mental unity, for the mere facts of Heraclitus, and that is a decided advantage. Existence does not furnish the idea of unity, but Parmenides postulates it, and when that has been done, knowledge is possible. Knowledge is mental transformation of causes and effects and such transformations precipitated into language.

Plato sought to "at-one" these two theories of Being. His experience taught him the endless change and movement of things and his mind demanded unity: how could he combine the two? Has Plato a system or must we make the "melancholy admission

that Plato's Theory of Being is not finally satisfactory?" Plato has been dealt with unfairly both by friend and foe. Friends have extolled him but have not shown the principle of unity in his dialogues, and his foes have declared him indifferent to truth and devoid of system, barring the general evolution of his ideas as a result of his own historical development. I think both are wrong, and that it has yet to be shown what Plato's position was and in what his method consisted. I think I characterize Plato correctly by calling him a Mystic, and I declare his method to be that of the Mystic. Anybody can see that the general principle of all his dialogues is the desire to get away from appearances and to point to Reality. For that purpose Socrates is introduced. That things are not what they seem is the fundamental doctrine of Idealism and Mysticism. Plato is fundamentally more than an Idealist; his apotheosis of the Good proves him a Mystic. In the main, an Idealist constructs his philosophy in relationship to Matter and does not necessarily define the ultimate of Thought, but Plato boldly declares the Good or absolute Goodness to be the first and final cause of all things. That makes him a Mystic. There is a passionate affirmation of the invisible in everything he said, far more intense than that of an ordinary idealist. He is, therefore, often called the "divine" Plato. His method was, also, that of the Mystic. He did not, like Socrates, carry his philosophy into public places and the streets. He lived and labored away from the public and surrounded only by his pupils. His philosophy in its systematic form was destitute of any popular character and entirely an esoteric affair. The inner relationship of its parts corresponds entirely to the three Mystic degrees: purgation, illumination and union. Plato's first period, the Socratic, is characterized by analytic study and eclectic attempts upon clearness; he searches for virtue, stands sharply against Sophistry, and is initiated into the Eleatic and Pythagorean philosophy. In his second period, that of illumination, Plato becomes acquainted with ancient wisdom and makes the first direct stride to reach the final ground of knowledge. He establishes dialectically that the conception* in its simple unity is that which

* By *conception* is to be understood the act of gathering up in a single mental representation the qualities characteristic of one or many objects.

abides in the change of phenomena. In the third period, that of union, Plato is synthetic; he unites the separate branches of learning to a systematic whole; he teaches that ideas alone possess objective reality and that the phenomena of the sense-world are only copies of the ideas. The whole period is characterized by "a return to first love," viz., to the Master (Socrates), to his native city (Athens) and to Love (the Symposium). The Banquet and Phædo, with its doctrine of immortality, are the vigorous assertions of the divine identity of the soul, the climax of "the itinerary." The reader who will follow up the statements here made, and, as I think, never made before, will easily see how the Dialogues spring from this order of initiation, and he will come to read them not as mere idealism, but as mystical treatises gradually leading the soul to freedom. Read thus, the nature of Being is revealed and perhaps the reader may discover the steps of his own evolution. All true human life moves after that order, and it is the root of all occult rites.

I shall now give an illustration upon the dialectical method by which Plato reconciles the two opposites, Heraclitus and Parmenides, and by which he solves the problem of the One and the Many. The result of the method is his doctrine of Being or theory of what really is. The Idea is that which really is, and of that I spoke in the last essay.

Turn to *Laches*, Plato's dialogue on courage. Laches, a famous Athenian general, is typical of the practical but *un*-thinking man. He is master of action but not of reflection. His first generalization of courage is this, that a brave man is he who stands up to his enemy and does not run away. This is the verdict of experience, but Socrates applies mind to it and produces cases of bravery to which that definition does not apply; he says, for instance, that men run away by way of a feint to confuse the enemy and lead him into ambush. Socrates wants to get at that quality which is the same in all cases of bravery, and does not care for mere facts. Laches finding his ground untenable gives it up and changes tactics, now declaring that bravery is constancy of soul. But he is still on unsafe ground, Socrates routing him by the declaration that constancy under the guidance of folly is far from desirable. For a time he rests while Socrates annihilates the forces of Nicias, another Athenian general.

called in to help. Shortly after, the discussion comes to an end, when Socrates declares that he has no knowledge and that both he and the generals ought to go to school before they are fit to be masters for the boys. The main point is that the discussion ends without a positive conclusion. Plato wants to teach that any argument can be met by another, that any "one" of the "many" can be opposed by any other "one" of the "many," and that no intellectual discussion can reveal the One, Being. Only by denying argument, appearances, particulars and extremes, can we arrive at the One, viz., the One comes into manifestation, when we are "silent." All this is true mysticism. Plato does not explain this method, nor does a Mystic. The "path" is not clear to anybody but to him who is on it. We must deny what Emerson calls "the lords of life": volitions, obstinacy of material, etc. The moment that is done we come to Rest and the problem of "the One and the Many" is solved, not by a declaration either for Monism or for Pluralism, but by lifting both into a higher plane, where their difference disappears.

To deny "the lords of life" does not mean to condemn them, to refuse them reality and truth; that would mean that existence was dualistic, but it means that we reject them as our immediate teachers and guides, that we refuse to acknowledge them that reality we are seeking, that character of the Universal which our intuitions tell us is the true and real cause and effect of all that is. When we do this, we declare that things are not related, but are themselves relations, and in that declaration we are free. In his dialogues Plato uses Socrates to play the denier. He always destroys the assumed security and strength of the speaker by entering a negative which shows the untenableness of the speaker's position, and when he has done that, he demands to know what is the Universal, the Real, the Everlasting, etc., behind all that which has been said. He rarely makes a positive statement as to its nature, for the simple reason that he cannot do so. All Mystics say as did Yama: "Nor by understanding, nor by much learning; neither he that has not ceased from evil, nor he that is not concentrated, nor he whose mind is not quiescent, can read this Self by spiritual insight." This is Aryan mysticism. They may also express themselves with the Greek

master, Socrates, that we must strip finite things of their limitations, that we must seek out the general and durable, *i. e.*, their Ideas, in variable, contingent things. Mystics may also push beyond this master and in Neo-Platonic ecstasy deny to this Divine principle all finite manifestation, leaving it uncharacterized, abstract and inanimate. They may also claim, with Spinoza, that all determination is negation (*omnis determinatio negatio est*), or with the Sufis they may look upon creation as an allegory and take "the many" as symbols. With Kant they may glory in *nesciente* and yet "recognize in our being the presence of a power that is supernatural." This is the method of mysticism and that of Plato. In this way he reaches Knowledge and a conception of Being. The Platonic symbol for this conception of Being is the Idea, and of the Idea I spoke in my last essay.

When we give up our dependence upon ordinary experience, then arises a "recollection of those things which our soul once saw when it walked with God, and, passing over the things which we now say exist, gazes at that which truly is." This is the teaching of the *Phædrus*. It further reveals the mystic method of Plato. Add to this the leading idea of *Meno* that all nature is of one kin and we soon arrive at a universalism of the highest order. The climax of the Platonic doctrine of Being is reached in the *Symposium* in the teachings of Agathon about Love, who is not only the best and most beautiful but also the endowment of all the gods. He it is, who produces

Peace amongst men, upon the sea a calm;
Stillness on winds; on joyless bed sweet sleep.

The Platonic doctrine of Love as "the mediator and interpreter between the gods and men," together with the doctrine of the Logos, were the climax of classical wisdom. We still feed on these two conceptions of Being; they have not been superseded.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

Divine Philosophy, by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue the right—
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees.

—*Juvenal*.

THE STRAIGHT GATE AND NARROW WAY.

With the writers of the Bible, as well as with the authors of Oriental Sacred literature, the reaching out of the soul for spiritual life and attainment has again and again been illustrated by the familiar simile of a way, a path, a gate, a journey or pilgrimage. In fact, the illustration is used so often by the evangelists of to-day that it has, to a certain extent, lost all meaning for the majority of people. It has become common and no longer makes an impression upon the sensitive disks of the brain atoms; it furnishes an illustration of the truth expressed in the old proverb: "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Perhaps, too, our modern methods of locomotion have had something to do with the deadening of its force, in illustrating the journey of the soul: to be realized in full one would have to become a traveler in Oriental lands. It is only when the illustration is taken out of the material realm and made to apply to the realization of hidden, spiritual life in the mind of man, that it gains new beauty, force and truth for the people of to-day.

As the minds of the world become educated in truth, they are able to perceive the deeper meaning in the writings of the revelators of old, and to understand how difficult it was for them to present the truth they realized to the people of their times in a manner to make it comprehensive. Their methods were very similar to the kindergarteners of the present age: they tried to present truth in a simple, natural manner so that it would be absorbed by the soul's intuitional powers, rather than reasoned out philosophically by the mind. To the enlightened souls of to-day these old illustrations often glow with wonderful illumination. And it is so with this familiar saying of Christ's which we are considering.

By reading Religious history we gain a somewhat clear idea of what the souls of men, in the past, have considered the illustration of a "straight gate and narrow way," to embody. In applying it to the soul it has usually been considered a symbol or sign of sacrifice,

and the souls of men have held all sorts of conceptions of what the true sacrifice consists. Hair shirts and beds of iron spikes; incarceration in lonely cells and engaging in the lowest menial occupation; severe fasting, etc., have all had their votaries. With the dawn of the Reformation new ideas of sacrifice were advanced; men's souls were called upon to lay down lordly titles and worldly positions of rank and birth; costly raiment and indulgence in worldly amusements, and even the crucifixion of the natural affections for parents and children, were all deemed necessary to gain eternal life for the soul.

Among the religious people of to-day, love and loyalty to the duties of church life and work have largely superseded the old ideas of sacrifice, and we find the larger part of church members quite as devoted to modern social life as they are to their especial denominational interests; while many people too liberal and broad-minded to confine their work, for humanity, to the methods of church work now in vogue, sacrifice time and money for the great philanthropic movements of the age.

To the illuminated soul the "straight gate" of sacrifice means far more than it has in any of man's past conceptions. By recognition of evolutionary law, the soul gets new views of man and his relation to creative principles. He learns to view man as an atomic and vibrating center; to look at life in its entirety; his views broaden, until the little petty happenings of everyday existence seem less real and less to be deplored, and their sad features enlarged upon in thought and daily conversation.

The mind, permeated by new thought, looks less at appearances presented by human life as he observes it to-day, and learns to search for the motives that lie back in the subconscious mentality that have produced the effects that he notices; he analyzes thought processes—his own first, and then those of his neighbors.

As he studies the problems of existence he understands the strength of inherited traits and the influences of environment, and begins to realize that it is the overcoming of these that is involved in the true sacrifice.

It is these influences that constitute the natural man, whether he

be intellectual or ignorant. He is unawakened, as far as his spiritual potentialities are concerned; he may be dimly conscious of them but he does not make them practical by use.

In the old catechisms it is stated that baptism "is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace that is to overcome the world, the flesh and the devil."

The world that the truth seeker finds to overcome is composed of all the false philosophies of life that have grown out of man's false reasoning. He has formed his conclusions from the effects he sees: he has failed to search for causes, and life seems strange and mysterious; his thoughts of life and his Creator are false and superficial and have to be rooted up by the true philosophy.

The overcoming of the flesh, the truth student finds to be the sacrificing of every inherited trait that is not in harmony with God's laws. Until an earnest effort towards overcoming is made, very few realize the strength and influence of inherited tendencies. They are imbedded in the atomic life of the body through physiological law, and every atom may need to be impressed with truth.

If we did not know that the atoms of the body were continually changing—being renewed and cast off day by day—we should be discouraged at such a task; but the thoughts of truth change the body very rapidly, and if they are faithfully used, the chains of inherited bondage soon give way.

The claims of the devil, that man has so feared, are largely made up from these two false philosophies which we have tried to explain: it is the condition of mind they have produced and that proves an adversary when we try to rise above it.

It does not seem wise for spiritual teachers to impress their pupils with the idea that the "straight gate and narrow way of life" will be easy and pleasant to sense consciousness. It is the experience of many souls to have very trying and bitter times during the process of overcoming. It is far wiser to prepare the pupil for the struggle. Yet he may be impressed with the fact that many blessings will follow adherence to all of the spiritual truth he realizes: health of body, peace of mind and wisdom to control himself and others, and an abundance of all that is really needed for the earth journey.

There is no one who can predict the experiences of an individual soul, as each one awakes to spiritual realization in a different state of mind. One's inherited birthright may place him far along the road to spiritual realization, or he may have to begin in the first footpaths of the dark forest of life. But there is sure to come a time when sweetest peace and rest will crown the soul's efforts: then not one step of the narrow way of overcoming will be regretted.

To realize spiritual existence in the body, and be overshadowed by the love and wisdom of the Father, brings a peace that makes the attainment of every worldly honor seem cheap by comparison.

HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

MYTHS.

Upon a canvas, dust-begrimed and dim,
 An olden artist, long since laid aside—
 For death had given kind release to him—
 Had traced with sombre brush both deep and wide
 The stream of Time. There, on its ceaseless waves
 Were burdens that humanity had borne,
 Till driven ere their time to nameless graves,
 Without a ray of light or friend to mourn.

The slavish ships that sailed upon its breast
 Were piloted by Superstition's hand,
 And in the storm the breaker's whitened crest
 Lured helpless souls to death upon the strand.

Strange fancies bound them in unyielding thrall,
 When Nature, in her wisdom, sought to show
 That water turned to wine in festal hall
 Alone was real to them who did not know !

The miracles that in their time held sway
 Among the nations to great reason blind,
 Are lost among the greater truths to-day,
 Enlightened growth and culture of the mind.

We need them not to lead them in the path
 Where Truth illumines every page we scan;
 For Reason, in transcendent beauty, hath
 Turned all the darkened ways to light, for man !

EDWARD WILLIAM DUTCHER.

HERE'S ROSEMARY; THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE."

It is a curious thing to look back on one's life, and realize how little we remember of it. The bare facts, of course, cannot be forgotten: but the spirit, the mood, the animating thoughts of the life somehow fade away into oblivion. The waters of the Lethe of the present sweep over them, and they become as if they had never been. And yet there have been distinct and clearly defined spaces in every man's life of a peculiar charm, a peculiar flavor. Each had his own characteristic atmosphere, and each has done something toward the development of the man as he now is, and is therefore worthy of remembrance. Certain high-tide marks of passionate thought or emotion were only reached once or twice. The memory of the fact that we had such high moments of *bien-etre* remains to us, but the exaltation, the sense of revelation that we felt then, is lost, not to be quickened by any effort of will, nor even by sight of the places or people who helped to cause us those tremendous emotional experiences. How we wish we could recall those hours! There was that golden time when love came first, with its beautiful magic and its strong hopes. All the world seemed a fairy garden, the lovers believed themselves a god and goddess, the controllers of their own destiny. But the years roll by and though the love may survive in greatness and reality, the *welt-schmerz* has made itself painfully felt. Fate marches on unhindered by mortals, and the peculiar intensity of that first divine possession or madness is lost. Vainly we try to recall those fugitive moments. Then there was that other hour, when the terrible loneliness of our own soul made us reach out our spiritual arms to God, and we cried with suddenly awakened faith, "Lean down, and touch us, O Thou Unseen! We believe in Thee: because we need Thee!" And after the cry there came a wonderful experience: for a brief half-hour we felt saturated with GOD. Another high-tide mark was reached when first the infinite possibilities of our own mind for assimilation were apprehended. Time seemed to be the only limit for achievement, if only the will could support the potentiality. Of course, it could not last—that con-

sciousness of the mightiness of the mental powers. If it could have been kept—or even recalled at will—in all its vitality, we could have reached as high as heaven. Nothing could have daunted us. But diffidence, physical infirmities, the “cares of this world,” extinguished the inner fire, and we became hampered by our environments, and only just able to limp along under the burdens of our own too real limitations.

It is something to know that we have had these inner experiences, even though we cannot recall the sensations of them. It is something to know that the mists of materialism and of this world that lie about our path have been lifted for us once or twice. We have, at certain beatific moments, caught glimpses of that distant shining Pisgah, where our will shall be the prophet of our capacity; where we shall develop to Infinity; where Love, Faith and Work shall be ideally beautiful and exalted.

And as those few perfectly good or memorable hours of our life recede into the past, they assume as it were a personality of their own, in our vague memories of them. And this peculiar quality of theirs becomes memorialized for us in all sorts of queer trivial things. I think that scent and sound of all things have the most revivifying effect on the memory. (When I use the word memory, I do not mean it in the sense of the mere recording of facts; it should be a crystal cup to dip down into the well of the past, and bring to us the waters of experience, lively and clear as of old, and instinct with their own innate qualities.) The scent of certain things—of wistaria, of peat smoke, of pine tree—acts on some people's memories like enchantment. The sight of the identical spot where some sudden intuition was attained recalls nothing but the bare fact. But the scent of a flower that had grown there—that was perhaps hardly noticed at the time—acts like a charm. The old mood flows over the soul in an almost terrifying rush, the old aspect of life possesses one again, the ghosts of those long-forgotten hours arise and walk.

Music does more than scent. It not only enables us to *feel* the old moods, it enables us to touch again those high-tide marks of conviction, of revelation, and of passion, that have made the history of our inner life.

I am reminded of the story of the mediæval knight who sounded a long blast on his magic horn before advancing to the haunted castle. A beautiful princess was imprisoned there, and at the spirited fanfare the walls fell down, the power of the wicked Lord was taken away, and the fair captive freed from her fetters.

The story has its equivalent in our own experiences, for certain music, heard long ago for the first time and suddenly heard again to-day, will release the captive hour of some past emotion from the clasp of forgetfulness, and will present it before us alive, with the very thrill and bloom of the past upon it.

Sometimes the music seems to have caught into itself and weaved into its melodies some experience which at the time it came to us seemed only painful, terrible and sad. But it brings it back to us now, as something painfully beautiful certainly, and yearningly sad, and not to be regarded as a misfortune, nor without special benedictory powers; for sorrow is the plumb-line of the soul.

But to regard music as a sort of spirits of wine, in which to preserve our own mental and emotional adventures, would be very wrong and unintelligent, and far indeed from my thoughts. For music has its own message to deliver, and is itself the expression of the composer's being. But it happens that some kinds of music are of the nature of an accompaniment, without much individual character.

Vague, sweet music such as this readily takes its color from our minds and moods. Sometimes, again, our mood or thought responds to the definite character of the music; but more often music (if it is great) induces in us its own mood and purpose, and helps to contribute toward that high moment (which itself shall afterwards enshrine) when some point of vantage over the mental or moral horizon is suddenly attained, and we are permitted to realize, though only for a limited space of time, one of God's truths.

Goethe knew how deeply musical sounds and memory are associated, when he made Faust pause in the act of committing suicide, at the sound of the Christmas bells. A former and better state of being was immediately recalled to him, and he ends by breaking down utterly, and sobbing out:

“ Now I am once more a little child,
 And old remembrance twining round my heart
 Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps.
 Then sing ye on sweet songs that are of heaven;
 Tears come, and Earth has won her child again.”

I think life appears happy in retrospect as we have made use of the moments of true apprehension that have been granted us. God and Love and Inspiration are often no more than names and catch-words and symbols, but we know that they stand for realities, because we have been allowed to realize them, each at some great special moment in our pilgrimage, and though the appreciation of them has been withdrawn—and the feelings we had with the appreciations—still we know we *have* seen. It is like the climbing of a mountain, this journey of our life. As we go up we reach certain eminences, which command first one view, then another, and so on till the summit is reached. And we can only guess what the revelation of that whole glorious panorama will be by the memory of the parts that have been occasionally displayed to us to hearten us on our toilsome journey.

IRENE LANGRIDGE.

A SOUL'S RHAPSODY.

A star to the zenith is rising,
 Its marvelous lustre will shine,
 As it flashes in future, a' tiding,—
 The flow'ring of a Lotus Divine.

As a pearl 'neath the bosom of ocean,
 Like a jewel encircled with gold,
 It swings in its rythmical motion
 With a music celestial in mold.

When the night is hushed in dreaming,
 When the morning awakens in dew,
 When the Spirit with joy is teeming,
 When the skies are cerulean in hue,

A star to the zenith is rising,
 Mid the galaxy of circling orbs
 In its light—pure Love is abiding
 With its rays—my soul it absorbs.

E. H. OWEN.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

DEVELOPMENT.

With this number THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE begins its tenth volume. Strong and vigorous in the consciousness that its work is for the right and its purpose recognized and appreciated by the substantial thinkers of the entire civilized world, it enters upon the labor of the new volume with courage gathered from the experience of the past, that builds both hope and confidence for the future.

In a thousand directions the ground is fallow for the plow, and the seed almost bursting with living thought, scarce able to wait for its resting place within the soil, before sending forth its message of life immortal, eternal, real. In every community there is more or less of a conscious awakening to the facts of a Universe of permanent reality, recognized all about us, which, although unseen in sense-action, still is substantial and real to the similar qualities of the mind.

This awakening of thought makes THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE a necessity; and that necessity has made it a success. The volume just closed has proved the wisdom of the conservative course pursued from the beginning, to a greater extent than any other volume in its career, both in the high order of appreciation received in literary and scientific circles, and in the character and extent of new circulation; for it is rapidly being accepted as the leading magazine in all the different circles of new thought and has become established as the authority on metaphysical matters in every quarter of the Globe.

New and still more advanced features are in preparation for future numbers, all of which are planned and prepared with a view to a continued development of the higher qualities of the intelligent mind, which, seeing itself human yet is divine in nature, and capable of all things true and real. THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE will find its greatest joy in helping to rightly develop a pure understanding of the

divine qualities which constitute the real man, and it believes that these qualities are at least latent in all consciousness. It appreciates your responsive recognition, and promises to work for your eternal good, through all succeeding numbers; and, although its pages are prepared for a variety of readers having different necessities, yet each number, if carefully perused, will certainly yield some thought which will repay the cost and the time.

Our subject is infinite and the variety of expressions must necessarily be of the same order. Infinite variety necessitates many themes, although the one truth may run through all. That which nourishes one but whets the appetite of another; yet in the variety presented each may find his sustenance. In strengthening the many the power of the united whole is developed. If each will think one thought of divine truth this world will become a heaven of harmonious life. Shall we all think, work, act together?

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The regular meetings of the School for June were held on the evenings of the 5th and the 19th, at Metaphysical Hall, 463 and 465 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THIRD MEETING.

The third regular meeting, held June 5th, showed an attendance of about seventy, although the excessive heat (the mercury being in the nineties) prevented many from coming who had planned to be present.

An increased interest in the work begun was clearly apparent. The president read a paper on "The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil." The reading was rendered with good dramatic effect, and the speaker's views on this subject were clearly expressed in scholarly language. The reading was followed by discussion of the paper, and questions put by the audience were aptly replied to by the speaker. This feature of dealing with the subjects presented in papers promises to prove interesting and valuable in the lines of research planned by the School.

The Committee on "Dreams, Somnambulism and Kindred Phenomena" submitted detailed accounts of three dreams, which were

ified to the minutest particular by subsequent events in one, and by simultaneous occurrence at the time of the dream in the other two, as far as time can be traced in the accounts. The accounts of these dreams were returned to the Committee for careful examination and fitted into the probable laws of action involved in their experience. An interesting case of somnambulism in a child was reported by Dr. Topham, and is given here for the benefit of readers and others who were not present at the meeting. It is as follows:

A CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

An exhibition of the peculiar power of the subconscious mind came under my observation recently by an extraordinary and somewhat startling case of somnambulism.

On May 1st, 1899, I received a call to attend a girl 5 years old, living on Lafayette Avenue, whom I had known from birth. Before seeing the child her mother called me into the parlor and gave me this history of the case: Three days ago the child came in from playing in the yard, when her hat dropped to the floor. An elder brother, observing it, said: "Alma, why did you throw your hat on the floor?" She said: "I didn't; it slipped from my hand." A short but heated controversy ensued, which ended by the young man saying: "I will throw you down cellar." Her mother said she then became as still as a mouse, as she had a great dread of the cellar. That night she was restless and tossed about in her sleep. In the morning she had a fever. Her mother gave her some castor oil, but the fever continued to increase, until they decided to call me. I found no special disturbance and she soon recovered. The matter had entirely passed from my mind, when I received a telephone call in the early morning of May 8th saying Alma had met with an accident. I inquired if I should need any splints or bandages. The reply was: "No, but come as quickly as you can." When I arrived the mother told me this story: "I was awakened about 2 o'clock in the morning by the child creeping into my bed. She was covered with cold, clammy perspiration. I put my hand down to see if her feet were cold, when the little one cried out with pain and said her foot hurt her. I aroused S——, who turned up the light, and we found the child covered

with coal dust, her forehead bruised and bleeding, her foot cut and bruised. The child was very much frightened, and when asked where she had been very reluctantly said she had been down cellar. She did not know why she had gone down. She awoke and found herself there."

I found the skin abraded on the left forehead and cheek, and the left eye very much discolored and swollen; there was also an abrasion on the right side of her head over the temple, indicating that she had received more than one fall. The hollow of the right foot was cut and was painful on motion.

This child sleeps by the side of her parents' bed in a crib three sides of which are inclosed by a railing about 12 inches in height, and she could only get out of it with the greatest difficulty. She had evidently got out of her crib while asleep, gone down two flights of stairs, and while wandering about in the cellar had struck her foot against an old bucksaw and fell, striking her head against a cross beam of the coal bin. Can we imagine what the sensations of this delicate child must have been upon awakening so violently in this dark and dreadful place? There is a coal chute in the far corner of the cellar which was partially filled with coal, and which gave some ray of light. She had evidently tried to escape by this way, as she was covered with coal dust. She finally retraced her steps in the dark and got in bed with her parents without disturbing the household. She has been perfectly healthy all her life, and of a nervous temperament, more than usually intelligent.

I submit this case to show what the influence of a strong mental impression may have upon the subconscious mind and its effect upon a sensitive nature. Also the fortitude and courage displayed by one so young, and under such trying circumstances, seems remarkable.

FOURTH MEETING.

The meeting of June 19th was given to general discussion of questions asked by members and associates and replied to by the audience. The question "What Is Inspiration?" called forth much animated and interesting discussion, and several views were given both as to its nature and its source.

Plans have been laid for carrying on work during the Summer in the lines of Plan and Scope, investigations in Psychic Phenomena, establishing a Nomenclature, by searching out the root meanings of words, so that investigators and others may be enabled to understand the meanings of words used to express ideas, and the production of material for use at the meetings during the coming season.

The next meeting of the School will be held on the evening of the first Monday in September. Associates, with all privileges save voting power, pay five dollars per annum, which includes a year's subscription to *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE*—the official organ of the School—and, within the United States, free use of the Library, which now numbers about twenty-five hundred titles, and is to be extensively enlarged in the immediate future. Persons residing in any part of the world may become Members or Associates.

For the School.

(Signed) LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE,
Corresponding Secretary.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL THEORY OF RELIGION.

Religion is an experience and as such far too wide for a theoretic explanation. As simple experience it means a spiritual life which in some form or other does homage to Deity. If it proceeds to theorize upon positive contents, then it becomes Theology and loses most of its simplicity and directness. If the mind undertakes to give a rational account of religion, then arises a philosophy of religion. Such a philosophy attempts to correlate religious activity with the other activities of human experience and usually to justify its peculiarity. It has, however, been asserted by some philosophers that a philosophy of religion is impossible, because religion does not square with reason, some calling it irrational and some considering it above reason. Whether a philosophy of religion is possible or not has not been settled, at least not philosophically.

When a philosopher like Kant expresses himself on the subject, it behooves us all to listen. In *Kantstudien* (Band III., Heft 3) for February, we find an article by W. B. Waterman, entitled "Kant's Lectures on the Philosophical Theory of Religion," which we must bring to the attention of our readers. This German philosophical magazine,

Kantstudien was started by Dr. Hans Vaihinger, Professor of Philosophy at Halle a. s., who, no doubt, is the most prominent Kant scholar of to-day. His own large work on Kant is a phenomenal production and was the main start of all recent Kant studies. A Kant study means a renewed examination of the mind and its powers in order to settle its true nature. It means criticism, "a powerful irritant needed to awaken the pupil from 'dogmatic slumber.'" Yet, it must also be admitted that criticism has often become as harmful a dogmatism as the sickness it was intended to cure. However, the modern critical schools are welcome. They have helped many of us to a sound discrimination of those elements of knowledge which belong to understanding and those of reason and those as opposed to mere experience. In this paper of Waterman's is given an account of Kant's lectures on the philosophical theory of religion, not as published by Kant, but by Poelitz, who got them from Rink, one of Kant's colleagues. The reader understands that the following extracts are from Waterman and are not the words of Kant, yet they are exact equivalents for Kant's teachings:

I take up first the proofs of the existence of God. He presents his proof from possibility. The possibility of things depends on existence, on a real necessity. . . . The proof cannot be refuted, because it has its basis in human nature. . . . In defining God logical possibility is not a sufficient test. There must also be a real possibility, in order that the realities attributed may not cancel each other in their effects. . . . A priori human reason can neither prove nor disprove the possibility of God. . . . In discussing the predicates to be applied to the substrate of possibility, Kant affirms that there need be no hesitation in making use of the concepts of pure reason, for they apply to things in general and determine them through pure understanding. . . . Faith in God for moral reasons is a necessary postulate, a presupposition from objective reasons, and is as certain as a mathematical demonstration. The three articles of moral faith are God, freedom of the will, and moral world. It is God's wisdom that we should not know, but believe, that there is a God. . . . Morality would have no motives without God and a future life. Because of sense our morality would have no reality, unless there was a being all-perfect, all-knowing, all-powerful, holy, and just. He who lacks moral faith is a good-for-nothing.

But what, now, is the right use of the will which the rational creature should make? Such which can stand under the principle of the system of all ends. A general system of ends is only possible according to the idea of morality. Accordingly the legitimate use of our reason will only be that which is performed according to the moral law.

These were Kant's own words and the reader does well in noting the phrase "a general system of ends," because as the master said:

Only in so far as rational creatures can be regarded as members of this rational system have they a personal worth. For a good will is something good and for itself, and accordingly absolutely good.

About a "kingdom of ends" more may be read in, for instance, Abbott's translation of Kant's "Critique of Practical Reason."

Morality gives one worth because it makes one a member in this great kingdom of ends. If one lies, his end is at variance with that of others. The general rule of morality is: "If all human beings did it, could there then also be a unity of ends?"

We pass by the notes on "The best possible world," on the faculty knowledge in God, to quote these words on prayer:

The idea of prayer is that it must never be used for gain, and if it concerns worldly advantage, with trust. Its moral value is that thereby thankfulness and adoration to God are caused in us.

But particularly noteworthy in the lectures is the treatment of evil:

Man is created free, with animal instincts and senses, which he must overcome. He must accomplish himself the cultivation of his talents, and make good his will from a barbarous condition. The result will be missteps and follies due to himself. "The evil in the world one can therefore regard as the imperfect development of the germ to the good. Evil has no particular germ; for it is mere negation and consists only in the limiting of the good. It is nothing more than incompleteness in the development of the germ to the good from a state of barbarity. But the good has a germ, for it is independent."

To this last quotation from the master, we would add these words from Abbott's translation mentioned above:

Men may laugh at the Stoic, who in the severest paroxysms of gout cried out: Pain, however thou tormentest me, I will never admit that thou art an evil; he was right. A bad thing it certainly was, and his cry betrayed it, but not any evil attached to him thereby, this he had no reason whatever to admit, for pain did not the least diminish the worth of his person, but only that of his condition.

Waterman continues to express Kant's ideas as he finds them in the lectures, and says:

The strength of animal instincts leads man into evil. The first development of our reason to the good is the source of evil. Accordingly evil is unavoidable.

It wills the displacement of the evil through the forcible development of the laws of perfection. Evil is not a means, but an incidental consequence. A universal plan is at work in the human race, and finally the greatest possible perfection will be reached.

Some reader will perhaps be shocked by the expression above, "the first development of our reason to the good is the source of evil."

But the difficulty of the passage will fall away when he understands that here is not meant moral evil, but primarily "physical" evil. Self-assertion creates disturbance at first. When it tones down to rational self-realization it is no longer evil.

So much for the paper in *Kantstudien*. It is not exhaustive and does not give fully Kant's ideas on religion. But Waterman is not responsible for these shortcomings. He has simply reported the nature and contents of a now very scarce work of Kant's, and has done so according to the plan of the magazine, which is to search for Kant remains everywhere and to study every feature of Kant's life and doctrine. We shall therefore attempt to supplement the above article, and do so because our readers ought to be perfectly conversant with the nature of this remarkable philosophy, which in recent years exercises so much influence, especially in England.

Kant published four essays under the title, *Religion Within the Limits of Reason Only*. They deal (1) with the *Radical Evil in Human Nature*. Man has a propensity to evil; individual evil, though self-incurred, may be called natural and innate and consists not in the sensibility alone, but in a freely chosen reversal of moral order. We choose self for the supreme and even degrade it to serve selfish purposes. We must undergo a "new birth," put on a new man, completely revolutionize our disposition in order to be good and spiritual. (2) Another essay deals with *The Eternal Son of God, Atonement, Etc.*, and Kant teaches that by the Eternal Son of God is to be understood the ideal of the perfect man, who in truth is come down from heaven and is the crown of creation. To be in Christ means to realize one's ideal human nature and the only saving faith is the belief of reason in the ideal represented by Christ and not in the historical person. The vicarious atonement means the new Adam bearing the sufferings of the old. The doctrines of justification, etc., are all explained in a similar way, viz., given a moral interpretation. (3) According to Kant *the Church* is a society based upon the laws of virtue, an ethical community of people professing the same moral conviction. The history of the Church represents the conflict between the external, historical and dogmatic mind and the faith of reason. The former must submit (4) The proper *service of God* is a moral life and high ethical endeavor. Church ceremonies and creeds are false service and must give way. Church faith has served and does serve for a time as introductory to the pure religion of morality. Kant condemns miracles as contradictions of the laws of experience and absolutely useless as helps to the performance of our duties. He ignores the Christian mysteries because they cannot be explained and have no bearing on

moral conduct. Works of grace may or may not exist; there is no proof either way, and the supposed heavenly influences are superstitious religious illusions.

The reader readily sees that the guiding spirit in these teachings is reason, not, however, universal reason, but Kant's reason. The system underlying these ideas is usually called rationalism. Rationalism declares against experience without intelligence as a prerequisite, and that is correct enough in a general sense, but when individual intelligence usurps the supremacy over all experience and will not recognize it, except it conforms to its narrow forms, then it must be ejected, because it bars all progress and kills all movement. Kant's theology will only recognize revelations within the limit of human form and tested by human reason. That places human reason where it does not belong. We do not get truth *from* reason, but *through* reason. Reason is not the building but the foundation. Universal reason is God's self-revelation, but it becomes an idol when it drops to the fixed, the settled, the systematic and dogmatic, having lost its elasticity by becoming human. Reason in Kant's philosophy bears the image of its father and mother, "the Son of God and the daughter of man." His "pure reason" is "the highest faculty of cognition," intuition, but his reasoning is ratiocination. It is the latter that predominates in his theology and excludes all mystery, all enthusiasm and condemns them as *Schwärmerei*.
C. H. A. B.

A SUMMER SCHOOL OF NATURE STUDY.

In view of the fact that long aimless outings do not result in the greatest pleasure or profit, a movement has taken form at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, to aid in making Summer vacations of more value to children, on the theory that "Ten to twelve weeks spent in idleness defeats the purpose of vacations."

"The large number of children who annually seek Geneva Lake to enjoy its beauty and remarkable resources inspired the idea that some organized effort should be made to use a portion of their time for something besides undirected recreations.

Children are naturally inquisitive and desire to know, so that a properly planned course of Nature Study is to them a most valuable kind of play.

The design of the Summer School is to enable children to investigate, discover and express in various ways the great facts and laws of Nature. Life in its various manifestations will be the watchword.

The course proposed includes the study of the physical features of the surrounding country, the waters and rocks, the trees, plants, birds, insects, boats, etc. In co-relation with and supplementary to the Nature Study will be literature, drawing, water-color painting, tool work and physical expression.

The intention is to answer the natural interrogations of the child and to direct his activities on the plane of his development, at the same time giving him freedom and pleasure, without schoolroom restraint; leadings to make his rambles profitable and develop habits of observation.

Children are keen in finding out nature's secrets. It is their delight to know. A Summer under proper leadership gives both profit and pleasure."

The following courses have been arranged:

Literature—Mary H. Ford, Chairman, 4801 Lake Avenue, Chicago—August 8th to 11th.

Ideal Education — A. B. Stockham, Chairman, 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago—August 15th to 18th.

Mother's Conference—Ella A. W. Hoswell, Chairman, 6237 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago—August 22d to 24th.

Practical Metaphysics—Sarah Wilder Pratt, Chairman, 2919 Indiana Avenue, Chicago—August 29th to September 3d.

Dr. T. Y. Kayne will give a course of Lectures on Metaphysical Healing July 23d to August 6th; Dr. Geo. E. Burnell a course on Meditation later.

Other classes will be organized as demanded.

Further information may be obtained from

DR. A. B. STOCKHAM,
56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

We are heartily in sympathy with this movement as it is outlined above, and glad to call the attention of our readers to it. Dr. Alice B. Stockham's name is a sufficient guarantee of wise management.

LIVING CRYSTALS.

Dr. Von Holst, a professor in good standing in Chicago, gives the American public news of a discovery made by his friend and fellow scientist, Professor Von Schroen, a native of Bavaria, but now connected with the University of Naples.

Professor Von Schroen, says Professor Von Holst, has devoted his life and all his available means to the study of crystals. He has watched their development and photographed the result. He has di-

that crystals have propagating powers; that they beget other. He has photographs which buttress this discovery. There are thousands of these views, taken from fourteen different kinds of

The photographs show the crystal at its birth, the head pushing from the mother crystal. The young one's course is pictured as it grows away from the mother and its body becomes complete. According to Dr. Von Holst, "The Crystal meets another one from another mother. The two meet and then fight, striving and slashing at each other. Their battles are to the death, one invariably killed. Crystals from the same mother never fight, however, wherever they meet.

But this—the life, the development and the contention of these colonies—may be plainly seen in the photographs. I am a historian, not a scientist, so I saw all this as a layman. But Spencer and Darwin have studied my friend's views. They were struck with their enormous importance and were enthusiastic over the discovery. This new truth will revolutionize philosophy. It strikes right to the heart of nature. Its influence will extend to every branch of science. It is a new theory."

Our historian Dr. Van Holst ought to know that it does not form a new theory. This discovery, if, indeed it be such, only confirms a truth which is as universal as the world and as old as historic man. It is an old saying that the dreams of the poet anticipate the facts of science. The word poet is here used in no narrow sense. It does not mean a mere maker of verse. It means an imaginative thinker.

John Mandeville, the famous mediæval traveler, never wrote a line of poetry in his life. Yet his prose is compact of the essence of

It is fanciful, rhetorical, dreamlike. It is not tied down by a wishful adherence to apparent accuracy. Yet, though it may sometimes seem to miss the outer accuracy of the eye, it is true to the inner accuracy of the soul. Now, Sir John Mandeville has anticipated our professor in a very remarkable passage.

"The dymandes in Ynde," he says in his *Travels*, "growen many, one lytille, another gret. And ther ben sum of the gretnesse of the one and sume as gret as an Haselle Note. And thei ben square and round of her owne kinde, both aboven & benethen withouten the age of mannes hande. And thei been noryssed with the Dew of the mone. And thei engendren commounly and bringen forth the smale ones that multiplyen and growen alle the yeer. I have oftentimes seen that yif a man kepe hem with a litylle of the Roche and wete hem with May Dew ofte sithes, thei schulle growe everyche year, and thei wole waxen grete."

But over and beyond Sir John Mandeville, the theory which underlies his speculations and those of Professor Schroen is a theory which has haunted the mind of man from the beginning, that has appeared and reappeared in the dreams of Plato, of Buddha, and of the ancient and modern Pantheists, that has found a clothing of metaphysical language in the German school of philosophy, from Spinoza to Schopenhauer, and that is now receiving the acclaim of hard-headed students of science like Edison and Wallace, and we may add Schroen.

This is the theory that God or life is imminent everywhere, not only in man, not only in dumb creatures, but in trees, in flowers, in stones, in all animate and inanimate matter. Pope has phrased the theory in a couplet that is easily understood and easily remembered:—

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is and God the soul.

Nature is simply the physical framework through which God renders Himself intelligible to Himself. The Buddhists believe that, just as clouds, steam, snow, ice, rivers, seas and lakes are various forms of water, which will eventually become again a part of the great sea that gathers in all waters to its bosom, so all forms of life are mere differentiations of the Deity, to whom they will return in the Nirvana or final quiescence of all conscious life.

In the same way modern science tells us that all material and living things are but a more or less diversified arrangement of the molecules of the one primeval matter. Edison has expressly predicted that the time will come when through our mastery of scientific principles we may be able to turn stone into bread, coal into diamonds and a pair of breeches into a brace of partridges. 'Tis but a question of the rearrangement of the particles of matter into new material forms, and the miracle will be achieved.

Your body is in the final analysis absolutely identical with any other organic bit of matter. The cunning chemistry of your own stomach has altered not the constituent elements of the food you put into it, but the accidental arrangement of its molecules. Thus it has transformed fruit and vegetables into blood, bone, sinew and flesh. Examine further and you will discover that fruit and vegetables are but another form of earth and air and water.

Science now conducts you a little further and wrests another furlong from the void and the inscrutable. It teaches you that earth and air and water are essentially identical, that at the magic touch of nature water becomes air, or earth is sublimated into air or water. The stone that you pick up carelessly in your hand is like every other

extant thing—a microcosm of the world. It contains within itself every possible form of life, and even life itself. 'Tis but a question of resolving it back to the one original element and then remolding it into new forms.—*N. Y. Sunday Herald*.

HUMANISM.

In the Danish monthly *Tilskueren* for February we find an article: Humanism, by Vald. Vedel, a Danish author well known and especially recognized by his brilliant work: “Studies in the Golden Age of Danish Poesy.” He bids fair to become a rival of George Brandes. The translation is as follows:

What is humanism? We must not listen to what modern individualism or aristocratic superiority and conceit tell us, nor to that which modern nationalism preaches everywhere, nor must we give way to the influence that modern competition and specialization exercise upon us, but we must humanize ourselves and others in the direction which Culture indicates. The nations must rejoice in melting into each other and become large bodies of Culture in a way similar to that in which they arose from the assimilation of provincial forces; in a way similar to that which now in America makes a union race and a union culture out of the mixing of nations. Nations must encourage a crossing of culture streams, such an Europeism, which has been the best product of the century since the time of Goethe and Thorwaldsen. In a similar way shall the individual not feel his own peculiarity, but recognize the human as the main and most valuable element; he shall endeavor to develop universal human nature and fall into a concentric movement with human existence and not be a mere segment or section. He shall “realize the universal,” and place himself in relation to life as a whole and not tolerate life as a fragment. This is humanism.

Closely connected with this paper is another excellent and very useful essay lately published by W. J. McGee, vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The essay was originally read before that association in 1897 at the Detroit meeting. The essay, as now published, is called *The Science of Humanity*, and is a very important study, whether its teachings are accepted or not. The author is an anthropologist and speaks as such. He opens his subject with remarks on The Excellence of Humanity:

The chief subject of thought among all races is humanity in some of its numberless aspects; the chief part of the literature of civilized nations relates to humanity; the chief activities of all men are inspired by humanity. Yet—and this is a modern marvel—for the greater part the thought is vague, the literature random, the activity unorganized; *i. e.*, this most important of all subjects-matter and objects-matter in human ken has hardly been brought into the domain of that definite knowledge called Science. It is meet to inquire why this is so;

and, to the end that the inquiry may be answered clearly, it is needful first to define humanity and then to consider what knowledge is and the way in which science has come to be; later the half-formed science of that which is proper to intellectual man and most important to his kind may be outlined.

According to the lexicographer humanity denotes (1) the condition or quality of being human, (2) the character of being humane, (3) the character of being well bred, (4) mankind collectively and (5) secular learning or literature. The fourth of these definitions connotes Man—the genus *Homo*, object-matter of the broad science of anthropology—viewed in a distinct way, *i. e.*, as a mass or composite body rather than discrete individuals. The fifth definition connotes but a limited field in a vast domain, and is scholastic if not archaic; with this sense the term is chiefly used in opposition to divinity, often in the plural form (though there is good precedent for the use of this plural form in a more general and at the same time a more definite sense). The first three definitions connote a wide range of attributes of Man which, albeit well recognized by all intelligent people, are rarely reckoned among the objects-matter of anthropology, seldom included within the pale of science; yet it is these attributes that especially distinguish Man and set him apart from the mineral, vegetal and animal worlds, and exalt him above the rocks and plants and beasts of simple nature.

Humanity may be defined, by exclusion, as the condition or quality or character of possessing attributes distinct from those of animals, vegetals and minerals; or, by inclusion, as (1) attributes or characteristics confined to human beings, comprising (*a*) the condition or quality of being human, *i. e.*, of acting, feeling, and thinking after the manner of human beings, (*b*) the character of being humane, and (*c*) the character of being well-bred; (2) mankind collectively; (3) secular learning and literature.

The supreme importance of humanity as thus defined is indicated by the fact that it is the foremost subject-matter of thought and speech and literature among all peoples, its prominence increasing from savagery through barbarism and civilization and culminating in enlightenment. The essential distinctness of humanity as thus defined appears when its serial relations to the other primary objects-matter of knowledge are considered: Just as living things rise above the mineral world by the possession of vitality, and just as animals rise above plants by the possession of motility, so do human beings rise above all other things by the possession of specific attributes rooting in mentality and maturing in the complex activities of collective life; or just as inorganic matter is the basis for the essentially distinct organic existence, so organic matter and processes form the basis for the essentially distinct superorganic activities of human existence. The importance and distinctness of humanity are, indeed, such that it behooves naturalists to recognize a fourth realm or world—to extend science from the great realms of the mineral, the vegetal and the animal into the incomparably broader and richer realm of the purely human; and this extension is the chief end of modern anthropology.

The subject naturally leads to a discussion of knowledge, and it follows. The reader will readily observe that knowledge is here spoken

as derived by inductive reasoning and that no Science of Knowledge or Epistemology is given.

Human Knowledge is constantly increasing. The body or aggregate of knowledge is imponderable, and may not be counted or measured or weighed; it is an entity of prime importance and of universal recognition. Itself infinite and varying from mind to mind, the sum of knowledge may be divided, albeit roughly, and analyzed, albeit crudely, and the days and years and centuries of its progress among men and peoples may be so studied that its tendencies and perhaps even the laws of its growth may be known. . . .

Knowledge is born of the individual brain fertilized by indirect contact with other brains, and is given unto others with a degree of freedom varying with the disposition of the individual and the perfection of his mechanism for conveying thought—gesture, picture, speech, writing, printing; the growth of Knowledge keeps even pace with the acquisition of structures and devices for its expression, and it is a pleasant and significant fact that in general the disposition to disseminate Knowledge grows strong and active just as the dispensing mechanism improves, though usually lagging a little behind—much as the verdure follows the vernal shower. So the stage of individual knowledge is initial, the stage of common knowledge consequent; so also individual knowledge is barren and unproductive until turned into the general fund to increase and multiply an hundred-fold; and so, too, there is progressive growth from the initial stage of individual discovery or invention, through many ill-defined yet successively higher and higher steps, well toward the mature stage of general possession. It is needful to observe that the body of general knowledge can never quite equal the aggregate knowledge possessed by individuals; although stimulated by others, each active individual knows something more than he is able to tell, because he is never so free in disposition and facile in expression; . . .

Knowledge is ever passing from the individual to the common and from the special to the general, and thereby its quantity is constantly increased and its utility extended; during recent times it is passing also from the empiric to the scientific, and thereby its quality is improved and its beneficence multiplied.

The subject of Knowledge is exhaustively treated, but the essay is too long to allow the quotation of any details. It is followed by definitions of the various sciences, perhaps more interesting to our readers, because they clear our conceptions on the vast amount of material on which and wherewith to organize that most important science: The Science of Humanity.

There are several branches of science which deal alike with the human organism and the various other animal and even vegetal organisms of the great vital series in which Man is usually, though not invariably, considered the culminating and crowning form. Here anthropology and biology blend; but it is convenient and desirable to distinguish that division of the Science of Man which deals with the organic features of the order Bimana, and this science or sub-science is frequently called *Somatology*. Although the oldest and the simplest

among the divisions of the anthropologic sciences, Somatology comprises various special branches of knowledge commonly classed as sciences, including Pathology, Physiology, Etiology, etc., representing the specific methods and purposes of particular classes of investigators.

Explorers and travelers have also systematized their knowledge and reduced it to a science. Of this McGee says:

Borrowing methods from biology, the observers or their interpreters sought to classify the men of different continents and provinces and islands by somatic characters—by stature, color of skin, color and texture of hair, color and attitude of eyes, form of feature, form and size of skull, peculiarities of long bones, etc.; and, as the researches became definite and fruitful, they were combined in a science of races, called *Ethnology*. This science has much in common with biology, and is a direct outgrowth from that group of sciences pertaining to the human body combined under the term Somatology.

Now our author comes to a subject which always proves a stumbling block to scientists, that of Psychology.

After centuries of unscientific and unsuccessful search for the seat of the soul through baseless deduction and blind introspection, certain thinkers began to profit by contemporary researches in anatomy and physiology; and as eye and mind were trained—even as the eye and mind of the traveler were trained not to make monstrosities out of unfamiliar races—the form and function of the nervous system were gradually recognized, and the dominance of the brain was finally established. Only within a generation or two has the brain been investigated in a scientific way and with due appreciation of the importance of that marvelous structure preformed in the articulates, potentialized throughout the long line of vertebrates, and perfected in the ultimate mammalian form of the genus *Homo*; yet during the present quarter century the research has been organized in a science already cultivated in many lands and taught in most of the leading universities. The earlier promoters of this science approached the subject haltingly from the speculative or deductive side, and perhaps for this reason the science is named, not so much from the organ itself as from its product, *Psychology*. This modern science is not to be confounded with certain fantastic notions sometimes foisted under the same designation, which do little more than obstruct progress; the parent stock of the science was, indeed, speculative—as is most knowledge in the beginning—but so soon as the graft of Somatology was affixed it became fruitful. It is to be noted that while Somatology is essentially biotic and Ethnology is biotic in so far as it rests on bodily features, Psychology pushes beyond the domain of biology proper, partly in that the human brain owes its perfection of development to the essentially human attributes, partly in that the science, as commonly defined, embraces both brain and mind—both organ and product.

We come next to a subject of great interest and one comparatively new: that of *human devices*, the very first root of civilization. We beg the reader to study it carefully, because

The enlargement of the domain of Anthropology as here set forth is regarded as marking the most important epoch in the development of this science, one of the most important in the history of Science in general. Several investigators have contributed to it; perhaps the earliest, one of the most voluminous, and certainly the most original of these contributors is J. W. Powell, whose preliminary writings have appeared in a large number of addresses, official reports and minor papers, though his final conclusions are not yet published.

At first the products of ancient and alien handiwork were accepted at their token value, much like the chemic elements before Avogadro, the planetary movements before Newton, our sun and others before the doctrine of the persistence of motion, the organic species before Darwin; but within a generation or two it has come to be realized that they possess an innate value as exponents of intellectual activity—as medals of human creation, collectively attesting the birth and growth of discovery and invention, design and motive, and all other human faculties. Perhaps the time has not come for defining this stage in the progress of anthropology; it may be that the transition is not yet complete, or that the relations are too complex for easy grasp; yet it seems clear that when the anthropologist first saw in the implement of shell or stone an index to the mental operations of the implement-maker hardly less definite than the written page to the thought of the writer, the Science of Man rose to a higher plane with a bound comparable to those marking great epochs in the development of the other sciences.

Now in Science each advance gives a new standpoint from which a broader view may be gained, and with the recognition of what may be called the dynamic aspect of artificial objects, the way was prepared for further progress. It was soon perceived that the simplest devices are supplements to or substitutes for bodily organs—that the knife of shell or tooth or stone is a supplement to teeth and nails, that the hammer-stone multiplies the efficiency of blows, and that the missile is equivalent to an indefinite prolongation of reach; and accordingly it was realized that, in so far as he is a maker and user of implements and weapons, even the lowest savage rises above the plane of purely animal life. It was next perceived that even the simplest devices react on the organisms in various ways: The substitution of the shell knife for nails and teeth diminishes the exercise and hence the vigor of these organs, and removes them from the category of characters subject to development through the survival of the fittest in the strife for existence, so that in so far as he employs devices in lieu of organs the savage passes beyond the realm of organic development by natural selection; at the same time the exercise of making and using artificial devices in lieu of natural organs tends to develop distinctively intellectual or cerebral characters; so that the effect of competition in the use of devices is not only to remove Man from the realm of the biotic, but to set him on a definite course of development in a new realm—the realm of the artificial, or essentially human. . . . With the recognition of the dynamic and successional aspects of artificial devices, anthropology gained a new significance; for to its objects-matter in the form of the human body and human races and the human brain there was added the whole series of artificial devices and the exceeding potent intellectual activities

which these devices represent—and this addition is the basis of what is here styled the Science of Humanity.

But I must come to a close, though I have given only the most necessary extracts. I pass by all that is said about human activities and only state that on the basis of a study of these activities several new sciences have come into existence, and these, together with their method, are of utmost importance to the metaphysician, because they deal with life as it manifests itself now, not as dry scholastics think it did manifest itself. The method of these sciences leads right into life as it is lived by man and away from empty individualistic speculations. The sciences are:

(1) Demography, *i. e.*, the enumeration and description of men, activital products, etc.; (2) human geography (or anthropogeography) dealing with the geographic distribution of peoples and their artifacts; (3) political economy, which is concerned primarily with applied social forces and their products; (4) history, which deals with the rise and fall of peoples and nations; and (5) philosophy, which scrutinizes materials and forces and sequences, and seeks the causes of growth and decadence among human things. This classification traverses the same domain as the more general one, and serves to bring out the same facts and relations in somewhat different light; *i. e.*, it is artificial rather than natural, technical rather than logical, subjective rather than objective, directive rather than creative—in brief, it pertains to applications rather than original research.

This is to say they are really scientific metaphysics.

C. H. A. B.

THE BASES OF MYSTIC KNOWLEDGE.

ESSAY ON THE BASES OF THE MYSTIC KNOWLEDGE. By E. Récéjac, Doctor of Letters. Translated by Sara Carr Upton. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

English language and literature is very poor in material for the study of Mysticism. England and America have had mystics and they have left writings, some of which are of the highest value. The Cambridge Platonists, the Quakers, William Law, etc., are luminous examples. But the restless and active Anglo-Saxon has not found any special attraction in studying these phenomena, and write about them, at least, not to any great extent. The most prominent English work is that of Vaughan, "Hours with the Mystics." It has gone through several editions and has, it must be hoped, done some good. But it has certainly also done harm by its unfair criticisms, its belittling the power of the Inner Life, and in many cases by its complete ignorance of the main nature of the mystic life. The translation of Récéjac's

work will atone for much of this and in the future be a textbook in **Mysticism**. It is, indeed, a most valuable contribution to mystic literature on the whole, but especially to the literature of English-speaking people on account of Vaughan's mistakes and misrepresentations.

The book is exactly what its title would indicate, an examination of the foundations of mystic knowledge. It takes for granted that there is a knowledge of a mystic character and it undertakes to study its nature and basis. The book thus becomes an essay in epistemology, rather than a source whence one would draw mystic knowledge and life. The author defines his position thus :

The only scope of our undertaking is to make a purely rational critique of "mystic knowledge," or it might be better to say "mystic experience." . . . It is understood that we are not concerned with Christian mysticism specially, but with universal mysticism, or, in other words, with all transcendental methods which tend to actualize the desires of Freedom in experience. This transcendence depends first of all upon Freedom itself. All mysticism must seek in Freedom its determining principles and its inspiration. Afterwards it rises by means of mental "*symbolic*" representations. We can have no other experience of the Absolute in this life than through symbolic representations.

This definition contains several points not evident to the reader till he has read the whole book and is himself more or less of an initiate. It also makes statements to which some mystics would take exception, and as it seems on good grounds. Most mystics prefer to speak of their "mystic experience" rather than their "mystic knowledge," because they have a life which cannot be inclosed in any vessel of knowledge. By "Freedom" our author in one place means "indetermination itself" (p. 93); in another (p. 184) it is defined in connection with "heart" and it is said that—

The Heart is nothing else than Freedom considered properly as "power for disinterestedness."

The result of the author's undertaking is the acknowledgment that there is a knowledge which transcends ordinary understanding. No one can conceive the Good or think the Absolute by means of the categories. The mystic formula for knowledge is this: "I live, yet not I, but God in me." The author is especially strong when he shows that philosophical mysticism is only a vague state of consciousness, having in it no moral transcendence. He acknowledges the aberrations of Mysticism in search of its own transcendence, but nevertheless identifies reason and inspiration. He condemns strongly the degraded forms of Mysticism: occultism and mystic symbolism.

The book is needed in all our camps and most in those of the progressive teachers of mind and heart culture. Popular ignorance on the essentials of Mysticism is so gross and widespread that philanthropists could do no better than spread this book everywhere. Truth and Goodness are mystic factors in civilization, and a great change in the Commonwealth would be seen when people will learn that mystic intuition enables us to perceive the facts of freedom. The crown of science, labor and reason—the freeing forces of life—is Mysticism. Will our readers take up the work? Remember that even if you bring liberating Mysticism only to one individual, “*that a man, in himself alone, is worth the whole order of empirical things.*” C. H. A. B.

THE STORIES OF JOSEPH AND JESUS COMPARED.

Joseph was a shepherd. Gen. xxxvii, 2.	Jesus was the Good Shepherd. John x, 11.
Joseph was sent by his father to seek his brethren. Gen. xxxvii, 13, 14, 16.	Jesus was sent by His Father to seek and save His people. John iii, 16, 17.
When Joseph's brethren saw him coming they sought to slay him. Gen. xxxvii, 20.	When Jesus came on earth, the Jews, His people, sought to kill Him. Matt. ii. 20.
Joseph was put in a pit and raised from it. Gen. xxxvii, 28.	Jesus was put in a tomb and raised from it. Matt. xxvii, 59-60.
Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver—the price of a slave under age. Gen. xxxvii, 28.	Jesus was sold for thirty pieces of silver—the price of a slave of full age. Matt. xxvi, 15.
Joseph was carried down into Egypt. Gen. xxxix, 1.	Jesus was carried down into Egypt. Matt. ii, 13-14.
Joseph was tempted by Potiphar's wife. Gen. xxxix, 7.	Jesus was tempted by Satan in the Wilderness. Mark i, 13.
Joseph was condemned by a false witness and put in prison. Gen. xxxix, 19-20.	Jesus was condemned by false witnesses and put to death. Matt. xxvi, 59-60.
Joseph was put in prison with two prisoners; one is saved, the other hanged. Gen. xli, 2-3; xli, 22.	Jesus was crucified with two prisoners; one He saved, the other was hanged. Luke, xxiii, 39-43.
Joseph became Governor, Ruler and Saviour of his people in Egypt. Gen. xli, 6; xli, 43.	Jesus was Governor, Ruler and Saviour of his people on earth. Matt. ii, 6.

Joseph was thirty years old when he began his public ministry. Gen. xli, 46.

Joseph was blessed with a spirit of wisdom, and the Lord made all that he did to prosper. Gen. xli, 38-39; xxxix, 23.

Joseph went about doing good, laying up food for the famine. Gen. xli, 46-49.

Joseph's people had to come to him for their temporal food. Gen. xlii, 3-10.

Joseph knew his brethren; they did not know him. Gen. xlii, 8.

Joseph gave to his people freely, without money or price. Gen. xlii, 25.

Joseph's brethren all had to bow down to him. Gen. xlii, 6.

Joseph was one of twelve brethren, the Patriarchs. Gen. xlii.

Joseph made himself known to his brethren after they supposed him dead. Gen. xlv, 1.

Joseph said to them, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt." Gen. xlv, 4.

Joseph forgave his brethren their trespasses. Gen. xlv, 3-8.

Joseph had a beloved brother, Benjamin. Gen. xliii, 29-30.

Joseph wept over his brethren. Gen. xlv, 15.

Joseph dined with his twelve brethren, he the twelfth. Gen. xliii, 16.

Joseph loved his father and nourished him. John xlvii, 11-12.

Joseph was blest by his father. Gen. xlix, 22-26.

Jesus was thirty years old when He began His public ministry. Luke ii, 23.

Jesus was blessed with a spirit of wisdom, and the pleasure of the Lord prospered in His hand. Luke ii, 40; Isa. liii, 10.

Jesus went about doing good and healing the sick. Matt. iv, 23-24.

Jesus' people all have to come to Him for their spiritual food. John vi, 48-51.

Jesus knew His disciples; they did not know Him. Luke xxiv, 16.

Jesus gave to his people freely, without money and without price. Isa. lv, 1.

Jesus' people all have to bow to Him. Phil. ii, 10.

Jesus had His twelve disciples, the Apostles. Matt. x, ii.

Jesus made Himself known to His disciples after they had seen Him laid in the tomb. Luke xxiv, 36-40.

Jesus said to His disciples, "It is I, myself; handle me and see." Luke xxiv, 39.

Jesus forgave His people their sins. Matt. ix, 2-6.

Jesus had a beloved disciple, John. John xiii, 23.

Jesus wept over His people. Luke xix, 31.

Jesus supped with his twelve Apostles. John xiii, 14.

Jesus loved His Father and obeyed Him. John xv, 10.

Jesus was blest by His Father. John iii, 35.

Joseph's father received his son as from the dead. Gen. xlvi, 30.	Jesus' Father received His Son from the dead. Matt. xvi, 19.
Joseph had been a man of sorrow in the pit. Gen. xlii, 21.	Jesus was a man of sorrow in the garden. Isa. liii, 3; Luke xxii, 44.
Joseph's garments had been stained with blood. Gen. xxxvii, 31.	Jesus' garments were stained with blood. John xix, 33.
Joseph's life seems to be without blemish. Gen. xxxix, 2-6.	Jesus' life was without blemish. 1 Pet. ii, 22.
Joseph was clothed in fine linen. Gen. xli, 42.	Jesus was wrapped in fine linen. Matt. xxvii, 59.
Joseph's bones were raised from the grave and carried up to the earthly Canaan. Gen. l, 25.	Jesus arose from the grave, and was carried up to the heavenly Canaan. Luke xxiv, 51.
Joseph was raised from the prison to a post of honor and power. Gen. xli, 40-43.	Jesus was raised from the grave and crowned with glory and honor. Heb. ii, 9.

J. E. C., in *Watchman and Reflector*

SUNLIGHT COMES!

Joy! Joy! I triumph now; no more I know
 Myself as simply me. I burn with love.
 The centre is within me, and its wonder
 Lies as a circle everywhere about me.
 Joy! Joy! No mortal thought can fathom me.
 I am the merchant and the pearl at once.
 Lo! time and space lie crouching at my feet.
 Joy! Joy! When I would revel in a rapture,
 I plunge into myself and all things know.

Thus sang Attar and thus do we sing at the rise of the new day, both in our own hearts and in that of the fellow-pilgrim. The *International Theosophist* (March) sings so, too. Hear:

To the sleepless night-watcher there comes a time when the to-day changes into yesterday, and to-morrow becomes to-day; so that he puts off weariness and takes strength for a new day, even though he sleep not. This is the epoch we have reached now. It is as if the ebb-tide had run out and the waters become motionless, checked by the growing flow-tide. All around we see old energies and activities running down, whether in our movement or in the greater world. Their force is spent or is checked by the new tide coming on. And the new spirit is a spirit of joy and youth and hope, like the rising sun; disappointing to some, in its ruthless banishing of the phosphorescent damps of consoling sleep, but cheering to the young in heart. . . . Too often we have had in

our mind's eye a gloomier and solemn ideal; an ideal tinged with sad resignation or austere grandeur; a notion that, unless we are in pain, we must therefore be backsliding. *Where* did we get that idea that we are to put away pleasure and seek pain? Surely it is joy and peace that we ought to seek, and the grating, feverish sensations of pleasure and pain that we shall get rid of. The path of Truth is not a step from bad to worse, but from bad to better. We have pain enough in this life without trying to add any more. Tolstoi, in his *My Religion*, points out that Christ came to show us an *easier, happier* way of living, and that the theologians have tried to make out that Christ's ideal was too difficult for us and that a compromise is necessary.

Why should we waste strength in chipping at ice with a pick when a little cheerful warmth will melt it away? Half our difficulties are due to an ice-bound condition of the vitals, and they can be *thawed* away simply by a determined change of mental attitude.

The battle that is being waged in the world to-day is one between the brightness of dawn and the gloom of night—that is, between cheerful hope and despondency. We know that hope and despondency are very little dependent upon circumstances, and that they are, in fact, simply *moods* which color our landscape and make things seem bright or dull. There are great clouds of gloom floating about the moral air, ready to settle down in a damp fog and obscure the light and joy of any one. Nothing can look cheerful while one of these fogs is about, but when it is dispelled *the same things* that looked hopeless before now take on a roseate hue. Thus our moods are dependent very much less upon circumstances and incidents than upon the moral atmosphere by which we are surrounded.

The joy we seek is not that which is produced by fortunate events, but that which wells up from the fountain of spiritual sunlight within, and which fits all occasions and can illumine every landscape.

In an earlier number of the same magazine we find an article, "Richard Wagner on Joy," from which we, for want of space, can only copy the following:

Richard Wagner's first and last word, as man and artist, may be briefly and well expressed in these lines:

Joy, blest joy! thou brightest spark of Godhood!

* * * * *

Joy, thou fairest of immortals,

Daughter of Elysium,

Fired by thee we pass the portals

Leading to the halidom.

Thy dear spell rebinds together

What the mode had dared divide,

Man in man regains his brother

Where thy fost'ring wings abide.

C. H. A. B.

THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun!
I fish without a pole!
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suit a sportsman's soul;
For the choicest game that a forest holds,
And the best fish in the brook,
Are never brought down by a rifle shot
And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for the game in the trees;
For bigger birds that wing the air
Or fish that swim in the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman, I—
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled,
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away for the hunt in the fern-scented wood
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away, for the fish by the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
For the angler who has no rod.

S. W. Foss in the *Boston Journal*.

The great soul of the world is just. There is justice here below;
at bottom there is nothing else but justice.—*Carlyle*.

REASONS AGAINST VACCINATION.

VACCINATION:

Evidence is negative and indirect,
 Sometimes kills and frequently injures,
 Causes over sixty different diseases,
 Diseases are usually worse than smallpox,
 Has been known to sometimes make smallpox,
 Slightly increases the chances of taking smallpox,
 Kills more than smallpox and injures untold thousands,
 Has no scientific basis; no ascertained law or principle,
 Is enforced by doctors as a dogma; without being understood,
 Is only good for "fees"; isolation stops smallpox, it takes credit,
 Does not mitigate smallpox; thousands of vaccinated persons die,
 Is contaminating and infecting with vile, filthy, decaying, poison-
 ous matter,
 When successful, consists in bringing about a permanent, unnat-
 ural, diseased condition.

BECAUSE:

Evidence against vaccination is direct and positive,
 Pure virus is a pure lie; it is animal pus poison;
 Persons vaccinated by Jenner himself afterwards took smallpox,
 "Spontaneous cowpox" is a myth; usually it's of syphilitic origin,
 Cancer and Bright's disease have enormously increased under it,
 Probably Jenner killed his own son by vaccinating him frequently,
 Consumption follows vaccination as effect follows cause, until now
 one in every six or seven dies with consumption,
 Ribaldry and abuse largely constitute the arguments in favor of
 vaccination; when attacked it is defenseless,
 When vaccination kills, facts are suppressed, and health (?) boards
 return death certificates so made out.

BECAUSE SMALLPOX:

Epidemics never increase the general mortality,
 Epidemics usually commence with vaccinated persons,
 Death rates are as great now as before vaccination,
 If intelligently handled, is easily cured and controlled,
 Epidemics since vaccination have been worse than those before,
 Was not a bad disease before doctors attempted to eradicate it,
 Itself cannot protect from smallpox any more than vaccination can,
 Continued to increase under vaccination until sanitation came into
 more general use,

Inoculation was believed in and practiced by the doctors, for one hundred years, multiplying smallpox everywhere,
 Was checked by the cessation of inoculation, not by the introduction of vaccination.
 Is the only disease for which the doctors have an infallible remedy;
 and it is the only disease that has the same death rate as two hundred years ago.

BECAUSE:

Usually, vaccinated cities and towns have the most smallpox,
 Hygienists can cure smallpox, or eradicate it easily; with no scare,
 All epidemics prove the doctors are blind leaders of the blind,
 There is every probability that smallpox would have followed its kindred diseases, the black death, the plague and the sweating sickness, into oblivion, had it not been kept alive by doctors,
 Doctors instead of trying to find out anything about smallpox simply cry "Vaccinate!" "VACCINATE!!" "VACCINATE!!!"
 —*Vaccination*.*

EXCHANGES.

NEUE METAPHYSISCHES RUNDSCHAU. Monatsschrift. Jährlich 12 Mark. Einzelne Hefte 1.—Mark. (Inland) 14.—Mark (1.20) (Ausland). Paul Zillmann, Zehlendorf (Berlin).

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LIGHT. Weekly. 10s. 10d. per annum. United States, \$2.70. 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W. C.

THE LITERARY DIGEST. Weekly. \$3.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

* *Vaccination*, a monthly journal of health, telling the truth about vaccination. Frank D. Blue, Editor, Terre Haute, Ind., U. S. A.

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DEVOTED TO
THE ADVANCED THOUGHT OF THE AGE
Scientific, Philosophic, Psychic, and Occult

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR

No. 2

A YEAR

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THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1899.

No. 2.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INSECTS.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT, C.M.Z.S.

Thirty-five or forty years ago it was not an unusual thing to have the science of Psychology defined for us as the science of the soul, while our lexicons were very careful to state that it was particularly the science of the human soul, meaning, literally, the immortal part in man. Upon the alleged possession of this attribute, a hard and fast line was drawn between the human species upon the one hand, and every other living organism in the world upon the other; and there were among the more advanced races of mankind but comparatively few minds that entertained an opinion at variance with this. It was further said that man was endowed with reason, and that all the animals below him were guided in their actions by something entirely different, that was commonly defined as instinct, "animal instinct," a term that for a long period in the early history of psychology, served very well as a cloak to a mountain of human ignorance of the significance of the mental activities of the lower groups.

Yet even at about the time to which reference has been made, the fervid democratic pantheism of Jules Michelet, of France, lacked not altogether its believers; and in his *L'Ocean* and other works, he allowed immortality to all creatures, and in his ardor speaks of the souls of the birds. And, be it remembered, that at this time but little scientific research of a high order had been applied in that field

which took into consideration the study of the senses, perceptions and intelligence of the lower animals. Orthodoxy and the influence of the prevailing religious beliefs at the time were largely responsible for the impediments standing in the way of the adoption of broader conceptions of psychology, and the far wider confines that the science now enjoys had scarcely been entertained by any one. In other words, in the earlier days of its history the science of psychology was obliged to contend against the widespread acceptance of the belief in the theory of the immortality of man and of his special creation; in the opinion that specific forms then in existence were and always had been immutable; and that all the actions of men were ruled by reason, and all the actions of the lower animals were ruled by a mere instinct.

Physiology, also, and especially the physiology of the nervous system, was much younger, and so could not lend the powerful aid to psychics that it does at the present time. The baneful influence of sacerdotalism had its weight here, likewise, as it has had upon all the biological sciences since the dawn of history; and as an outcome of this influence, there existed at the time of Louis Agassiz, a school of naturalists who were the strongest allies of orthodoxy in the field, for they also were special creationists; religious Gnostics in the matter of immortality and the origin of organic forms, etc. This school, of which, perhaps, Agassiz was the last surviving member of eminence, was composed of obstructors to the progress of broader conceptions in the realm of biology, but dangerous upon no other account. Indeed, it furnished in abundance, material of the greatest value to that great body of investigators, who promptly fell into line and accepted the law of organic evolution when led to it by Darwin, by Wallace, and others whose minds had long been prepared to receive and expound it. Since then the special creationists, and the men in natural science who could not adapt their ideas to the advanced views of nature, have been gradually passing away, while the army of recruits that in recent times have been rallying to the standards of biology, have been steadily and powerfully upon the increase. Comparatively speaking, it is the younger school of researchers, and they enlist with prearmed modern methods and

lly equipped with modern appliances. As a school, it concerns itself in no way with dogma; truth, facts and untiring research are its only weapons. The death struggles of ecclesiasticism, likewise, concern it not.

Apart from what has been indicated as a matter of history, however, the gap 'twixt past and modern psychology has no existence in reality. The science simply took an immense leap, in common with all the other sciences, when the minds of men appreciated the fact that the fetters of dogma had fallen from the wrists of the investigator and the gyves of supernaturalism had been removed from the ankles of progress. Improvement in implements, marked refinement in technical training, a far wider interest in psychics and a manifold increase in the number of observers, accomplished the rest. Societies for psychical research soon came to being at the larger civilized centres of the world, and an enormous output of psychological literature followed, coming principally from the presses of Great Britain, Germany and the United States.

Comparing the best of this with the earliest treatises known to us, as the work of Aristotle, it soon becomes clear that psychology was first treated from a psycho-physical standpoint, hence it passed into the stage of the science of the human soul, to come to mean, as Royce has pointed out,* a study of the natural history of mind; and, finally, in modern time, the present school of researchers tells us that psychology is the science of the phenomena of the mind, which perhaps is as good a definition as can be given. In accepting it the phenomena of mind must be carefully distinguished from the phenomena of matter. Further, in its wider meaning, according to Mivart it "denotes the study of all the activities, both simultaneous and successive, which any living creature may exhibit."†

Even were it done in the most succinct manner possible, it must obviously be out of the question to discuss these various activities within the limitations of the present article. This

* *The Forum*, Sept. '98, p. 86.

† *The Cat*, p. 365.

becomes all the more apparent when one glances at the extensive work of our latter-day psychologists, as that of Sully, Drobisch, Bain, Waitz, Steinthal, Lotze, Spencer, Locke, Wundt, and not a few others of equal note, to say not a word of the great host of special contributors, and authors of minor memoirs, and the worthy names of those who have compiled the bibliography of this now rapidly advancing science. So, then, the object of the present paper will be accomplished, in this direction at least, if what is generally known and accepted about these various mental activities be drawn upon. And it must be borne in mind at the outset that the establishment and operation of the law of organic evolution affected psychology as it did biology. Both sciences passed through their "natural history" stage. But, subsequently, when, in morphology, we desired an explanation of a structure, we resorted to the methods of comparison; so, too, in psychology, to account for the origin of any particular mental activity, we now resort to similar procedures; or, in other words, psychology becomes strictly comparative from man to the lowest invertebrate forms. This method soon eliminated the hard and fast lines that formerly were supposed to exist between reason and instinct. For as the anatomy of the entire animal series, including man, is shaded from the simplest organization to the most complex, we find also a similar shading in the mental attributes. Physiology, or the science of function, follows in the same line. Simple structures in simple forms low in the natural system, are endowed only with simple functions and simple psycho-activities. Thus it comes in later time that instinct is defined for us as being "a generic term comprising all those faculties of mind which lead to the conscious performance of actions that are adaptive in character, but pursued without necessary knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the ends attained." Romanes, who gives us this definition, in his memoir upon "Instinct," adds "We must, however, remember that instinctive actions are very commonly tempered with what Pierre Huber calls 'a little dose of judgment or reason.'" On the other hand, Herbert Spencer believes instinct to be a higher development of reason, in which opinion the late Mr. Lewes practically

agrees with him; still other views are entertained by such distinguished authorities as Spalding, Mivart and Dr. Bastian.

Having explained what the science of Psychology is and indicated the methods of its study, and having touched upon the nature of Instinct, it becomes of interest to know what has been done in the field of comparative psychology. Beyond the psychology of the human species, the literature of the science as applied to the lower animal groups is not especially extensive. There are but few psychological monographs or chapters upon particular forms, such as Mivart's chapter on the Psychology of the Cat, in his excellent work upon the life-history of that animal. Nevertheless, there has been a great deal written on the subject, but it occurs scattered all through the works upon biology, exploration and similar volumes, and stands very much in need of being gathered together and digested. Birds, reptiles and fish offer a particularly fruitful field, full of data ready for systematic collation and formal presentation.

Passing to the invertebrates, however, the case is somewhat different, and we find that, with respect to insects at least, a very considerable amount has been accomplished. Sir John Lubbock remarks, for example, that "the senses of insects have, perhaps, been, on the whole, more thoroughly and successfully studied than those of the other animals; which again arises from the fact that no group offers more favorable opportunities for the study of these organs." This is very true, but the study of the Psychology of Insects has its other advantages. In the first place, being far removed from Man in the system, not even belonging to the vertebrate division of the animal kingdom, the comparisons made are the more striking from the very width and profundity of the dividing chasm; and to study psychology in its entirety man must be taken as the standard. Again, in insects, their sense organs are not only elementary in structure, but often are placed in very remarkable parts of the body or limbs; thus offering the advantage not only of dealing with elementary mental activities, but through this very unusual placing of the sense organs to which such activities are referred, they may be studied, as it were, apart from their customary situations in the animal economy. For example, in all the higher

vertebrata the organ of hearing is in the head, while, as Johannes Müller has pointed out, some crickets have their ears in their legs, and due allowance in psychological research must be made for this extraordinary fact.

To a brief consideration of the Psychology of Insects, let us turn, then, in the present article. The INSECTA belong to that division of the animal kingdom known as the *Arthropoda*, and form its largest class. Over twenty years ago Robert M'Lochlan estimated that the time was near at hand when at least one million species of insects would be known to science, and it is probable that this estimate has been more than realized.

The principal and ordinary diagnostic characters of an insect are known even to the casual observer, while the present limitations of space will in no way admit of enumerating even a small number of the differential and minor characters of the class, here. These may be found in any authoritative text-book of Entomology, as, for example, the excellent one by Kirby (1892); and, in any event, in briefly dealing with the psychology of insects, when it becomes necessary to refer to structure and function, the special characters of the form under consideration can be sufficiently well described for present purposes.

Taking the vast number of the species of insects into account, it hardly becomes necessary to say that but very few types of them have been examined psychologically, and our researchers have confined themselves principally to such forms as bees, ants, locusts, and a few other highly organized groups. But if the psychology of such families as these represent comes to be in any way thoroughly understood, a standard of reference is established, to which, through the methods of comparison, may be referred all other data that comes to light, and thus the road to a fuller knowledge of the subject be made easier and easier to travel. That there is every reason to hope for this, is clear, from the fact that the various senses, as possessed by insects, are in quite as high a state of perfection as they are among vertebrate animals; and further, that the law of organic evolution has taught us that there is a common plan for all animals, or, in other words, that all forms of life are morphologically related to

one another, so that, everything else being equal, what we find to obtain anatomically, physiologically or psychologically in one group, is very sure to be present in an allied one, and often in general be present throughout animated nature.

The two systems in the economy of insects, as in the vertebrata, that concern us most in psychological research, are the nervous system and the muscular system. As a rule, the former is composed of a double chain of ganglia, and therefore complete localization of their perceptions in a brain, as in vertebrates, is not likely. This being the case it must be noted that insects are probably but very slightly susceptible of the sense of pain. A book might be written upon the subject of the eyes of insects, and they are truly wonderful organs in many of the forms, and exhibit a great variety of structure. It is a well-known fact that they possess high powers in color discrimination, and in the case of ants, their eyes are better than our own in some respects, as these insects can perceive the ultra-violet rays of the solar spectrum, as has been pointed out for us by Lubbock. The jointed antennæ (or "horns") projecting from in front of the head of nearly all insects, and so prominent in many of our beetles and moths, are supposed by a few to be organs of hearing, by others of touch, or of smell. Our best entomologists believe that in some insects they may simply possess the powers of touch, in others hearing, while in others perhaps, smell, and finally in some forms all three combined. Researches of the future will clear up many of these points.

The muscular system in all ordinary insects is one of great power, and, according to Kirby the "limbs of insects are worked by powerful muscles, not attached to a comparatively weak and jointed internal skeleton, like our own, but to the tough and often rigid or horny outer covering of their bodies, which is often termed an external skeleton. The strength and activity of many insects are so great as to be truly gigantic in comparison with that of the vertebrata, allowing for difference in size. It has been said that if an elephant were as strong as a stag-beetle it could tear up rocks and level mountains; a race horse with the speed of a fly could travel round the world like lightning; and a man with the activity of a frog-hopper could leap

through the air for half a mile; or with the voice of a cicada could make himself heard all over the world."

Judging from their number, then, as affording material from which to gather comparative data, and from their varied morphology, especially in the nervous and muscular systems, we see in insects a truly grand and interesting group for psychological research. In studying the psychology of our own species it is not unusual to find the subject divided into three separate parts, each being represented by its own group of special activities; others consider the science from the supposed differentia of the internal and the external. Regard this however as we may, one distinct line of study of our own mental states, or mental activities as they are exhibited in ourselves, is by means of our powers of reflection; or, in other words, by *introspection*. Another is by the comparative study of the emotions, or, the feelings, and the perceptions between these as they occur in ourselves, and as they occur in our own species about us, as evidenced by the words and actions indicating them. Finally, by taking into consideration the facts of morphology, and, through their aid, examining into the existing relations between the various mental activities upon the one hand, and the conditions of the organism upon the other. Any one of these three lines of research may be pursued either when the student or those studied is or are practically in a state of health, or in a diseased condition. In other words, we may have normal psychology or pathological psychology.

To put the question tersely, then, the first problem that concerns us is: Has any insect a mind? And, supposing that this is admitted, has any insect the power of reflection, or the power to exercise introspection? There are various views held upon this subject, in so far as all animals are concerned, below man. In his psychology of the cat, Mivart has said: "We cannot, of course, without becoming cats, perfectly understand the cat-mind. Yet common sense abundantly suffices to assure us that it really has certain affinities to our own." There can be no difficulty in accepting this statement, but as we drop to the crustaceans, listen to what Professor Huxley had to say in regard to one of them; he stated: "It is really an open question whether a crayfish has a mind or not; moreover, the problem is an absolutely

insoluble one, inasmuch as nothing short of being a crayfish would give us positive assurance that such an animal possesses consciousness; and, finally, supposing the crayfish has a mind, that fact does not explain its actions, but only shows that in the course of their accomplishment they are accompanied by phenomena similar to those of which we are aware in ourselves, under like circumstances." In this connection it will be as well to add that Huxley contended that "the crayfish, being devoid of language, has nothing to say either to himself or any one else. And if the crayfish has not language enough to construct a proposition, it is obviously out of the question that his actions should be guided by a logical reasoning process, such as that by which a man would justify similar actions." In other words Professor Huxley did not believe that a crayfish could first frame a syllogism, and then act upon the conclusion logically drawn from it. This is important to consider here, for the crayfish belonging to the class *Crustacea* is in the same division of the animal kingdom (*Anthropoda*) with the class *Insecta*. This deduction of Professor Huxley would seem to be open to several objections, and especially as to whether his inferences are logical or otherwise. At the present state of our knowledge what do we know of the language of such crustaceans as a crayfish, or of the language of insect? How very little do we know of the meaning of the thousand and one peculiar notes and noises that they emit? It is very likely indeed that they employ many others in nature that our ears are by no means delicately enough organized to either catch or appreciate. There may be an entire ant language, or a complete bee language for aught we know to the contrary.

Place a man in a large enclosure and suddenly confront him with some great bodily danger, and what does he do? Simply avoids it as best he can. He says nothing *to himself*, nor need he express his feelings aloud; indeed, he would behave *precisely* in a similar manner were he a deaf-mute. Now place some food in the enclosure, and sooner or later that man will approach and partake of it, and very likely without saying anything to himself or expressing himself aloud. A beetle under the same circumstances, in either instance, acts exactly in the same way. So that, were all mankind mute, and

to communicate their ideas simply through the medium of *gestures*, the natural inference would be, if it could be communicated through those gestures apart from writing, that identically the same introspective mental impulse that induced one of their kind to behave as he did, also influenced the beetle. The nature of the danger employed, and the species of beetle experimented with, must be considered. A great iron bar heated to a white heat would answer in the case of the man, and a knitting needle similarly prepared should be employed with the beetle—which, say, might be a specimen of *Alans Ocelatus*. Huxley, in the case of the crayfish, simply placed the animal in a basin of water, and used his hand to alarm it and a piece of meat to complete the remainder of the experiment. Now, if the man in this case is acting under the impulses of reason, and not merely under instinctive ones, and he forms *in his mind* the idea either of getting out of the way of the danger, or that “There is some food, I’m hungry, I’ll eat it,” then there is every reason to believe that in the insect mind the processes that led to its action were identically the same, and were to an extent spontaneously reflective or introspective mental activities. In other words, the insect has a mind, and it is not necessary for one to become an insect to understand the simplest examples of its reflective processes, though doubtless to understand the *entire* insect mind, one would be obliged to be converted into an insect of the same species.

Another mental operation of great interest to study in the present connection is the power to count. Comparatively little has been written upon this subject, in so far as insects are concerned. Sir John Lubbock gives us some brief but interesting data in his excellent work “On the Senses, Instincts and Intelligence of Animals,”* where he refers “to the number of the victims allotted to each cell by the solitary wasps. *Ammophila* considers one large caterpillar of *Noctua segetum* enough; one species of *Eumenes* supplies its young with five victims; one ten, another fifteen, and one even as many as twenty-four. The number is said to be constant in each species. How, then, does the insect know when her task is fulfilled? Not by the cell being filled, for if some be removed she does not replace

* Pages 282, 283.

them. When she has brought her complement she considers her task accomplished, whether the victims are still there or not. How, then, does she know when she has made up the number twenty-four? Perhaps it will be said that each species feels some mysterious and innate tendency to provide a certain number of victims. This would not under any circumstances be an explanation nor is it in accordance with the facts. In the genus *Eumenes* the males are much smaller than the females. Now, in the hive bees, humble bees, wasps and other insects where such a difference occurs, but where the young are directly fed, it is, of course, obvious that the quantity can be proportioned to the appetite of the grub. But in insects with the habits of *Eumenes* and *Ammophila*, the case is different, because the food is stored up once for all. Now, it is evident that if a female grub was supplied with only food enough for a male, she would starve to death; while if a male grub were given enough for a female, it would have too much. No such waste, however, occurs. In some mysterious manner the mother knows whether the egg will produce a male or a female grub, and apportions the quantity of food accordingly. She does not change the species or size of her prey; but if the egg is male she supplies five; if female, ten victims. Does she count? Certainly this seems very like a beginning of arithmetic. At the same time, it would be very desirable to have additional evidence before arriving at a certain conclusion." Unfortunately, there is no evidence whatever, notwithstanding *Eumenes*, or at least one species of the genus, can apparently count twenty-four victims, that that insect can count up to twenty-four of any other class of small objects; twenty-four of its own kind, for example. If it cannot do this, then he is far behind the Australian, for he at least can count to include four under all circumstances, although no further. Nevertheless the evidence afforded by *Eumenes* points in the direction of the power of some insects to count, and this is a very important fact. But it points to more than this; because, a mind of any kind, to be enabled to count with invariable accuracy up to twenty-four, must exercise some form of *memory*; and this form, for a mental operation of this character, must be of the same kind that occurs among animal types throughout nature.

Insects also have the sense of direction developed to a certain degree; that is, in so far as it has been studied in some of the groups. This opinion is expressed, although known to be at direct variance with such distinguished authorities as Romanes and Lubbock. In investigating this sense it is impossible to dissociate it from the sense of vision, as has been so frequently the case. That it is not anything like as highly developed as it is in man, or in such mammals as a dog or cat, there can be no question; nevertheless it is to an extent present, and can be shown by experimentation with the return of bees to their hives or nests. That keen observer of bees, John Hunter, of England, had his doubts that bees returned to their hive aided by the powers of vision alone,* and the experiments of Mons. Fabre certainly lend strong evidence in proof that bees, at least, enjoy to a certain extent a sense of direction.

Space will not admit of a further presentation of such introspective mental activities as are exhibited on the part of some insects, therefore this aspect of the subject will be dismissed with an illustrative example combining several of the perceptions already discussed. During the Summer of 1898 my son and myself were collecting in Virginia on the banks of the Potomac River. We found ourselves, in the course of the afternoon, midway out upon a narrow peninsula with a smart breeze blowing at the time. Where we stood the ground was covered with a short green grass, and no trees or bushes. A great many specimens of that large meadow grasshopper were there,—several hundred or more. Every one who has been in the country knows them, with their brown bodies and wings and dull yellow and black under-wings, and with the habit of flying up in front of one and, after a short flight, alighting at what they consider to be a safe distance away. My son needed all of these he could capture for the High School Laboratory in Washington, where they were used in the biological classes for dissection. The wind blew *across* this peninsula and it was noticed that in a number of instances it would carry one of these grasshoppers out over the water, where the river was fully half a mile wide at this point. Now, sometimes by extraordinary exertion the insect could gain the land again; sometimes it was by the

*Art. *Bee*, Encly. Brit., Vol. III., p. 487.

force of the wind blown downwards into the water; but most frequently it succeeded in gaining a certain elevation above the surface of the water, when it deliberately undertook to make the passage across, entailing a flight, as has been said, of half a mile. In short, all of the actions of these grasshoppers exhibited a full appreciation on their part of the nature of the circumstances that surrounded them. In the first place they realized what the nature of water was, and if they fell into it they were likely to perish; again, when blown out over the water they realized that there were but *two* immediate methods available for escape—one to make a desperate effort to regain the shore, the other to rise high in the air with the hope of being able to cross the river. In some cases where the attempt to regain the land was futile, the alternative resource of saving their lives was instantly adopted. Where they fell into the water their behavior was similar to what it would have been in case of any animal possessed of a mind, for the insect immediately struck out for the nearest object upon which it could crawl up and save itself. Near the shore, some scattered plants that grew to the surface or above it, afforded the needed assistance, and in several instances the insects reached these and crawled out upon them, and were safe till the tide again fell and left them upon *terra firma*.

Passing next to a brief consideration of such emotions as are possessed by insects, and which they are able to express by external signs, we may note some of those that run parallel to the corresponding ones, in every particular, in the human species. Observe, for example, the attachment bees have for their hive, which they defend with marked jealousy and courage against all intruders; their affection for their young; veneration for their queen; and their good citizenship in their combined operations for the welfare of the community. The best of men have never done more upon similar lines.

That insects experience pleasure and pain, there are hundreds of examples to support. Under the usual circumstances they likewise exhibit the signs of anger; of sexual desires; of sympathy and revenge, as shown in Lubbock's experiments with the drunken ants. By their actions many insects evidently appreciate the presence of

danger; they also have the power to appreciate color and possibly form; and in many species the senses of hearing, smelling, feeling and seeing are all highly developed, and it is more than likely that the sense of taste is developed in a great many, as it certainly is in bees, wasps and various caterpillars. They have the power of producing certain sounds, and occasionally these are accompanied by motions, the two being expressive of their feelings and emotions. It is quite within the range of possibilities also that in the higher groups they have a language of their own by means of which they can, among members of their own species, communicate some of their emotions and desires, when prompted to do so. There are many sounds in this world, that doubtless the dull ears of men have not as yet detected. Many of the expressed emotions or mental activities here enumerated are, of course, associated with certain psycho-physiological powers, as reflex action, sensation, and excitomotor action. Then many of the extraordinary building habits; military habits; hunting habits; governing habits; and mating and nesting habits, especially among the bees, wasps and ants, although demanding the exercise of the psychic powers here considered, do not, nevertheless, properly fall within the scope of the present article for treatment, any more than it would be to deal with the anatomy of those parts in the insect's economy having to do with the operations of mental phenomena.

It remains but to say, then, that the gap existing between the mind of the highest type of man and that species of insect exhibiting the greatest psychical powers is indeed very profound. Still these various mental activities, although compared in an invertebrate upon the one hand and a vertebrate upon the other, are, so far as examined, alike in kind though they differ in degree. Therefore it may be said that the elementary psychical powers are first exhibited in the very lowest forms of animal life, that they increase both in variety and power as the scale in the system is ascended, being associated with increased specialization and complexity of structure, until they culminate in the mental powers as exhibited in the highest races of men.

In making this statement it must be borne in mind that the

mental endowment of the invertebrate ant or bee is very far in advance of any psychical power as evidenced on the part of any of the lowest vertebrates, as, for example, the hags and lampreys, or even more, the lancelet.

R. W. SHUFELDT, M. D.

EVOLUTION.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

In the interpretation of the word evolution, to-day, the imaginative mind contemplates a kinetoscopic idea of the very beginnings of time, the creation of the worlds, the genesis of life, the advent of man, his throbbing supremacy, the ultimate future, and finally an ending condition of thought which the transcendentalist construes as the pinnacle of evolution.

The word evolution, however, is so generally used when development is meant, that, to be independent in thought we should realize the different intent of meaning in the two words. To use the former we should understand the principles of the theory that has evidently led all avenues of thought, both scientific and religious, to its acceptance. It is with pain, therefore, that Reason must call the evolutionist a greater dreamer than the poet. It is hard to know that intelligence claims evolution to be more speculative than religion; and that abnormal imagination is simply creating out of conditions of development the evolutionary philosophy of creation, of which metaphysically and geologically there is positively no evidence.

It is the resort of evolutionists to bring forward science as the basis of their theory. Science is positive knowledge; evolution is at best but a weak philosophy. To compare the opposition to evolution with the ignorance that opposed science in the past, is an injustice that requires no response. Indeed, scepticism is more pragmatic to-day than liberal theology. A fact is ridiculed and denounced whenever it conflicts with a favorite theory.

In the first place cosmic evolution does not satisfy the mind as

to the mystery of the world-creation. To assert that at some time heat must have sprung up in the cold ether of space, that condensation created gases, that gases gave more heat, that heat gradually collected, that mists formed, that chemical action produced a systematic whirling, that this mysterious motion finally concentrated into an embryonic universe and thence, in its revolutions, threw off myriads of worlds, is theorizing on a grand scale. It is begging the question from beginning to end. That heat could be generated from the intense cold of space without an outside cause is ridiculous. That it could increase if once spontaneously generated, is without law. That gases could concentrate in space is preposterous; for, mark you, gravity does not enter into our calculations until matter exists. Concentration or chemical affinity, granting that it could come into play, could not continue, for in these conditions disintegration and not concentration would be the result. Granting that all this could come to pass spontaneously, where would the rotary impulse come from? Motion does not originate of its own accord; all would have been inert. That parallel states of their supposed process exist, does not satisfy us that the origin of these conditions was so fortuitously assumed; or that nebula or Saturns ever were or ever will become anything else.

Chemical evolution, or the theory that chemical affinity could, by any scientific or theoretic method, concentrate into even the lowest form of life, is preposterous. Between chemistry and biology there is a gap which the most radical cannot bridge, even in his imagination. Yet, granting that the chemical forces of a past and wonderful cosmogony contained elements now non-existent, there would still remain the mystery to solve: that even if it could generate protoplasm, how could it give it life? We can chemically analyze the nucleated cell and describe all that it physically contains, yet the same chemicals cannot be induced to reconstruct it, for the element of life is not chemical. The chemicals remain the same in the swiftly-changing protoplasm, but in the being of the centrosome lies some intangible world-soul that can never be analyzed. The dialectics of a Spencer, Huxley or Tyndall may seemingly convince the unwary, but the scientific facts of a Darwin have never

convinced. It broke the great heart of Agassiz to see nature's laws so misconstrued.

Given a world and given life, organic evolution would be still unexplained. The plant cell does not exist that can produce a different or a higher protoplasm without the addition of some already existing, but dissimilar, centrosome to build a new protoplasm. The "special creations" of religion do not assume so many conjectures as the multi-possible theories for the one movement in organic evolution called natural selection. So it is in animal organization. In the heart of the nucleated cell rests the soul of its origin, of its development, of its destiny. No modification of nature will affect its nativity; and man, if he attempt to engraft foreign protoplasm, will produce only a monstrosity, for a law greater than the theory of evolution (which is never seen), is seen every day in the reversion to type, both in plant and animal life.

That there is such a thing as human evolution is nowhere traced in the evidences of geology. There is no missing link between man and beast, but millions and millions of disparities. Embryonic development is not evolution; the protoplasm that constructs a jelly-fish could not under any conditions evolve a man in a trillion years. No evolution can select and produce knowledge, thought or human feeling, from instinct, for none of these exist in instinct to develop. Between the two there is a chasm greater than separates organic life and the mineral state. Man can distort nature into producing breeds, but nature herself cannot create species. To this mystery there is no solution.

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

Scorn not the feather if you prize the wing.

The pinions of success can spare no quill.—*Wm. Wilsey Martin.*

If then, mine I is where my will is, thus only shall I be the friend I should be, or the son or the father.—*Epictetus.*

What is evil to thee does not subsist in the ruling principle of another. * * * Where is it, then? It is in that part of thee in which subsists the power of forming opinion about evils. Let this power then not form such opinions, and all is well.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

THE HINDOO POINT OF VIEW.

BY FRANK BURR MARSH.

In India there have grown up vast systems of philosophy and religion, that have justly excited great interest in the Western world. These systems present many peculiarities to Western minds, many strange and fantastic features. Most that seems strange and inexplicable in Hindoo thought arises from the Hindoo point of view: the way in which the Hindoo looks upon the world. This point of view is distinctly opposed to the one which is adopted in the West, but an understanding of it is essential to a just appreciation of either Brahmanism or Buddhism. Although strange to Western minds it has not been without many personal exponents in Western thought; but, nevertheless, it has never gained real or general acceptance. This point of view may be described in one word—pessimism. This Brahman pessimism is well summed up by Dr. Paul Carus in these words:

“ Sansara is the bustle of the world; it is full not only of vanity, but also of pain and misery; it consists of the many little trivialities that make up life. It is the pursuit of happiness; it is hunting for a shadow, which, the more eagerly it is pursued, the quicker it flies. What is the result of a life in Sansara? Man's feet will become sore and his heart will be full of disappointment. The Buddhist says: ‘The circular path of the Sansara is strewn all over with fiery coals.’ ” *

This pessimistic point of view has colored the whole of Hindoo thought. It has tinged and generally it has directed the course of Hindoo philosophy and religion. This view of life has never had a real and general acceptance in the Western world. Here and there have been individual thinkers who have espoused it and even sects who have adopted it. But they have never won for it a general acceptance. The individual thinkers have been left alone, and the sects have been unable to long combat the prevailing tendencies of

* “Homilies of Science,” page 121.

Western thought. The influence of Schopenhauer has been much less than that of Emerson, who was as optimistic as Schopenhauer was pessimistic; and the Puritanism of New England has faded away, at least in its pessimistic features.

While pessimism has failed to gain any strong foothold in the West, it has dominated and colored the thought of the entire Eastern world. Let us see if we cannot find some cause for this tendency of the Hindoo mind. To understand why Hindoo thinkers were led in the direction of pessimism, we must first glance at the origin of Indian civilization.

Who, in surveying the map of the world, has not wondered why it was that civilization should have arisen sooner at some places than at others? Buckle has striven to return an answer to this question, and though he presses his theory much too far, it has a strong basis of truth. If we examine the physical conformation of the tracts inhabited by those nations of the world which were the first to produce a civilization, we find that in them all—Mesopotamia, Egypt, India, China (along the Yang-Tse-Kiang)—there is to be found a fertile and well-watered country which produced some plant or cereal that was capable of sustaining life in great abundance and at little cost of labor. In other words, that in these places food was cheap. The reason why this should be an important factor in the evolution of civilization, is evident. Where the whole force of man was kept constantly active to provide the bare necessities of life, civilization could not develop. For this reason a native civilization was impossible in many places, among the Eskimo for instance. It was only where the necessities of life could be obtained with less labor that men could gain leisure for developing the arts, either of peace or war. And, other things being equal, the more the people's strength and time were absorbed in the bare struggle for existence, the more slowly could culture develop. Of course, there were many other factors which must have helped to develop civilization earlier at some places than at others, but still we shall not be far wrong if we fix upon the cost of living as the most important. This will serve to explain why in Egypt, India, Mesopotamia and China, where this cost is comparatively slight, civilization was evolved

while the rest of Europe and of Asia were still in the darkness of barbarism. This geographical peculiarity, which had made these spots the seats of civilization, had also an important effect upon the character of that civilization, since it enabled these places to support an immense population.

Turning now to India in particular, we find at the very earliest dawn of history, when the Aryans first burst through the Himalayas and poured into the plains of Hindustan, that these plains were even then occupied by a very large aboriginal population who probably belonged to the Yellow or Turanian race.

This large population would be expected, in view of what has just been said, but its presence exerted a decisive influence on the development of Hindoo civilization. The aborigines were too numerous to be destroyed by the Aryans, as the Saxons destroyed the Celts in England, nor could they be absorbed by the conquerors without destroying the conquering race. From this position of affairs arose that most peculiar of Indian institutions—caste. To preserve the Aryan race, caste became a necessity; but it exercised an injurious influence on Hindoo culture in many ways, the most important of which is that this dividing of people into layers, in a land where there was a very large population, could not but result in crushing the great masses of the people into the bitterest and most hopeless poverty. What would be the natural effect of such a condition of affairs on the course of Hindoo thought in the days when it was just dawning?

Let us glance briefly at the condition of India to-day in certain respects, bearing in mind that its state has not materially changed in these respects since the beginning of Hindoo philosophy. Mark Twain well sums up these features of India in his "Following the Equator" by saying:

"There is only one India! It is the only country that has a monopoly of grand and imposing specialties. Its marvels are its own; the patents cannot be infringed; imitations are not possible. And think of the size of them, the majesty of them! With her everything is on a giant scale—even her poverty; no other country can show anything to compare with it. And she has been used to

wealth on so vast a scale that she has to shorten to single words the expressions describing great sums. She describes 100,000 with one word—a lakh; she describes ten millions with one word—a crore. India has many names and they are correctly descriptive. It is the land of Contradictions; the land of Wealth and Poverty; the land of Splendor and Desolation; the land of Plague and Famine.”

What must have been the effect of a survey of Indian society upon the earnest thinkers who founded Hindoo philosophy, and through that, moulded the Hindoo religion? They beheld a land where the people were cut up into castes; they beheld a land where the masses were held in grinding poverty, with no hope of any change for the better; they beheld a land which was a prey to fearful famines and plagues at frequent intervals. Seeing this, would it not have been wonderful if they had not fallen into a pessimistic view of things? Could they, without being more than men, have averted it? Pessimism was indeed the view that, under the circumstances, it was most natural for them to take, and having taken it, their after thinking was of necessity shaped and moulded by it. Seeing that the life of the great majority of Hindoos was one long and bitter struggle for bare existence, and that too often even this struggle was unsuccessful, how could the Brahman sages regard life as a glowing success? They naturally inferred that as life was a failure to most of the Hindoos, it was always and necessarily a failure. They inferred this quite naturally, but not quite correctly, and this conclusion has been and is one of the most important factors in Hindoo thought, and, through Buddhism, in Eastern thought.

— The Hindoo point of view then is this: That all conscious life is always and must necessarily be an evil. Not only is life upon this earth miserable, but life under any circumstances and under all conditions is wretched. As long as the soul retains its conscious, individual existence it can know *no* true happiness. We have seen how this conception of life originated; let us now briefly notice some of its effects.

This fundamental conception of the necessary evil of existence is common alike to Brahmanism and to Buddhism. If all existence, then, is evil, both these religions are confronted with the problem of

how to escape from this evil. To this problem each gives a different answer. Yet before either Brahmanism or Buddhism could teach mankind how to escape from the evil of existence it was necessary for them to know more of its nature. Now, here, the answer of Brahmanism was swayed by certain metaphysical postulates which the Brahmans had rightly or wrongly assumed, and on which they based their philosophy.

The Brahman thinkers have always held that the real man is not the body, nor yet the mind, but the so-called *atman*. This *atman* is of a spiritual nature and is quite independent of, and unaffected by, the physical or mental or moral man. It is, to use the Kantian phrase, the human thing-in-itself. In some way this spiritual being had become entangled, so to speak, in matter, incarnated in form, and from this entangling alliance sprang the evil of the world—the illusion of self and the belief in a conscious, personal existence. What was the remedy for this evil? The answer was clear—let man but free himself, his *atman*, from this entangling alliance with matter, and he could once more merge himself in Brahma, the eternal, central soul. How, then, could man free himself? Mere death could not accomplish this, for death was but the introduction to a new incarnation. Was there nothing that could be successful? What then was the cause of these endless transmigrations of the soul? It was, it could be, nothing but the attraction of matter, the force of earthly desires, that dragged the *atman* down and held it eternally separate from Brahma. If these earthly longings could be overcome, and the allurements of matter thrown aside, reincarnation would be vanquished and the soul could attain unto deliverance from the “bustle of the world” by losing itself in the Infinite. Hence the Hindoos were driven by the metaphysical postulates which they had assumed, and by the point of view from which they looked at things, to recommend the extinction of all earthly desires; and the best way to do this was, obviously, by asceticism.

In accordance with this train of thought Brahmanism recommends asceticism and self-torture as the best means of getting rid of the fatal attraction of matter and freeing the soul from its thralldom. It is from this spirit, springing from the conception that life is evil,

that the fakirs and other religious mendicants of India arise. The effects of this spirit of asceticism upon India have been highly pernicious; for this spirit has drawn thousands of India's ablest and most earnest men from the service of society and the state and has transformed them into hermits or beggars. In either case their talents, education and moral earnestness were rendered useless to the progress of the world, and they themselves were an encumbrance where they should have been a help. It is for this cause to a great extent, though not entirely, of course, that India has not fulfilled the splendid promises of the dawn of her history. We have had one demonstration of the ill effects which follow the depriving of society of its real leaders in the middle ages, when the intellect of Europe was walled up in monasteries and occupied with the barren discussions of dogmatic theology. This withdrawal of the greater part of the most intelligent and earnest men of Europe from the world, certainly acted as a very powerful check upon progress. When, however, Luther liberated the intellect of the West, he inaugurated the modern era, during any fifty years of which the world has made more real progress than during any other five hundred.

India started out proudly on her career. Endowed by nature with a soil of wonderful fertility, with mines, with wealth, with civilization while the rest of the world was in a half barbaric stage, it might have seemed that she would have made herself the mistress of the world. Many causes combined to shatter her proud hopes, and chief among them we must recognize the pessimistic point of view which Hindoo thought early assumed and always maintained.

The greatest movement in Hindoo thought, the rise of Buddhism, left this view-point untouched. Buddha succeeded in shaking himself clear of many of the metaphysical theories of Brahmanism, but he did not free himself from the idea that all existence was evil. His fundamental dispute with Brahmanism was therefore merely on the way of attaining the destruction of existence. Buddhism was thus, in one sense, rather an ethical than a religious movement. I do not mean that there is not a wide difference between the theology of Brahmanism and that of Buddhism, but that their dominant ideas are the same. Both declare that all existence is an evil and both set

themselves the task of delivering mankind from this evil. Had it not been for their underlying theory of reincarnation both Buddhism and Brahmanism would probably, like some Western pessimists, have recommended universal suicide; but believing in reincarnation this would accomplish but little good. How, then, could mankind escape from life? The Brahman answered that since the allurements and attractions of matter formed the cause of reincarnation, therefore to gain the complete mastery of the body and to conquer these allurements was the way to escape from the burden of existence. Buddhism replied by pointing out that desire was the root of reincarnation, in this practically agreeing with the Brahmans, but stating the case in different terms; and Buddhism continued that if desire was the root of existence then the extinction of desire was the deliverance, here again coinciding with Brahmanism, and almost the sole difference arises over the means. Buddhism declared that the self-torture and rigid asceticism in which Brahmanism put its trust did not, as a matter of fact, free the soul from the bonds of desire and permit it to enter the haven of Nirvana, but recommended instead the eight-fold path—that is: Right views; right aspirations; right speech; right conduct; right livelihood; right effort; right mindfulness; and right contemplation.

In this eight-fold path Buddhism strikes a far nobler note than Brahmanism, but is it as logical? Does not the Brahmanic method appeal to one as the more obvious and effective of the two? Would it not seem, at first sight at least, that the Fakir was freer from matter than the man who followed the path of Buddha? India answered these questions in the affirmative, for, after a period of supremacy, Buddhism fell before the assaults of Brahmanism and was almost completely driven from the land of its birth, while Brahmanism, much modified by its contact with Buddhism, which, whether logical or not, is certainly one of the noblest of religions, was left supreme. Indeed, so plainly does the foundation principle of Buddhism, the evil of existence, point to the ascetic mode of life, that Buddhism, in spite of the teaching of its founder, could not escape from it, but in the course of time developed an elaborate system of nunneries and monasteries and orders of mendicant friars, although assuredly these

institutions were not in the real spirit of Buddha, who condemned asceticism. There is a strange similarity in the fact that both Buddha and Christ have been made sponsors for institutions utterly out of harmony with their teaching and their lives—Buddha, who rejected asceticism as useless, for monasteries and mendicant friars; Christ, who gave his followers the injunction to love their neighbors as themselves, for the inquisition.

Although there are many points of similarity between the teachings of Buddha and of Christ, yet there is a fundamental difference in their points of view. Buddha sets for himself the object of delivering mankind from existence, of annihilating them, while Christ sets for himself as an object the deliverance of mankind from sin and evil, but without destroying existence. Buddha looked upon all life as an evil from which to escape; Christ looked upon it as something to be made better and nobler until at last it should become divine. This is a difference springing from opposite world conceptions and one that is irreconcilable. It is an underlying spirit of optimism, or rather of meliorism, that has made possible the civilization of to-day. We have looked at life as neither all evil nor all good, but as something to be constantly improved, made nobler and better; while India and the East have viewed it as essentially bad; and, since it is so, what is the use of trying to improve it? What would a man at the stake gain by making his chains set more comfortably? The real wisdom is to escape from life as fast as possible. It is optimism that has made the West so great, and it is pessimism that has checked the progress of India. If a nation fails to make any important progress in a thousand years it is a sign that there is something wrong with its civilization. In the case of India the evil lies in the pessimistic world conception that has dominated Hindoo thought. In that lies the secret of why India has failed to fulfill her early promises, and, instead of the teacher of the world, has become the meek dependent of a foreign crown.

FRANK BURR MARSH.

Look within. Let neither the peculiar quality of anything nor its value escape thee.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

A TECHNICAL ANALYSIS OF THOUGHT AND ITS FACULTIES.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

(III.)

We have now acquired sufficient insight as to the articulate construction of intellect and the faculties pertaining to it, that we may proceed intelligently with our analysis. In this article we will endeavor to set forth in the respective order of their utility, the faculties themselves, but before doing so we must digress sufficiently to show by what power these same faculties are animated in executing the interests of the mind.

The spinal canal is the highway for the transmission of the virile fluid from the intellect to the mechanism of the brain, where it disseminates according to the definite dictum of will, virilizing the brain structure *pro ratio* as the occasion of the moment requires. If no especial thought-work is in progress the dissemination is uniform, and a tranquil stimulation ensues which animates all parts of the mechanism alike; it is this perpetual suffusion of the brain tissues that sustains them in organic integrity and renders normal physical activity possible. The virile fluid being neither more nor less than cosmic electricity, electrifies the mass continually, and holds it in virgin accord with that part of the cosmos in which it lives. The virile fluid is a highly nutritive element, and is assimilated naturally as a fundamental food by every atom in the dual organism of man.

The intellect is a natural conductor of cosmic electricity; it is not a reservoir, nor is it in any sense whatever a storage battery. It is simply a primordial vehicle for the transmission of cosmic currents. These currents are attracted from the abstract by the inherent life processes of the intellect itself, which consumes them as flame consumes fuel, and in so doing generates that heat which indirectly warms the body. That heat is not generated in the flesh or by the flesh is proved by the fact that when death parts intellect and flesh,

flesh is cold. When thinking or emotion is energetic the volume of virile fluid thus consumed is greater, as is also the specific demand of the faculties involved.

By what means does the intellect draw to itself these currents? By means of the combined respiratory function of the entire intellectual system. As already stated, the currents are indrawn by each differentiation of the intellectual faculties, and by their calibre and vigor are gauged and apportioned to the system as a whole. Each subdivision in the entire system assimilates from the currents in transit to the intellect such quantities as each needs for vital nutrition. Thus the human organism, both spirit and flesh, is charged and recharged continually, and so maintained in fluidic accord with the element at large; and herein lies the secret of health, as also the key to the problem of death.

This demonstrates, logically, that the virile fluid is not indigenous to the *corpus homo*, neither to the human spirit; it is a universal life principle assimilated by man in exact accordance with the necessities of his individual functional nature. The *savant* can lay no more claim to virile superiority as a man than can the uncultured savage; in both as men the virile processes, like the breathing processes, act automatically, and are predetermined as to trend and scope by the antecedent development of the intellect. It is the status of the intellect. It is the status of the intellect prior to incarnation that determines the mental status of the man. In human guise we act a preordained and stipulated part, of which we ourselves are unconscious.

Reason and imagination as explained in article one, are exact equivalents, each being equal to each in the *statu quo* of the mind. The concise findings of the one are offset by vague suggestions of the other; each acts as an incentive to the other, and each to the other provides zest and relief in diversion; they are interdependent and balance equilibrially.

The same is true of the equivalent heart faculties. Emotion is ruled by a faculty corresponding to reason—it is the heart's reason—and is that faculty (unnamed in the human vocabulary), by which we estimate in feeling the obligations of life; by which we establish

personal standards of morality, and rise to the nobler issues of our troubled human existence. It is this serious faculty of the heart that actuates to all heroic deeds. Generals exemplify its profound power in the valor and fortitude of their achievements, while statesmen and philosophers illustrate the precedence of reason *per se*.

Complementing this heroic faculty of the heart and corresponding to imagination in the brain, is that reciprocal buoyant faculty (also nameless), which exhilarates the nature and lends elasticity to emotion. Literally it is the heart's imagination, and incites to laughter, mirth and every form of merriment. It arouses to enthusiasm, to exuberant interest in the avocations of life and to pleasures of all kinds. It is the counterpoise for the serious faculty, and, if given adequate exercise, secures to the individual a vivacious disposition.

If between reason and imagination, both of the brain and heart, a nice equipoise is maintained, the thought will be liberal, vigorous, amiable and progressive. If imagination is restrained, thought will become conservative, dogmatic, ascetic and stationary. Thinkers who refuse scope to imagination rapidly fall into stereotyped veins of thought and eventually fossilize in those veins. If, on the contrary, reason is denied systematic exercise, the reasoning faculty becomes anæmic and intellectual growth relatively impossible. Majestic characters result from consistent exercise of the dual faculties of brain and heart alike.

These four major faculties are, par excellence, the supreme agents in intelligence, and are ethically equal pair to pair in sustaining the integrity of the intellect. Emotion is as essential to the growth of intellect as is thought, and in all symmetrical natures they are parallel in energy.

The minor faculties coördinate respectively in the service of the major faculties, and are dependent upon them for vigor. The sense faculties also range synthetically among the minor faculties, *i. e.*, sight, hearing, feeling, smelling and tasting; these belong properly to the intellectual functions. As a matter of fact, in the body these senses are secondary; they inhere in intellect, primarily, and through the spirit (the immediate body of intellect) are mirrored upon the flesh. Thus we cognize by the physical senses so much of the veri-

ties of being as the spirit is able to impact upon the organs representing those senses. The physical eye does not see, it is only a sensate lens through which the spiritually embodied intellect views the world; the corporeal ear does not hear, it is but a sensate funnel for conveying sound to the indwelling intellect, and so with the other senses respectively.

In mental operations, as, for instance, in the construction of a given thought, the intellect sees each consecutive detail of the work and so judges of its consistency. This visual function is termed perception. In like manner also it judges aurally of its harmony by the scale of vibrations produced in its execution. This aural function is termed discernment (in the origin of language dissonement). So with the contour, the filamental faculties feel its symmetry by touch as they manipulate it into form.

Again, in the amalgamation of thought-substance, certain organic odors are evolved which are tangible to the olfactories of the intellect, and by these effluvia the constituent quality of the thought is estimated. And again, by means of taste these subliminal faculties estimate the flavor of thought, or, more correctly, of the ingredial elements compounded to form it; for these three functions as applied to intellect there are no specific terms in our vocabulary.

As before stated, each intellectual faculty is endowed *pro ratio* to its degree of utility, with these five senses. The combined power of all produces the sixth sense of science. Naturally those faculties operating through the eyes possess the strongest visual sensibility; those operating through the ears, the most acute aural sensibility, etc.

PAUL AVENEL.

(*To be continued.*)

But all things are full of love, first of the Gods, then of men, that are by nature made to have affection towards each other, and it must needs be that some dwell with each other, and some are separated, rejoicing with those who are with them and not distressed for those who go away.—*Epictetus*.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE—OF GOOD AND EVIL.*

BY FLOYD B. WILSON.

The allegory of the Garden of Eden is now, at this period of history, first being given an intelligent interpretation. We have clung tenaciously to the letter, and have thereby lost sight of the spirit; the lesson; the truth. Not recognizing the real entity in the human form we expanded the family tie of blood through genealogical studies to cover the whole human race, and we found in Adam and Eve a common parentage. Cunning devices have been resorted to, to account for racial differences. Noah, chosen of God, as representing the most perfect type of human perfection, must curse his own son to account for the negro; and the record is absolutely silent as to the North and South American Indians, and as to, at least, one of the Asiatic races.

As the study of soul and its far-reaching powers progresses, in the spirit illumination now appearing, ushering in the dawn of a new century, the stumbling blocks of the early historian disappear under the rays of light that Intuition, unveiled, and, at last, understood, brings to all. Adam's advent could not represent the beginning of soul life. Where there is a beginning there must be an end. The soul, the unseen, through vibrations, binding and blending it with creative energy, gave expression to material form. This material form (the effect) then, became the casing that soul had created for itself. It gave it a new phase of existence. Within materiality there was for it growth, as well as fetters to be broken. The Adam age typifies the entrance of soul into material form; it represents the childhood of humanity. The Garden of Eden stands for the nursery and schoolroom of to-day, where physical force is gained and mental culture started to fit the youth to dare to partake of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge—of good and evil. Had the soul sent forth no breathings to consciousness of undeveloped powers within, humanity might have halted when it had solved the simple problem of sustain-

* Read before the School of Philosophy June 3d, 1899.

ing physical life. Had the soul, the real entity, remained silent, (separate and distinct from the objective personality) there would have been no advance, no progress, no art, no culture, no national emblems, no evil, no war, no honor, no patriotism, no heroism, no glory. Little by little has man's conscious self come to a realization of the limitless resources contained within the soul. Little by little has conscious selfhood learned how to appropriate them, so as to fulfill the desires of the mind.

To grow, to attain to the possibilities of intelligent manhood, to fit themselves to live worthily in their thought-age of history, some brave and fearless minds, generations ago, broke from the dogma of tradition and led the way for the unborn millions to reach the heights only obtainable by those who have dared to eat of the tree of Knowledge. It was a most materialistic age when writers could conceive of a creator so cruel and despotic as to tempt his own creations to seek knowledge, the purpose of which was to destroy and not to uplift. They did not understand man, and hence their ignorance of God. They wrote from their plane of comprehension. Suffering and torture were, in their philosophy, the only forces to bring or compel man to right action. For holding this belief, they are no more to be censured than a child is to be censured for not comprehending the intricate laws involved in the use of steam and electricity. Their understanding was bounded by a low horizon. They wrote for the intelligence of the age they lived in. Thousands of years have passed since the record contained in the books of the Old Testament was written. Evolution has been at work, and it has brought to man's consciousness some knowledge of the real selfhood, and its relations to the entire cosmos. It is right, therefore, that the intelligence of this age should boldly and honestly raise its voice against the teachings of the devotees of that childhood of ignorance, as it would against the stupidity of him who would insist that no books should ever be read by humanity except the fairy tales that interest early childhood.

Does one ask why this tree of Knowledge, bringing advancement to the possible possession of the entire world, is mentioned as both good and evil? No one can know good unless he finds its

co-respondent, or its contradiction, which has been named evil. To-day we know that this word is only the opposite of good—a relative term. There can be no such entity as evil. Mentality could not define such an entity, and rational thought could not conceive of it. The word evil represents to our mind a lesser good than we crave; that is all. The tree whose fruit brings to him who partakes, good and evil, finds possible dangers lurking within the knowledge it offers. In short, he who claims knowledge must pay a price for it. Is this not always life's refrain? Let ambition crave what it will, toil and self-sacrifice crowd the path to the prize. If won at all, it is to be won by effort. In the childhood of humanity this effort, this labor, was called evil; and, even to-day, one may often debate as to whether the good sought is worth the price it demands. He who raises this question is not likely to be a winner of prizes. He who studies limitations, and, in fear, holds back powers that he may use when some possible contingency arises, is likely to drive away the good which non-resistance would permit to flow to him. By the exercise of this false mental economy he creates his own evils, or devils, by making his own selfhood, through fear, an attractive magnet for those very evils. We have made a mistake in trying to shun evil, by building up guards against it; for, by so doing, we have made evil the central attractive force of the "I am." Whenever one tries to build up defences against evil, he mentally makes it an entity and gives it power. Long ago the thought, "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good," was a sort of moral command which simple folk liked to quote to one another when the offending one was caught. That is not its meaning. It is rather an inspirational statement of a great scientific truth. To resist evil is like Don Quixote, to make battle with offenseless wind-mills, and thereby to create a center around the "I am" for the atmosphere of fear. It means the detaching of your soul (your "I am") from your body, and sending it forth through the ethers to gather the logic of a false philosophy, to bring sustenance and life to the shadowy myth your thoughts have lifted into being. You are expending force on the non-being by engaging in such fruitless battles.

We have all centralized thought too much on the ways and means of providing for an expected or dreaded evil day to come. We believed we could ward it off by providing against it. This has been, and is, making life a struggle. History has told us that some time, thousands and thousands of years ago, brought all of this sin and evil in the world by first being tempted and then eating the fruit of that tree of Knowledge. Some historians went so far as to say that Eve was not merely tempted, but that she had great curiosity, great inquisitiveness. They assert that her downfall, and the downfall of all mankind was the outcome of her individual curiosity and weakness combined. Who gave her that curiosity, and who sent her forth as the mother of mankind with a weakness or vanity that would permit her to yield to temptation? You and I know that those historians were not contemporaneous with the events. We know they lived thousands of years after the events they wrote of could possibly have occurred, and that there were no authentic records to consult. You and I to-day will refuse to accept a history so unauthentic. We could not reverence a God who would create a temptation, a tempter, and a being with a weakness or a curiosity to be led to her downfall, thus bringing the countless millions of unborn souls into disrepute. We have tried to interpret symbolic language with the logic of conscious mind. We have failed. This garden of Eden is rather a mental state than a material enclosure; this tree of Knowledge a mental upreaching to the fulfillment of lofty ideals, not a fruit-bearing tree whose fruit brings to those who eat it inward cravings to know and feel the right and wrong. In the twilight light of the closing century, let us seek the grander meanings in these symbols. Let us seek Truth, no matter how many dogmas are shattered by the revealings of such seekings.

“ Greater than earth is her ruler man,
Her master, sovereign, since he began;
Greater than sunlight that greets earth's youth
Is the wondrous, fathomless light of Truth.”

I always use the word man as sexless, to represent humanity as a whole. Were I to consider for a moment the sex idea in the Adam Age, which age marks the entrance and blending of soul into material

entities, I should then find the real meaning in the symbols of the Garden and the Tree. This entrance of soul into physical entities was not a downward movement, for there is no retrogression in the spiritual universe, even though poets have sung of the battles of angels. Until the Adam age, man was not; since then, the ages slowly but surely have marked the ascent of man. Whittier grasped the truth and sang:

“Oh, sometimes gleams upon my sight
Through present wrong, the eternal Right;
And step by step since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.”

Historians who wrote the record were often automatic writers, such as we have to-day. When symbolic language was used, they were merely the instruments to record a soul language which even their own logic could not understand. This record tells us that woman ate first of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, then brought and gave it to her companion. That part of the record is simple: but their logic could not grasp the true purport of the eating because they believed man to be absolutely distinct and separate from God.

From the Garden of materialism and intellectuality, woman, typified by Eve, reached mentally to the unknown, the unseen, and caught the vibrations of creative Energy, only felt by those who could lift selfhood to the intuitional plane of spirit consciousness. From that remote period of time to this day, woman has always been in advance of man on intuitional lines of soul communication with the Infinite. The fruit of the tree of Knowledge, therefore, is the material form of expressing the thought, readily understood in this age, of awakening to spirit consciousness—the realization of the Divine within the human. When this awakening came to her, bringing the sunlight of Truth, and showing her more of the possibilities of growth than thought had ever conceived before, she ran to her companion, not with face bowed with shame, but with face radiant with refulgent light to tell him of the greater unfoldment possible. With knowledge came its responsibilities, and the logic of conscious mind lost the true meaning of the symbols.

The Garden of Eden of to-day is the youth-plane of mental activity; the mental nursery of humanity. It walls the conservative lines of thought of those who speak from the record,—the scribes whose mental horizon was and is bounded by the conclusions of those who have read much and thought little. In this garden, or field, youth is nourished. His parents, his teachers, tell him of those who have lived, and of their philosophy. They drill him on the table of figures, they teach him to analyze so-called composites and to find the elements therein blended in harmony; they teach him the psychology of language and its different forms; they introduce a wilderness of subjects to awaken mentality to vigorous action. All this in the Garden of Eden. Now, shall he, thus equipped, remain within it? Shall he, within it, follow this path or that, gleaning truths, or knowledge which others have found? Shall he cover what he may of these paths and rest there? It will be to him precisely as he wills.

If he has grown weary of learning to repeat truths, or conclusions (not always truths) that others have spoken; if he yearns for the Beyond, he is mentally seeking to taste the fruit of the tree of Knowledge. Let him not think this craving is mere abnormal curiosity; let him not think it weakness; let him not think it temptation. The time is ripe. He has learned his lesson on the plane where the masses dwell. The Master has, through vibrations, advised him of some of his possibilities, and, ringing in his ears from the Unknown, he hears the combined command and entreaty, "Come up higher!"

He who *knows he is called*, and he alone, should eat of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge. Just here it is right to add that the call to "come up higher" is made to each and all; and yet, please note that I say he only who knows he is called should eat of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge. Let me put this more clearly. Too many are moved by the wishes of parents, or friends surrounding them, as to what particular fruit they should eat of the tree of Knowledge. Many simply drift along seizing, as they pass, such fruit as may fall in their way. This accounts for the great mass of humanity which we sum up as "average intelligence." Average intelligence, to my

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mind, means those who reflect the machine drill of the schools, combined with a fair appreciation of the methods of business régime as pursued in the mercantile, manufacturing and shipping industries throughout the world. To eat from the tree of Knowledge means to advance beyond this plane, whether one may call it that of "average intelligence," or some degrees higher or lower than that.

Napoleon was not merely a soldier when a boy at school. Even there he was a leader, a commander, a general. He created an army among his own schoolmates, and fired them with ambition to be his willing tools. They were happy to be the instruments to fashion the triumphal arch for him. The masses want leaders, and find self-glory in extolling those whom they have elected to command. This is right. It is in accordance with universal law. The leader has heard the call and accepted, long before those surrounding him ever imagined in him the requirements of leadership. He, in silence, partook of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge and waited in faith. The inspiration or call he may have held sacred in his own mind; still, he knew. Neither was he anxious or troubled about the offering of opportunities; he knew that in the fullness of time he could create them.

The tree of Knowledge, then, is the mental or spirit plane beyond the traditions of history, beyond the limits of the conclusions of the wise and of the sages. To seize its fruit requires mental courage and daring. Your place on that plane is first known to you and to you alone. The spirit voice that brings the message may startle your consciousness, may thrill your entire being, but its words, its message comes to you alone. If you counsel with others to determine your action, you are asking the logic of conscious mind to help you to interpret the meaning of an intuitional communication. Here, you can have no advisers. You must go in the silence and communicate directly with the Infinite if you would still await direction. Many have known when God spake to them, and conscious mind could not bring a doubt to disturb. Again, many have realized it as a longing; its expression is forced upon their consciousness like a bright ray of hope-light that comes simply to make the shadows deepen. When shall we learn the meaning

“longing”? When shall we learn the meaning of “man”?
When shall we learn the meaning of “God”?

“ A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly fish and a saurian,
And the caves where the cave men dwell ;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

“ Like the tints on a crescent sea beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and singing in—
Come, from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

“ A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high ;
And ever on upland and lowland,
The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

“ A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood ;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.”

We have found the tree of Knowledge to symbolize a mental
plane beyond the confines and limits of the wall surrounding the
Garden of Eden, where thought began its work by learning of the
thoughts of others. Still one may ask: Why the tree of Knowledge

of good and evil, and whence arose the idea of its bearing a forbidden fruit? I have followed a line of intuitional reasoning which clearly demonstrates that the fruit of the tree could not be a forbidden one. I have endeavored to illustrate that one is called by the Infinite to eat of the fruit of the tree. Let us see if we cannot find the meaning of "evil" as here used, and how the word "forbidden" came in. The tree of Knowledge, representing an advanced mental plane, comprises, within itself, all truth, all knowledge, all unfoldment. It is impossible, or, to speak more emphatically, forbidden to any one to bring to his consciousness all knowledge during a single incarnation, even though he has learned the secret so that he may extend that single incarnation over a thousand years. If called, (and I repeat, all are called) and one recognizes the call, it is to help advance one or more of the many special lines of knowledge. It may be music, or painting, or poetry; it may be teaching, or healing; it may be clairvoyant vision or it may be inventive creation; it may be this or that leadership, but all knowledge, all truth, all possible unfoldment comprises more than infinite energy can give to any single mortal. The call, then, to "come up higher" is on lines clearly presented to one's consciousness. The "evil" is the sacrifice one makes to attain the good. He who seeks his good cannot grasp every idle pleasure smiling near the path to the goal. He must turn aside from these and find joy only as new mental heights are reached, whither love and ambition lead him. The chief evils that beset him will be the thoughts of others. Many seem to think they have the right to dim or crush the idols of their friends. If the seeker, for his own good, listen to this counsel and these arguments, he may be made to feel that the price he is paying for his good is too great and cease all striving. In such case, evil has overtaken him, and the good is lost. He has lost the purpose of living, because he has turned backwards. It was the mathematical genius, Lewis Carroll, who wrote "Alice in Wonderland," who discovered that "evil" was "live" spelled backwards. Evil has no abiding place in the hearts and homes of those who really live.

Fortunately we live in an age where each is believed to have the right to his own thoughts. They are his private property; their

clusions are his individuality. Parents now respect the thought the child still in the nursery; and philosophers often stand amazed the bright thought thrown out by the healthy brain of the youngest in the class. We have grown to a better understanding of man, and this has given us a nobler conception of God. We now know Law to be universal, and that creative God could not have existence but for Law. The personality of God has faded from our minds; in its place stands the impersonal thought-energy of the universe. From that thought-center come the vibrations to our consciousness, not forbidding, but inviting us to partake of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge—of good and evil. Within those vibrations we find the links, binding man and God as One. In silence, the volume of Truth is open to us, and we read the promise, that our desires, our ideals are the fruits freely offered to us from this Center of Intelligence, and only waiting our reaching forth, claiming, and appropriating our own.

FLOYD B. WILSON.

THE GRAIL.

Still goes the quest, forever goes the quest!
 For while this life endure, in age, in youth,
 The inward questioning of man's unrest
 Compelleth allwhere to the search for truth.

Some miss its lure, and turning seem to fail,—
 Yet some sweet presaging their dark redeems;
 And some of stauncher faith, like Percivale,
 Behold the greatening glory in their dreams.

A few pure-hearted ones, divinely glad
 Because filled with a music recondite,
 Led by their innocent souls, like Galahad,
 Come—knowing not how—into the perfect light.

JULIA P. DABNEY.

A VIEW FROM THE WATCH-TOWER.

BY MRS. MARIA WEED.

He who can give expression to his greatest thought, in words, has never risen beyond the lesser heights of possibility. There are moments of transport in life when the smaller mountain peaks of everyday experience lie far, far below us, and we may safely measure the greatness of a soul by its ability to traverse the storm-swept tract above earth's verdure line. This can only be accomplished by the traveler whose gaze is fixed upon the cloud-tipped summits, where "Heaven comes down our souls to greet," and we stand, as it were, in the very presence of Nature's God.

The light which was designed to lighten the life of every man that cometh into the world has been hidden under the bushel of vague, incomprehensible theory and buried beneath the driftwood of erroneous conjecture. In consequence the loving face of the divine Father has been obscured and enveloped in the darkness of doubt; men have groped their way through life bowed to the ground by useless burdens, and crying aloud in their distress: "How long, Oh Lord," thus converting a beautiful earth, rich in its opportunities for happiness, into a veritable "vale of tears." Who is to blame? In a sense, each of us.

Out of miscalled loyalty to an outgrown creed has grown the tendency of allowing the pulpit to think for the pew. We pay men to care for the welfare of our higher natures just as we engage a physician to look after our physical condition. We permit them to dictate as to the quality and quantity of the spiritual nourishment which we may receive; and all too often, what is the result? The clerical vegetarian will feed us upon the husks of total depravity, promising to the ordained few the reëstablishment of their divine likeness and kinship with God; asserting, also, that a preference for a diet of husks is indubitable evidence that one is to be numbered among "the elect"—the spiritual "four hundred"—so to speak.

To have "already attained," makes effort worse than useless. Consequently it is not uncommon to see the "foreordained," with others of "the elect," assemble from Sunday to Sunday, drowsily listening to the reiteration of the same methods and means which placed them above want. When salvation becomes the synonym of self-preservation, growth and development into the perfect stature of Christ-like manhood is impossible. Need and demand argue abundant help and all-sufficient supply, and expenditure of energy results in increase of strength. This, diverted into legitimate channels, becomes a recognized power. The church which fails to grasp this principle will continue to bemoan that it has room and to spare within its portals, and that the support of its minister is derived from the twice-earned offerings of the Aid Society.

The test of a remedy is the truest estimate of its value, and the religion which does not satisfy the deepest longings of men's souls has not fulfilled the mission whereunto it was sent. No matter what its antiquity, whether it numbers among its followers "the elect" or those favored ones upon whose bowed heads have descended the blessings of apostolic benediction; if it have not the spirit of the Master, it is none of His.

The privilege of dispensing the divine blessings—which are able to meet every want of a needy world—is intrusted to those only who are led by the will of God, who alone are the sons of God. The church universal to-day possesses many such. These are the ones who have "come up out of great tribulation" and have recognized experience as a God-sent agent in the development of the perfect man; and this is their message to a soul-starved world:

Life holds in its eternal keeping the realization of every man's highest dream; the fulfillment of his most exalted prophecy.

MARIA WEED.

Constantly regard the Universe as one living being, having one substance and one soul; and observe how all things have reference to one perception, the perception of this one living being.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

A SOUL'S THRENODY.

As I stand at the portals of Infinity,
 As I glimpse through the Gates of Gold,
 As I listen to the songs of Divinity,
 As the petals of the Lotus unfold;—

How rapt in the sense of seeing!
 How rapt in a threnody of thought!
 How rapt in the fullness of feeling!
 How rapt in a music untaught!

Then I sink on my knees in humility,
 Then surge up the sins of the past,
 Then I view the lost pages of history,
 Then my soul in a shadow is cast.

O! break these bands of bondage,
 O! slip these scales of sight,
 O! haste my soul from homage,
 O! speed my spirit in flight.

E. H. OWEN.

Life is the bond. It makes us kin. It brings
 Its quickening force to every perfect germ,
 With protoplasm moulds in ordered term,
 One Life pulsating through organic things.

One Life, continuous as the crowded air,
 That plastic slave that garners all Life's needs,
 The gaseous energies, the germs and seeds,
 Wherewith it builds its structures layer on layer.

One Life in moss and fern, in beast and bird,
 In waking babe and grandsire old and gray;
 In flame-winged gnats that whirl a Summer day,
 In hornéd strength that bellows in the herd.

One Life in all the countless forms that be;
 One Life enshrined and hid in myriad cells
 Which are but coverings for Life. It dwells,
 One Life in teeming air and earth and sea.

“Life's Mystery.”—*Wm. Wilsey Martin.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

METAPHYSICS VERSUS PESSIMISM.

In our essay department this month we give an article entitled "The Hindoo Point of View," which is suggestive of possible error in the indulgence of thought, on other subjects than those mentioned by the writer, and among Western as well as Eastern people.

The subject at once resolves itself into Optimism and Pessimism as two opposite directions of thought; and the question arises, Which is the right view and how nearly universal may it become in human thought?

The subject does not alone include religion, it is applied to every object and every phase of life. Everywhere we find the Pessimist, and his principal occupation appears to be the undermining of the work undertaken by his extreme opposite—the Optimist.

The Optimist is one who sees and recognizes the value of things about him, wherever his lot in life may be cast, and who finds a practical application for every principle of action met with. There is always a song in his heart, for he rejoices in the full appreciation of *that which is*, and from which more is certain to develop, because of the real nature of that which appeals to him, whatever path he may travel. When a difficulty arises, he meets it squarely, knowing it is the greatest thing in the world, therefore that there is a way open to him, in which it may be overcome; and he sets about the overcoming, with confidence that develops power to conquer. His watchword is "I can," and he it is that is found at the top. Only the Optimist ever reaches the pinnacle.

The Pessimist, on the other hand, sees no good in anything. "I can't!" is his perpetual cry. Even that might be tolerated, negatively, if he were content with that view of himself, alone, but he is not. "You cannot, either," is his double-battered shot at industry. He is always certain that nothing can be accomplished, and points exultingly to the

failure of another as evidence of the wisdom of his foresight. For him there is a yawning chasm at the end of every path, so it is useless for him to travel it; he prefers to idly sit by and discourage others who would "try the pass." He sees nothing real anywhere, believes nothing, knows nothing and does nothing. Anything he may attempt is approached in such a half-hearted way that its substance crumbles to dust at the touch of his negative hand; and therein, he thinks he finds renewed proof of the correctness of his black visions of emptiness—nonproductive, void and useless.

Are there such minds as this on our fair earth? And, if so, why? Of what are they a product and how may they be dealt with to avoid contamination? These are questions that should be met and answered by every optimistic mind, for the good of both sides. The Optimist and the Pessimist, in habit of thought, are met with everywhere. It takes but a glance to see the truth of the statement that all the progress in the world generates and is put in operation by the optimistic mind. The Optimist rules the world. To him every slip is an encouragement to greater care, and every stumble generates a resolve to make better exertion another time. And he finally conquers. He is the Inventor, usually termed by the Pessimist a "Crank." Perhaps he is. But then, "a Crank" has been defined by a close observer of the development of human nature as "something with which things are turned." The Pessimist, however, never "turns" anything; he is too lazy even to turn a thought in his mind sufficiently to understand a subject. It is easier to rail at another, than to think, and suits him better.

But why does he take this point of view? On examination it seems to be a moral disease. He has taken the negative side of life, only, as his subject, and long-continued thought has established a habit of thinking negatively about everything. This habit may have been begun for him by his ancestors; but it is his moral duty to think for himself, and to recognize such mistakes as are fatal to progress and adjust them to the true laws of life and of being, which, as they are all productive and progressive, must lead to a goal of reality, whether or no his weakened vision can see such at the present time.

The optimistic mode of thought is positive, productive and creative, and eventually accomplishes desirable results; while the pessimistic

view and action is negative and never accomplishes anything of value to the world. It is as obstructive in other paths of life as in religious ways, and it should be stamped out of human life through development of understanding of the principles and laws of reality in the universe, which show all that is, to be real, true, good, and necessarily useful as well as practical and possible of accomplishment. The "real" is true and the "true" can be known. L. E. W.

THE QUALITY OF SUGGESTION.

When a person discovers a fact, or thinks he has discovered one, is it not better given out than kept? Recently some experiences in mind suggestion have come to me which seem peculiar. We hear and read much about suggestion—auto-suggestion, for example—the impressing of some thought or thought effect upon the mind of another, voluntarily or involuntarily. But, though my thesis may border upon the realm of telepathy, I find there is such a thing as getting, purloining if you will, an assistance from another, and not waiting until such person or friend is obliging enough to project it toward us. I am busy writing and my words may not flow freely. In a sort of mad hunt for relief my mind seeks out and comes into contact with that of a friend, a friend with whom I have been on familiar terms. That is, he seems to be near me and conscious of my needs. I have heard him read and talk, and the intonations of his voice are perhaps fresh in my memory. That person may have a gift of fine language, fluent speech which is pleasing to my sense of correctness, and just then I am in need of a fitting phrase. Before I am fully conscious of it I hear that person speaking the very words I desire. His exact tone of voice, his ease of expression and even his manners seem suddenly to have dropped in upon me, and for the moment I seem to let him or her take the pen and finish the sentence.

To one who has never met with similar experiences this may seem, but poorly stated; but it is as well as I can express an abstract idea, one so shadowy and ideal in its entirety. But this kind of help I do frequently receive (or purloin), and here naturally arises the question: How far are we warranted in thus using others' gifts? Is it a legitimate word interchange, or is it a habit one should not get into? It is said that there are no new thoughts; that every thought expressed is but an old one made over, and that to conceive of an original thought one would need to go outside of the domain of thinking. This may be true,

and if it is true it lets the conceit out of our balloon of ideas, and we find ourselves quite on a level with the other creatures of our kind. I can only liken the experience above recorded to a sort of parallel word-effort or communion, which seems to drop in upon one of itself, like many another profitable happening of our daily lives.

So far as I can observe, the person drawn upon is not in the least conscious of it—it may be in or out of the flesh—and does not experience any loss whatever. I am not at all aware how prevalent this habit is among writers; but I believe I have seen speakers so inspired by mental responses from their audiences, that they surprise even themselves with the words they give forth. Is not this identical with the writer's experience? The subtleties of the mind are truly marvelous, or seem so to us poor creatures who have only awakened to the outer phases of it. We may pick up a paper and read an editorial and learn something new, perhaps; and yet it is all in the paper still, and another person gets from it just as much. The person who wrote the editorial loses nothing, even if we do steal the paper from our neighbor's doorstep. My exact opinion of the question would be that the person who thus comes into my consciousness as I write not only loses nothing, but may be in return benefited by it.

Perhaps other readers of this magazine have had like experiences, for the new things that are just now coming to the surface are manifold. I do not look upon an inventor as necessarily great in a personal way. He is but the instrument through which perhaps a hundred minds are speaking. His inventions may be the result of a pressing need of a whole country or world, and yet in return for the simple duty he has performed we erect monuments to his memory, thus frequently keeping alive remembrances of his personality rather than the timeliness of his invention. But when expressing and putting upon paper our ideas in particular there must exist a very close intimacy between minds; and when we come to consider that each is but a living part of the one great mind, can we wonder that there are close and often neighborly and beneficial contacts to be felt and realized?

ALWYN M. THURBER.

I saw a busy potter by the way,
Kneading with might and main a lump of clay;
And lo! the clay cried "Use me gently, pray,
I was a man myself but yesterday!"

—*Omar-i-Khayyám.*

IMMORTALITY—A SOLILOQUY.

Carlisle wrote: "Immortality; believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not."

Probably, it is not possible to find, for truly philosophical minds, a better simile to illustrate a hypothesis of immortality, than the Ocean, the illimitable Ocean. Without it we could not exist. It is a part of Infinity. It is the emblem of Life, Truth, Faith, Force, Motion, Power, Purity, Immortality; of Infinity itself.

Its motion is ceaseless; it purifies the physical world; its power is infinite. It goes an eternal round of motion and activity as a purifying Power. It evaporates in mist that forms clouds, which are floated by the Spirit of the Wind over the land, where the attraction of cohesion forms it into rain drops, which descend on the bosom of Mother Earth, to permeate and to fructify it, and then run in rivulets to the rivers, to the Sea; to be ever and ever used, over and over again; never diminishing, ever alive, ever at work, ever an eternal Power of good, and ever inviting the adoration of reflecting minds; because it is such an imposing, majestic, all-important part of Deity.

Thus does not the Soul of man, which is but a spark of the great intelligent occult force which we call Deity; and indeed, all life of animate and inanimate Nature, go back to the source from whence it came; to the bosom of the Infinite; to go, ever and ever on its eternal rounds of development and refinement—and in an ever ascending scale of being?

This seems, at least, a plausible hypothesis till a better is evolved. Thus it may be that we shall be reincarnated at a future time, to do better work, here or elsewhere.

Those who have gone are not dead—only to our vision and cognizance. They still live, because all life, all substance is indestructible.

Immortality is a fixed fact to contemplative minds, because there can be no annihilation. The body goes back to the bosom of Mother Earth, to be used over and over again in the refining crucibles of Nature; so does not the Soul go back to the source from whence it came? perhaps to be reincarnated in the continuous, eternal processes of the incomprehensible Infinite like the mists of Ocean?

Is individuality of more than a brief duration? What is consciousness? Is it not a result of our organization? of the environment in our human Temples of flesh of this spark of the Infinite, which gives to us our individuality for a brief time, which is forever changing and the future of which is unknowable?

Is not this hypothesis of immortality reasonable, plausible, and in a measure, satisfactory to unbiased, thoughtful minds?

Theologians say that the best proof of immortality is in the ever present longing in mankind to be perpetuated; but is this reliable?

Is not this longing misinterpreted? Is not this feeling rather the *innate* sense that we are all a part of Deity, and thus immortal?

May not this longing be prompted by our selfish desires, that are so necessarily dominant in mankind? Is not this, our *innate* consciousness, felt, but not reasoned out, that we are an integral part of the Divine Humanity—of the Deity, a better hypothesis of immortality?

Like the particles of mist that form or make up the clouds, the river, the Ocean; may we not be particles of the Life principle that exists in all things; not only including this solar system but the whole Universe? Thinking, reflection, meditation develop the intuitional sense, and bring wonderful enlightenment to the seekers after the truth of things. Is not intuition the development, or the fruition of the five senses combined? To the earnest seeker, the "Still small voice" will whisper the wisdom of the Ages.

High aims, high principles, beget still higher; and then we enter Heaven. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you?" "Think of these things."

All things are subject to immutable LAW; it is inexorable; no appeal. Why, why does not mankind study this immutable Law, and become wiser, better, happier?

What is Life? What is Spirit? What is Mind? What is Soul? What is Immortality? What is Infinitude?

Can we not trust the Infinite? and with the gifted Thoreau, be content to regard only "one world at a time?"

These impressive words were uttered by Thoreau to Parker Pillsbury, who visited him two weeks before Thoreau passed away, and were in answer to the question "What of the hereafter?" He smiled and replied, "One world at a time."

Where now is what was *their* spark of life? Can we give wiser or a more trusting answer than—It has gone back from whence it came, and is, as it ever has been, a part of the Soul of all existing things?

CHARLES BUFFUM.

When thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, the modesty of another, the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues, when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

THE SCIENCE OF BEING.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

“Why do you forget that in every Peter that denies his Master, that in every Judas that betrays him and in every high priest that judges the Son of God, in every weak time-server that sentences him, in *everything* that is apparently unjust, the all-holy purpose of God is the moving force. Yes, the loving kindness of the Divine presence is in all your reverses; his holiness in the sin of circumstances, his tenderness in their cruel tyranny, his inviolable purpose in the apparently hopeless disorder and anarchy of things.”*

The hour has struck for a new Dispensation for the human race. Divinity is bursting the cerements of materiality. The world is groaning in the pangs of a new Birth. A new Heaven and Earth are being made manifest to human consciousness. It is the Judgment Day and we stand face to face with our Father in Heaven—our own Souls. Let us dare to stand and receive instructions that we may enter upon the millennial reign of mind, through Spiritual understanding now purpling the mountains with its light.

The water of wisdom for the healing of the nations has been disturbed and its virtues set free.

The Science of Being means knowing God. It answers the ultimate question, hence sets free.

So long as there is a question which can only be answered by “Illusion,” “Error,” Ignorance, or “Mistake,” just so long shall we have a waste basket in which to dump all questions we cannot answer.

There are no illusions, mistakes, errors, sins or crimes in God’s kingdom. When we find the real cause of discord, fear, poverty and the sickness we name unhappiness, we shall be enabled to remove it and realize happiness. Of course, happiness will forever elude man until the cause of unhappiness is known. In no other way can Life and Immortality be brought to light.

The belief in evil is the cause of *all* the unhappiness in the world. No one can be happy who believes in evil. At first it *seems* that evil exists as a truth and that we must, therefore, believe in it. Then comes the feeling that we are lost, for a truth cannot be destroyed. So, when we look deeper and face our own souls, we find that “all discord is harmony not understood.” We realize that events occur, which, standing alone, seem evil, but which must be viewed in their setting or relation to the whole. The seventh sense is unfolding, which corresponds to the seventh day or Sabbath of rest. It is even

* Extract from a letter from a Hindu teacher.

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at our doors. The curse of labor will be removed. Food and clothing will be made direct from their elements by synthetic process when man realizes that he is God individualized, as a wave is ocean individualized. We shall not labor on the Sabbath day then and it will be an eternal day.

“ Earth will go back to her lost youth,
And life grow deep and wonderful as truth,”

as Markham so beautifully sings in “The Desire of Nations.”

So-called evil must come up for judgment. Murder, theft, adultery, wars—all sins and crimes—must stand up and receive the *new name*. The orthodox church calls these “appearances of evil” Satan; Theosophy says Karma; Christian Science names it mortal mind; Mental Science calls it error. The Agnostic, the Liberal and the Spiritualist name it undeveloped good, or evolution; the lower evolving on and up to something better or higher.

The Science of Being faces the Eternal Essence and declares that it is responsible for all; it is all.

This Eternal One simply is. Its name was given by the beloved disciple as Love. It loves to do, to operate according to its good will and pleasure. It is the architect, the builder and the material used. It is the holy of holies and does not contain any grade of sinners. It is the law itself, and the law does not make laws to govern itself, therefore there is no bad Karma, nor time, nor law of gravitation, nor illusion.

The Eternal One, Spirit, does not evolve, because it never involved. It is not low, therefore cannot be high. It is the same in quality, forever, in whom is no variableness nor shadow cast by operating or forming. This One, Spirit, the I Am, is not undeveloped, but is as perfectly developed, as good and as high in the serpent as in man, or in man as in an angel, but is shown forth in *different* vibrations; the purpose, the desire and design of Deity is shown forth in the wisdom of its operation. There is no death in reality, as Death is a belief, not a truth, and life is never destroyed.

When we recognize this truth we shall find the new Name, and a new Song will be put in our mouths, for—“Behold! I make all things new.”

“The old goes down,
The new ascends,
Its sunny isles in glory rise,
A rainbow o'er the deluge bends
And labor's curse dissolves and dies.”

GEORGE W. CAREY.

SCIENCE AND SUBJECTIVITY.

In *Current Literature and Information* for April there is an article entitled "Scientific Imagination," and taken from *The Speaker*. It is a summary of Crookes' address before the Society for Psychical Research and published in the Proceedings for March, 1897. It is a very useful summary, but far too short, and by its shortness it fails to bring to the readers the whole of Crookes' thought. We will furnish the missing links from Crookes' own publication. This is what *The Speaker* said:

Mr. William Crookes, so well known among scientific men as a distinguished experimentalist and theorist, in an address before the Society for Psychical Research, starts by reminding us how absolutely the human body depends for its powers of acting, feeling, thinking on the conditions by which it is surrounded, how entirely we are governed by the strength of the force of gravitation, how much our own size and weight have to do with our conceptions of the world.

This is what Crookes said:

I wish to consider what transformation in our appearance would be produced by a change in the force of gravitation. Let us take extreme cases. Say that the power of gravitation were to be doubled. In that case we should have to exert a vastly increased strength to support ourselves in any other than the prone or dorsal position—it would be hard to rise from the ground, to run, leap, climb, to drag or carry any object. Our muscles would necessarily be more powerful, and the skeleton to which they are attached would need corresponding modification. To work such limbs a more rapid transformation of matter would be required; hence the supply of nutriment must be greater, involving enlarged digestive organs, and a larger respiratory apparatus to allow of the perfect aëration of the increased mass of the blood. To keep up the circulation with the necessary force, either the heart would have to be more powerful or the distance through which the blood would require to be impelled must be reduced. The increased amount of nourishment demanded would involve a corresponding increase in the difficulty of its collection, and the struggle for existence would be intensified. More food being required day by day, the jaws would have to be enlarged and the muscles strengthened. The teeth also must be adapted for extra tearing and grinding.

These considerations involve marked changes in the structure of human beings. To accord with thickened bones, bulging muscles and larger respiratory and digestive apparatus, the body would be heavier and more massive. The necessity for such alterations in structure would be increased by the liability to fall. The necessity of keeping the centre of gravity low, and the great demands made on the system in other respects, must conspire to reduce the size of head and brain. With increase of gravitation, the bipedal form would be beset by drawbacks. Assuming that the human race, under the altered circumstances, remained bipedal, it is highly probable that a large increase in the quadruped, hexapod, or octopod structure would prevail in the animal kingdom. The

majority of animals would be of the Saurian class with very short legs, allowing the trunk to rest easily on the ground, and the serpent type would probably be in the ascendant. Winged creatures would suffer severely, and small birds and insects would be dragged to earth by a force hard to resist; although this might be more or less compensated by the increased density of the air. Humming birds, dragon-flies, butterflies and bees, all of which spend a large portion of their time in the air, would, in the struggle for existence, be rare visitants. Hence the fertilization of flowers by the intervention of insects must be thwarted; and this would lead to the extinction, or at all events to a scarcity, of entomophilous plants, *i. e.*, all those with the showiest blossoms—a gloomy result to follow from a mere increase of the earth's attraction.

But having known no other type of human form, it is allowable to think that, under these different conditions, Man would still consider Woman—though stunted, thick-limbed, flat-footed, with enormous jaws underlying a diminutive skull—as the highest type of beauty!

Decreased attraction of the earth might be attended with another set of changes scarcely less remarkable. With the same expenditure of vital energy as at present, and with the same quantity of transformation of matter, we should be able to lift heavier weights, to take longer bounds, to move with greater swiftness, and to undergo prolonged muscular exertion with less fatigue—possibly to fly. Hence the transformation of matter required to keep up animal heat, and to restore the waste of energy and tissue, would be smaller for the same amount of duty done. A less volume of blood, reduced lungs and digestive organs would be required. Thus we might expect a set of structural changes of an inverse nature to those resulting from intensified gravitation. All parts of the body might safely be constructed upon a less massive plan—a slighter skeleton, smaller muscles and slenderer trunk. These modifications, in a less degree than we are contemplating, tend in the present to beauty of form, and it is easy to imagine our æsthetic feelings would naturally keep pace with further developments in the direction of grace, slenderness, symmetry and tall figures.

It is curious that the popular conceptions of evil and malignant beings are of the type that would be produced by increased gravitation—toads, reptiles and noisome creeping things—while the Arch Fiend himself is represented as perhaps the ultimate form which could be assumed by a thinking brain and its necessary machinery were the power of gravitation to be increased to the highest point compatible with existence—a serpent crawling along the ground. On the other hand, our highest types of beauty are those which would be common under decreased gravitation.

The “daughter of the gods, divinely tall,” and the leaping athlete, please us by the slight triumph over the earthward pull which their stature or spring implies. It is true we do not correspondingly admire the flea, whose triumph over gravitation, unaided by wings, is so striking. Marvelous as is the flea, its body, like ours, is strictly conditioned by gravitation.

The Speaker continues:

He then asks us to consider what effect a variation in our size alone would

have upon our view of the laws by which the universe is ruled. A giant from Brobdingnag would be insensible to a hundred minute physical influences which vitally affect our lives. A man subjected to such vast sensations would lose all belief in the natural laws that he had learned, and would forget as entirely all theories of proportion as did Gulliver when he fell from the eagle's clutches in his Brobdingnagian box, and called out to the sailors of a passing ship to haul his box in at the cabin window, unmindful that his box was bigger than the cabin itself. So, too, a Lilliputian isolated on a cabbage leaf, as Mr. Crookes ingeniously suggests, would, on the other hand, be sensitive to a hundred influences which mortal men despise. Sitting aloft in diminutive grandeur, as Gulliver sat among the salt-cellars at meals, he would view the motes in the sunshine as "portmanteaus flying through the air," and would probably form conceptions wholly different from our own of the phenomena which the universe presents.

This is what Crookes said:

You must permit me, then, a homunculus on whom to hang my speculation. I cannot place him actually amid the interplay of molecules, for lack of power to imagine his environment; but I shall make him of such microscopic size that molecular forces which in common life we hardly notice—such as surface-tension, capillarity, the Brownian movements—become for him so conspicuous and dominant that he can hardly believe, let us say, in the universality of gravitation, which we may suppose to have been revealed to him by ourselves, his creators.

Let us place him on a cabbage leaf, and let him start for himself.

The area of the cabbage leaf appears to him as a boundless plain many square miles in extent. To this minimized creature the leaf is studded with huge glittering transparent globes, resting motionless on the surface of the leaf, each globe vastly exceeding in height the towering Pyramids. Each of these spheres appears to emit from one of its sides a dazzling light. Urged by curiosity he approaches and touches one of the orbs. It resists pressure like an india-rubber ball, until accidentally he fractures the surface, when suddenly he feels himself seized and whirled and brought somewhere to an equilibrium, where he remains suspended in the surface of the sphere utterly unable to extricate himself. In the course of an hour or two he finds the globe diminishing, and ultimately it disappears, leaving him at liberty to pursue his travels. Quitting the cabbage leaf, he strays over the surface of the soil, finding it exceedingly rocky and mountainous, until he sees before him a broad surface akin to the kind of matter which formed the globes on the cabbage leaf. Instead, however, of rising upwards from its support, it now slopes downward in a vast curve from the brink, and ultimately becomes apparently level, though, as this is at a considerable distance from the shore, he cannot be absolutely certain. Let us now suppose that he holds in his hands a vessel bearing the same proportion to his minimized frame that a pint measure does to that of a man as he is, and that by adroit manipulation he contrives to fill it with water. If he inverts the vessel he finds that the liquid will not flow, and can only be dislodged by violent shocks.

Wearied by his exertions to empty the vessel of water, he sits on the shore, and idly amuses himself by throwing stones and other objects into the water. . . . The reader has understood that in this fanciful sketch, composed only for an illustrative purpose, all kinds of problems (as of the homunculus's own structure and powers) are left untouched, and various points which would really need to be mathematically worked out are left intentionally vague.

After a few more "things still more tormentingly perplexing," which the homunculus would doubtless encounter, the President goes on to say:

Let us for a moment go to the opposite extreme and consider how Nature would present itself to human beings of enormous magnitude. Their difficulties and misconstructions would be of an opposite nature to those experienced by pigmies. Capillary attraction and the cohesion of liquids, surface-tension and the curvature of liquid surfaces near their boundary, the dewdrop and the behavior of minute bodies on a globule of water, the flotation of metals on the surface of water, and many other familiar phenomena, would be either ignored or unknown. The homunculus able to communicate but a small momentum would find all objects much harder than they appear to us, whilst to a race of colossals granite rocks would be but a feeble impediment.

There would be another most remarkable difference between such enormous beings and ourselves: if we stoop and take up a pinch of earth between fingers and thumb, moving those members, say, through the space of a few inches in a second of time, we experience nothing remarkable. The earth offers a little resistance, more or less, according to its greater or less tenacity, but no other perceptible reaction follows.

Let us suppose the same action performed by a gigantic being, able to move finger and thumb in a second's space through some miles of soil in the same lapse of time, and he would experience a very decided reaction. The mass of sand, earth, stones and the like, hurled together in such quantities and at such speed, would become intensely hot. Just as the homunculus would fail to bring about ignition when he desired, so the colossus could scarcely move without causing the liberation of a highly inconvenient degree of heat, literally making everything too hot to hold. He would naturally ascribe to granite rocks and the other constituents of the earth's surface such properties as we attribute to phosphorus—of combustion on being a little roughly handled.

Need I do more than point the obvious lesson? If a possible—nay, reasonable—variation in only one of the forces conditioning the human race—that of gravitation—could so modify our outward form, appearance and proportions, as to make us to all intents and purposes a different race of beings; if mere differences of size can cause some of the most simple facts in chemistry and physics to take so widely different a guise; if beings microscopically small and prodigiously large would simply as such be subject to the hallucinations I have pointed out—and to others I might enlarge upon—is it not possible that we, in turn, though occupying, as it seems to us, the golden mean, may also by the mere virtue of our size and weight fall into misrepresentations of phenomena from which we

should escape were we or the globe we inhabit either larger or smaller, heavier or lighter? May not our boasted knowledge be simply conditioned by accidental environments, and thus be liable to a large element of subjectivity hitherto unsuspected and scarcely possible to eliminate?

The Speaker continues:

From these examples of the extent to which our size affects our views of nature, Mr. Crookes goes on to question whether we are not, like the giant or the manikin, subject to illusions, too; and whether the knowledge of natural laws, which we lay claim to, may not be largely the result of our environment, and liable to an element of subjectivity which we have never measured or suspected yet. Working along a chain of reasoning and illustration suggested by a calculation of the vibrations which produce sound and light, and in its ingenuity fascinating to follow, Mr. Crookes supposes a pendulum beating with increasing velocity, the vibrations increasing at each step. At the fifth step—we quote from the summary of his argument in the *Times*—the vibrations are thirty-two a second, the point where sound begins for us. As we ascend higher up the scale, the vibrations, ever more and more rapid, reveal themselves as electrical rays. From the thirtieth step to the forty-fifth extends a region as yet unexplored, where the secrets of many physical mysteries may perhaps be found. Still higher in the scale comes the region of light, and beyond that another unknown region, where Mr. Crookes thinks it possible that the X-rays of Professor Röntgen may lie. Ascending still higher, “it does not require much stretch of the scientific imagination to conceive that at the sixty-second or sixty-third step the trammels from which rays at the sixty-first step were struggling to free themselves have ceased to influence, and that these rays pierce the densest medium with no diminution of intensity, and pass unrefracted and unreflected along their straight path with the velocity of light.” Even beyond that may come minuter orders of vibration, rays which may cease to have the properties of those known to us, and which may be able to overcome all obstacles of matter and of space. Is it not conceivable that these rays may transmit intelligence from one mind to another? Is it not conceivable that “intense thought concentrated toward a sensitive being with whom the thinker is in close sympathy may induce a telepathic chain, along which brain waves can go straight to their goal without loss of energy due to distance?”

Here ends the article in *The Speaker* as copied by *Current Literature*. We leave out the table of vibrations found in the Proceedings, but give Crookes' remarks on that table:

At the fifth step from unity, at 32 vibrations per second, we reach the region where atmospheric vibration reveals itself to us as *sound*. Here we have the lowest musical note. In the next ten steps the vibrations per second rise from 32 to 32,768, and here to the average human ear the region of sound ends. But certain more highly endowed animals probably hear sounds too acute for our organs, that is, sounds which vibrate at a higher rate.

We next enter a region in which the vibrations rise rapidly, and the vibrating medium is no longer the gross atmosphere, but a highly attenuated medium, "a diviner air," called the ether. From the 16th to the 35th step the vibrations rise from 32,768 to 34359,738368 a second, such vibrations appearing to our means of observation as electrical rays.

We next reach a region extending from the 35th to the 45th step, including from 34359,738368 to 35,184372,088832 vibrations per second. This region may be considered as unknown, because we are as yet ignorant what are the functions of vibrations of the rates just mentioned. But that they have some function it is fair to suppose.

Now we approach the region of *light*, the steps extending from the 45th to between the 50th and the 51st, and the vibrations extending from 35,184372,088832 per second (heat rays) to 1875,000000,000000 per second, the highest recorded rays of the spectrum. The actual sensation of light, and therefore the vibrations which transmit visible signs, being comprised between the narrow limits of about 450,000000,000000 (red light) and 750,000000,000000 (violet light)—less than one step.

Leaving the region of visible light, we arrive at what is, for our existing senses and our means of research, another unknown region, the functions of which we are beginning to suspect. It is not unlikely that the X-rays of Professor Röntgen will be found to lie between the 58th and the 61st step, having vibrations extending from 288220,576151,711744 to 2,305763,009213,693952 per second or even higher.

In this series it will be seen there are two great gaps, or unknown regions, concerning which we must own our entire ignorance as to the part they play in the economy of creation. Further, whether any vibrations exist having a greater number per second than those classes mentioned we do not presume to decide.

But is it premature to ask in what way are vibrations connected with thought or its transmission? We might speculate that the increasing rapidity or frequency of the vibrations would accompany a rise in the importance of the functions of such vibrations. That high frequency deprives the rays of many attributes that might seem incompatible with "brain waves," is undoubted. Thus, rays about the 62d step are so minute as to cease to be refracted, reflected or polarized; they pass through many so-called opaque bodies, and research begins to show that the most rapid are just those which pass most easily through dense substances. It does not require much stretch of the scientific imagination to conceive that at the 62d or 63d step the trammels from which rays at the 61st step were struggling to free themselves have ceased to influence rays having so enormous a rate of vibration as 9,223052,036854,775808 per second, and that these rays pierce the densest medium with scarcely any diminution of intensity, and pass almost unrefracted and unreflected along their path with the velocity of light.

Ordinarily we communicate intelligence to each other by speech. I first call up in my own brain a picture of a scene I wish to describe, and then, by means of an orderly transmission of wave vibrations set in motion by my vocal chords

through the material atmosphere, a corresponding picture is implanted in the brain of any one whose ear is capable of receiving such vibrations. If the scene I wish to impress on the brain of the recipient is of a complicated character, or if the picture of it in my own brain is not definite, the transmission will be more or less imperfect; but if I wish to get my audience to picture to themselves some very simple object, such as a triangle or a circle, the transmission of ideas will be well-nigh perfect, and equally clear to the brains of both transmitter and recipient. Here we use the vibrations of the material molecules of the atmosphere to transmit intelligence from one brain to another.

In the newly discovered Röntgen rays we are introduced to an order of vibrations of extremest minuteness as compared with the most minute waves with which we have hitherto been acquainted, and of dimensions comparable with the distances between the centres of the atoms of which the material universe is built up; and there is no reason to suppose that we have here reached the limit of frequency. Waves of this character cease to have many of the properties associated with light waves. They are produced in the same ethereal medium, and are probably propagated with the same velocity as light, but here the similarity ends. They cannot be regularly reflected from polished surfaces; they have not been polarized; they are not refracted on passing from one medium to another of different density, and they penetrate considerable thicknesses of substances opaque to light with the same ease with which light passes through glass. It is also demonstrated that these rays, as generated in the vacuum tube, are not homogeneous, but consist of bundles of different wave-lengths, analogous to what would be differences of color, could we see them as light. Some pass easily through flesh, but are partially arrested by bone, while others pass with almost equal facility through bone and flesh.

It seems to us that in these rays we may have a possible mode of transmitting intelligence, which, with a few reasonable postulates, may supply a key to much that is obscure in psychical research.

We shall not presume to comment on this address. We have quoted so much of it because it is so suggestive and rich. It contains emphatic warnings to all subjectivists and dreamers. The solipsism of idealists receives a wholesome criticism. Because "the truth is within," it is not said that Tom, Dick and Harry can proclaim it. The Mind that is the Truth is not circumscribed by notions derived from a human transient personality.

C. H. A. B.

The true thrift is always to spend on the higher plane; to invest and invest with keener avarice, that he may spend in spiritual creation, and not in augmenting animal existence.—*Emerson*.

If any one should set your body at the mercy of every passer-by you would be indignant. When, therefore, you set your mind at the mercy of every chance, to be troubled or perturbed when any one may revile you, have you no shame in this?—*Epictetus*.

THE SECRETS OF THE NIGHT.

THE SECRETS OF THE NIGHT AND OTHER ESTHONIAN TALES. Translated by F. Ethel. Hynam. Illustrated by O. Oakes-Jones. London. Elliot Stock. 1899.

The revival of interest in Folklore is one of "the signs of the times" of our coming to Reason unembarrassed by superstitions and fanatical incrustations. Most recklessly did the powers in authority deal with past traditions and in callous indifference did the people suffer them to be forgotten.

All Folk traditions are the expressions of the mental life of past ages and, as we study monumental art, philosophies and law systems, so it behooves us to study traditions, because they express the soul-life of a people even more directly than monuments, etc. The reason for this is their genesis directly from the people themselves rather than from their leaders. They differ from the artificial products of officials in their simplicity, directness and universality. On account of these qualities do they contain the most valuable philosophy, life teachings, and are suitable for all ages of men, both for the child and the grown man, both for those ancient days which created them and these modern ones, which study them.

Many modern metaphysicians who find it difficult to deal with abstract philosophical terms, or, who by training are unfit for profound investigations, would do well to engage in the study of the hidden meaning of folklores, etc. Such a study would require in the main receptivity of mind and intuitive apperceptions, powers which all have who trust the New Life.

Among the Esthonian tales translated by F. Ethel. Hynam we find one, "The Secrets of the Night," which is singularly rich in soul-life. In much abbreviated form it runs thus:

Far away in a small village in Finland lived, many years ago, a young peasant. He was very poor, but in spite of poverty and hard work he was always cheerful. He loved to be alone with Nature, to muse on all her wonders and study her many changes. In the evening he felt, as it were, an excess of vital energy that all the hard labour of the day had been unable to exhaust. As the darkness increased this feeling changed to a strange, wild longing after the unknown. At such times the voices of the night would summon him and he would wander far away into the forest in pursuit of the weird shadows that crept among the trees, and flying ever before him, seemed to shrink together as he approached.

The reader will have observed that this young man is in the state of simplicity; there is no diremption in his mind; he has not thought,

has and does live. His life is one of union with himself. It does not last long, before we hear him having entered the way of knowledge good and evil.

Unable to resist his desire to understand the hidden workings of Nature, he went to a magician and asked aid. The Mana-Besehrer warned him, but, the magician insisting upon having his way, the magician gave him a piece of bread and told him to preserve it carefully until Midsummer Eve. If he on that eve could dip it into the golden shell whence the king of the serpents would drink the milk of snipe, he would gain the knowledge he desired. With renewed warnings the magician turned him away. A few nights after he succeeded by sheer courage and persistency in dipping the bread into the golden shell and to swallow it safely. And what was more he got away safely.

It was desire that drove him to act and it was natural strength which supported him. In the bread he "ate heaven and earth" [they had made it], but also the sorrowful gift of nature: the cutting pain and longings. The sap or juice, "the milk of snipe," gave him the understanding of every movement of the shadows, so that he could easily distinguish each one of those indistinct sounds so numerous in the forest, but filled him also with insatiable hunger for realization of his desires. Such is "the good and evil" of knowledge. Wisdom is perfection and rest.

The forest and the landscape were no longer the same to him. The places among the birch trees he used to visit were no longer marshy, but open ground, and one night he saw in a round enclosure built of polished marble of a golden color the assembly of the daughters Mets-hallias and Muru-eides, the goddesses of earth and water. On their alliance depends the fruitfulness of the earth and they renew it in this forest with bathing and dances. With the first flickering of morning the lovely vision disappeared. For three nights he saw the same. With the fourth began a misery that only ended with his death. He never realized a union with any of the goddesses. Thus was verified the magician's warning.

He attained the occult knowledge that a full draught of nature's air gives. He who drinks "the milk of snipe" or is filled with the larial vapors of marshy forest soil will see visions. The misty air of a midsummer night reveals the secrets the trees hold so tightly during the day. Thick and white moves the mysterious twilight among them, now pressing hard against a moonbeam and then winding itself up the white stems of the trees. An intense feeling takes possession of the human heart and the brain grows dizzy. Science knows many learned names for this condition, but does not dream of the spirital states set free by such hallucinations. Experience has shown us numberless cases of mental aberrations and brains never readjusted

after a sleep on the mound of the elves, but has not told us of possible advances in spiritual life only visible in a future existence. However the lesson is this, that only they dare enter upon these occult experiments, who have sufficient rational power in themselves to break the spell "cast upon them." Another point to observe is this: The sum total of the long life of humanity is common property. We are solidarily one with the rest of mankind. It is not necessary to go through any more of the experiences told in Folklore. By reading these tales and entering upon their life in vigorous image-making we may realize as much as we could by actual experiment. Hence I deprecate occult experiments and advocate the study of Folk tales.

C. H. A. E

FROM THE SEA TO THE HILLS.

I have come from the Sea to the beautiful Hills,
To the beautiful hills of green:
Where the balm of the fragrant morn distills
In a flood of heavenly sheen.

And all these beautiful hills are mine,
They are mine by divine descent;
To my soul they are a sacred shrine,
A fountain of sweet content.

For I am the sole legitimate heir
To all that my love can hold,
And the boon that I ask of the earth is to share
In her beauty before her gold.

They bring me no burdens, no taxes I pay,
The Father has made me a Deed;
And all He requires that I keep in the way
Where His Love and Omnipotence lead.

Now I roll in my wealth, all beauty is mine,
And the Father is one with me;
I taste of the cluster that crowneth the vine,
And lave in the Infinite Sea.

And thus I am heir to these glorious heights
In the Land of the Sunset Flame,
Where Nature in search of a model delights
And captures the world with her fame.

O, the wonderful hills, the beautiful hills,
 The glorious hills that shine;
 They speak to my soul, and their language thrills
 Like the strains of a Song Divine!

They are evermore mine, in their beauty I share,
 I am one with Creation and God;
 And I hold the key to all that is fair
 In the atmosphere, sky and sod.

And this is the Golden Key of Life,
 'Tis the key to new thought and new lore;
 It opens the gates of Light where strife
 And sorrow and greed are no more.

So I love my hills, my glorious hills,
 In the Beautiful Golden Land,
 That is bright with the blaze of the Sunset rays,
 As it gleameth along the Strand.

ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

WORDS.

Words are the stranded foam the sea-winds blow,
 Or bloom-snow falling in the springing weeks;
 Unless the character of him who speaks
 Stand out, behind the words, as good and true.

Words are but feathers, bright or black or gray,
 Upon the small wind's fingers borne and lost;
 But actions are the great rocks—tempest cross'd,
 Though fretted by a million storms, they stay.

“Quatrains.”—*Wm. Wilsey Martin.*

you shalt never proclaim thyself a philosopher, nor speak much
 of the vulgar of the philosophic maxims, but do the things that
 flow from the maxims.—*Epictetus.*

Unhappy am I, because this happened to me? Not so, but happy
 I, though this has happened to me, because I continue free from
 it, neither crushed by the present, nor fearing the future.—*Marcus
 Aurelius.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

DUALITY OF VOICE. By Emil Sutro. Cloth, 221 pp., \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

In this unique work there is much to interest the student, not only regarding the special organ in question, but the entire human being, for the author treats his subject from a purely spiritual standpoint, giving recognition to the body only as the instrument of the soul. While his theories may seem vague and difficult to accept the reader cannot fail to appreciate Mr. Sutro's earnestness, and the fact that this new departure from the usual materialistic arguments on this and kindred subjects opens another door into the limitless domains of Truth should give an impetus to his work and make this book a welcome guest to every earnest seeker. The science of the voice is still so undeveloped, and the mystery of its wonderful power only guessed at, as yet, that any theory, however novel, which carries the thought into higher and more spiritual realms for its solution, should receive careful attention from all who are in sympathy with spiritual progress.

A quotation or two from these interesting pages will not be amiss: "The intonation of a word, expressive of the soul in the embodiment of an idea, is a bond which unites all humanity; not alone the human souls of any special day and generation, but of all days and all generations. But for the fact that the Greek soul is in us to-day, that the native intonation of *their* words is native with us and with all mankind, their *dead* tongue would be *absolutely* dead for us. We could find no meaning in it, no beauty, no spirit, no soul."

Again: "The knowledge of the exercise of our faculties is dependent on the knowledge of life and on that of the spirit, without whose aid no transaction of life of any kind ever takes place. Despairing of his ability to penetrate into the realms of the spirit aspiring man has ever resorted to that which was next at his command—matter. But body and mind, in alliance, have ever succeeded in frustrating these efforts; in keeping the secret of their duality and mutuality intact from the gaze of man."

A NEW SYSTEM OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. In Two Books. Book I. By James Ferguson. Cloth, 240 pp., \$1.50. Published by the author. Talmage, Neb.

We have before us Book I. of this work, which is devoted to "The Physical Universe," and in order to help the reader to an understanding of the author's aim we cannot do better than to quote from Mr. Ferguson's Introductory Chapter: "The Universe, so far as is known

to us, may be regarded as having two sides, the Physical and the Mental. This book is occupied with the physical universe, the other with the mental universe. . . . Some idea of the complete system, and of the method and line of argument pursued in the work, may be obtained from the following series of propositions:

“An universal likeness (no difference) can be thought of only as a boundless nothing—or as pure empty space. Empty space does not contain anything, and in itself it is nothing;—at least, it is the best example of nothing that the human mind can have. It is possible to think of space in contrast with something, and so it may be regarded as an object of thought; but when considered in the strictly abstract sense (as separated from something) we cannot think of it as being something. Deeper than this deepest contrast of nothing—something, mind cannot go, and this is the limit and foundation of all knowledge. . . . The universe (all things) must exist in matter and by reason of difference. Outside of matter is empty space or nothing, and in nothing there is no difference. The word ‘things’ is supposed to be the widest in our language, and it is wide enough to take in all but nothing. . . . Mind can know only things and nothing, and each and everything, in order to be known, must be distinguished from nothing and from other things through a sense of their difference. Difference, therefore, is also the first law of sense and of knowledge. This, in brief, is Universal Relativity: the law of all laws, because it precedes and includes all things. . . . Feeling convinced that this is the primary law, that there is nothing deeper, and that there is no limit to its application until we reach the limits of the universe, I have adopted it as my chief guide throughout this work. I have even entertained the opinion that this law is the key to all knowledge.”

Of the soundness of these premises the reader must judge for himself, after a careful perusal of the chapters which follow. The title of the second book, “The Mental Universe” (to be published later), suggests a field of vast interest, in which all thoughtful minds are delving in this wonderful age, and we have no doubt that Mr. Ferguson’s work will be welcomed.

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THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

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PRESENT IDEALISM.

BY STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

If we are to be utilitarian let it be in a true and broad sense. Exclude not the Spirit which gives life; exclude not the Beautiful which has a vast bearing on life. Be true to the import of Utilitarianism and utilize whatever is available. Men will not be content with electricity and compressed air and steam, but shall pass on to psychic forces and harness these. We may not stop short at action but shall deal with thought which precedes and conditions action. Conventionalism has provided us no rapid transit; it is at best a snail's pace. We shall soon tire of creeping thus. A little less cultivation without: a little more within. Let us no longer be indifferent to real issues; inner forces, divine relationship—shall they be ignored? Let us infuse some daring into the utilitarian mind and essay the wings of the Spirit.

What then is Utilitarianism? Is it something apart from Art; is something separate from Beauty, from the Spiritual, the psychic, the occult? Then something apart from Being and hence a figment. Let us pour new life into the old forms if we must still retain them. Let us lay aside our ancient history, our ancestral gods; let us be up and *thinking*! The vice is not Utilitarianism, but it is that Utilitari-

anism is faint-hearted,—mole-eyed. It would hitch up Dobbin but leaves Pegasus out to pasture; it invents spectacles but sees no visions. And now it would *prove* that the Soul is immortal. But religion and inspiration come not so. The bread of life is not to be baked in loaves. He who must have algebraic demonstration of the Soul would not be greatly benefited by the proof.

The apostle of Realism must first learn what is real; the advocate of might must know wherein is true power. So shall he come to deal with substance and not shadow,—with the unseen often, rather than with the seen. In our effort to be practical let us be divinely practical—not stupidly so. Shall we then save our pennies and waste our thoughts; shall we bolt the house door and leave open the door of the mind; fumigate the dwelling and take no precaution against mental contagion? Shall we sit in our sun parlors but exclude the blessed sunshine of Love,—toast our feet and freeze our hearts? There comes a time when we must have done with symbols and consider the reality. Faith! Suggestion! Thought! These are the agents of a spiritual energy of which force is but the sign. To be deeply practical is to engage spiritual activities, to utilize the mind to which we are channels,—to let the tide run our mills; it is the ability to utilize occult affinities,—to use to the utmost the cosmic force of Love.

There is a spiritual hearing and a spiritual seeing. Five senses will not suffice; the utilitarian must needs have seven or more to develop his full capacity. The practical world once did without steam, once paid its bills in garden stuff—so much hay or potatoes for a pair of boots. And five senses shall presently be as inadequate as a currency of cowrie shells; we must have a more universal medium or be left in the lurch. Gravity carries freight and moonshine will float ships. But there are forces more intangible than moonshine, and on this tide shall our ships come in. It was only necessary to liquify air to reveal a new field of available energy; and the control of thought shall disclose the vast field of spiritual dynamics.

Here are those who claim to be healed by thought; others who run and leap because of faith! We have hugged our delusions and they have failed us; but these have found new delusions—it may be—

d cannot contain their joy. It were well, perhaps, to forsake the old delusion for the new if such are its fruits. Let us brave the agon of public opinion and see if here is not something we may utilize and thus add to our utilitarian category. What faith have we put in ipecac and pills, and with what returns—O, ye gods! they have stayed not the hand of the Lord. Shall the obituary column teach us nothing? A soul passing from some bedside every second time and leaving there its house of clay—sad, mute commentary on the unavailing phials. What if after all the idealist has become more practical than we?

Strictly speaking, all men are in a sense idealists, for though they may be removed from sympathy with the spirit of Idealism—the difference lies in their ideals. Whatever in the mind stands for truth; whatever sum of ideas impresses itself as paramount; whatever concept is entertained of the existing order, is the ideal upon which dances attendance,—be it never so sophisticated. That which we actually believe to be the best of which the universe is capable, such our ideal,—such our present inspiration, or our damning limit. If our ideals are emotional rather than rational, so will be our lives. Vulgar ideals make vulgar people; fleshly ideals make sensualists. And the consecration of thought to transcendent ideals is responsible for poets and seers. The materialist is a man of material ideals and holds an ideal of himself as a thing of atoms,—of flesh and bones; materialism is the outcome of this ideal of himself and of the universe. Men are influenced directly by that which they believe and not by what they would like to believe. We become optimists or pessimists according to the harmony or inharmony of our own minds. This, namely, that we work from ideals to externals,—specifically, that ideals are externalized in the body—is the psychology of the ideal, the practical aspect which distinguishes modern Idealism. It is not the Soul which grows but our realization of it merely, and it is this that constitutes development. Growth is the process of uncovering and bringing to light that which is, rather than any creation from without. This process of discovering hidden truth—uncovering the Soul—may be likened to a journey through wellnigh impenetrable forests, seeing at rare intervals a fitful glimpse of the

overarching blue, and plunging again into abysmal depths. And to us there come at times, as to Siegfried, the offspring of Wotan, strains of a sublime motive, awakening knowledge of the Soul's greatness,—intimations of a divine lineage.

Sanity does not consist in conformity to custom, nor to social precedents and human decrees, as such, but to whatsoever in these is in accordance with Truth. Sanity, out and out, is nothing less than parallelism with Truth. It alters not the case that our departure is conventional; the results of aberrant thought are always evident. One unfortunate bethinks himself a god and is taken to the asylum; but many another made in the spiritual image of God dubs himself a miserable bit of clay. Unsoundness of a certain kind is prevalent wherever men are not true to God and to the brotherhood of man; and every man is still unbalanced who perceives not his own divinity. Oh, for the divine physician who shall cast out these devils from our consciousness; for the spiritual mind which shall bring us peace; for the tonic of pure thought which shall make us whole!

Idealism *per se* never attains the fatal dignity of a system; it is always somewhat undefined and open to further accessions of Truth. It is rather a spiritual bias and predilection—a refined clay, plastic in the hands of every age; which, whenever the time is ripe, is molded to the form of some philosophic system. The philosophy of the Ideal is indeed older than history; Idealism was already venerable when writing was invented. But it has now come upon practical times and received a new investiture, a new value; and its gift to this age is the science of mental therapeutics.

This budding science, classed by the unthinking as a kind of astrology or necromancy, is perhaps the astrological stage of an exact science destined to revolutionize all therapeutic systems. It starts with the premise—and this premise at least was known to Swedenborg—that the members of the body are correspondences, their various functions symbolic of the spiritual office, and not in themselves final; eye and ear of an inner vision and hearing; hands and feet of certain faculties; sex of the creative principle; head, torso, limbs all corresponding to the spiritual man. And this has given rise to an experimental psychology that shall be of use outside of the

dom. Hitherto has psychology been milk for babes; here is for strong men. Opposite our category of emotions we must write a corresponding list of effects. Here are grief, fear, hatred and the rest arising in the mind, and far from vanishing in air, our psychology reveals that they act directly to derange actions of heart, lungs, stomach and liver. Here again are trust, joy and serenity acting to produce normal conditions and sustain the body in health. Here then is the remedy for the effects of false emotion; where fear has deranged, love will restore. Through force of pure logic we are constrained to admit that emotion and wrong ideals are responsible for pathologic conditions. We read in the earliest scriptures that it was then and there that hatred was overcome by love, never by hatred; and it appears that anger and hatred are productive of poison in the system and true to the old rule this is overcome by the current of love. There is a certain sympathy and correlation between the results of physical science and this new psychology—strange bedfellows though they may be. Science demonstrates telepathy, and becomes at once the vehicle of this Idealism, the winged messenger of this therapeutic Jove—the emissary from the rational to the living consciousness. Again the intuitive perception of the truth is corroborated by the chemist analyzing the blood under the influence of various negative emotions, for lo! there are the poisonous elements corresponding to each and every one. When before did chemistry reveal facts so momentous—big with revolution and the overthrow of hoary systems!

It is precisely because of the revelations of this transcendental psychology that ontology is become the basis of Idealism, and that Idealism is so largely metaphysical, for the demonstrated facts of thought and emotion serve to emphasize the vital character of the science of Being. We must know entity, essence and substance, not mere abstractions, but as means of life, as targets for thought. Whether good or evil, order or chaos obtains,—whether evil exists or not—shall not be a matter of sentiment but of metaphysics. And it is in its metaphysics that our Idealism stands most indebted to the advances of its psychology is the child of this vigorous century. So in this

marvelous coming age our *lares et penates* is to be a volume of metaphysics and a treatise on mental therapeutics in place of the old family medicine book.

The ground on which we stand is derived from earlier formations, from prehistoric lands, but sand is sand and clay is clay whether they figure in secondary or in tertiary rocks. The Rocky Mountains are journeying piecemeal to the sea, there to lay down new strata of the old, old material which doubtless shall be re-elevated and become the territory of the future races. And so do the grains of truth of an Archean metaphysics constantly figure in newer formations. If we briefly examine into the philosophical grounds of this Idealism, we are made sensible first of the influence of the Upanishads declaring the inner Self—absolute and unconditioned,—the venerable Aryan doctrine of Nescience, and the perception of the Self as the basis of freedom and happiness. And so does our Idealism inculcate a rather modified and practical Yoga,—a relating of the consciousness to the real, and a concentration of thought thereon; in other words the assumption and maintenance of a God-consciousness. Here are none of the externals of Christianity but much of the cherished teaching of Jesus, proclaiming the relation of man to the Father, the efficacy of Love, and of Faith,—the necessity for spiritual living. Never since the days of the primitive Church has such unqualified allegiance been offered to the glorious spirit of that man's teaching as is manifested in the Idealism of to-day; never before has his life and work been brought home to us with equal fervor and made so real, so tangible, so very present. And for this reason if for no other, this day would leave its radiant mark on history; this page would be turned down for future reference. As for the rest, it is perhaps not overstating it to say that Idealism must always be indebted to Plato; that here is some trace of the broader principles of the Stoics, though none of their self-limitation. Here also the *à priori* knowledge and intuitionism of Kant and of the Transcendentalists, God, Freedom, and Immortality,—now as then! Here also Swedenborg's doctrine of Correspondences, or its counterpart. But here is something more substantial than the visions of Plotinus. Here are no howling dervishes, as some would have it, foaming at the mouth and walking

over the bodies of infants. As we glance backward through the long vista of years—over Idealism in its many phases to Vedic times, when kings sat at the feet of wise men, we perceive that it everywhere reverts to one common source—the Soul.

In the nature of a composite it assuredly now is—but it is more than this. It has focused many benign rays but has caught some further effects of the spectrum as well. The watchword to-day is *application*; it would make of itself an applied science. The hidden doctrine is made public. The fragments gathered here and there it has fitted together with fair accuracy, and has builded a firm foundation. This stability has it secured, and thus potent are its facts, that, whereas the idealist was once a crank and with difficulty adjusted himself to life, he who lives in this present Idealism fares somewhat better than other men; his mind is clearer, his eye brighter and his step more elastic. If men do not apprehend the peculiar tenor of his views, they still recognize that he has somewhat that they have not, an assurance born of trust,—a freedom which they lack; and they attribute it doubtless to destiny, or luck, or inheritance and temperament. But it is the Truth alone that shall make us free, and a very little lends us wings. Here is a little philosophy well rounded at any rate, for it treats of *man*—not of fingers and toes merely; but of man in his essence and in his entirety, of man the spirit, and his garment the mind, and his outer garment the body—and of the relation and dependence of the outer upon the inner.

This is the mark then by which the Idealism of these times shall be known, that it aims to be practical, that it is the friend of the Present, of the eternal Now. It has asserted for itself an individuality in this radical departure from mediæval and recent Idealism, for it is not content to hope merely,—it would *realize*. It asks believing that it has received. It is no postponement, no mere glimpse of a future bliss that bids us put up with present ills; but it would have us see that now is the accepted time, and demands of us regeneration to the end that we may uncover the soul and shed its luster upon these present conditions. It claims to bake bread; it is applied or nothing. And who shall say it is not exacting,—as

Truth is exacting. It demands first a moral cure; if the eye offend, pluck it out. It says wisdom conditions happiness; therefore first be wise. It delves deep and lays its finger on the diseased spot in mind. Cut out the moral cancer; give a tonic for the mental debility; build up the understanding! It deals with cause first, last, and always; and this is its paramount claim to practicality. It has evolved a system of spiritual economics; it is a moral disciplinarian, an ethical martinet. If man is spirit, then no patching and painting of the exterior will set him on the right road; as well sew up the crater of a volcano with intent to stop an eruption. He must get into alignment with Truth—with the facts of Being. If the consciousness is warped, straighten it out. If man has related himself to the seeming, bring him back to the Real: put him in touch with his divine Source and God will work miracles through him.

This Idealism is accused of some extravagances; and why not, since we may have a metaphysical as well as a theological dogmatism. But a sifting process is ever at work. We need but give an extremist rope enough. Men have always been a little fearful lest Truth were not self-sustaining; and all systems receive a vast deal of boosting and propping which their truth needs not at all, and which is ever inadequate to uphold their tottering error. It is a puny truth indeed that needs our vociferations. The roots of a practical Idealism are permeating many institutions and modes of living. Physical culture assumes a new basis and its enlightened advocates address themselves to the mental action as the governing principle in physical exercise; and so with voice culture. A psychological basis is found for the kindergarten and the young idea is taught to shoot with definite aim. Wherever its roots reach, there is the ground stirred, there begins a new life,—a new activity. The “advanced movement” of every age is the bantling of Great Idealism. And now from the rock of Truth has it made its imperative call,—there “raised high the perpendicular hand in America’s name.”

STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

Blessed are the ears that gladly receive the pulses of the divine whisper, and give no heed to the many whisperings of this world.—
Thomas à Kempis.

A GARDEN OF FLOWERS.

(*An Allegory.*)

BY MISS ANNA MATHEWSON.

Time looked over the newly built wall enclosing the little garden and saw a baby sleeping on the young grass in the shade. All about were flower-beds, but as yet nothing was growing in them. While he gazed a change came over the unconscious face, a shadow of care swept the brow, a tiny tear slipped down the pink cheek and the soft hands moved restlessly. Time nodded to himself and went away up the long road that leads nobody knows whither.

In the fifth summer he returned, and the laughing child ceased playing as the strange eyes met her own.

“What do you do here?” he asked; and though his voice was that of age, immeasurable age, it had the vigor of youth.

“I play with my flowers,” she answered, shyly.

“What flowers have you beside these hollyhocks?”

“Not any; these are the most fun. I can make all sorts of playthings out of them.” And she began arranging the flower-toys, forgetting his presence until he spoke again.

“The days for playing are past now, and there are finer flowers for you than these.”

He entered the garden; the tall stalks trembled and fell before his scythe, and he bore them away while the little one cried for her lost treasures.

But soon he was forgotten, and on his next round a fresh young voice cheerfully greeted him, and stopped in its song to answer his questions.

“Yes; they are very, very bright, and I like them all. See, here are poppies and marigolds, and there are fuchsias and geraniums—so many colors!”

“Have you none that are sweet? No mignonette nor lilies of the valley?”

“Oh, mignonette is so homely and lilies are just white and so tiny! These are prettier,” she exclaimed.

“They may please your sight; but you must learn that far lovelier

are the flowers that bear some tender message to the heart," he rejoined; and then, despite her protests, the gorgeous plants were soon bound into his sheaf.

"I shall remember how bad you were to me, if you ever come again," she called after him, amid passionate sobs.

He paused before closing the gate. "No, my child; you will forgive me some day; just wait and see. Meanwhile do the best you can with your little garden."

But when he appeared again the garden was a sorry sight; weeds rioted among the strangely assorted flowers that were struggling for life; here, from a stray seed dropped long ago, sprang a lonely hollyhock, tall, ungainly and bent with every breeze, while beneath its awkward leaves some relics of the former bright-hued band strove to conceal their dwarfed forms; there, in a small cleared space, mignonette and lilies of the valley timidly started to bloom, and on all sides were plants that had died ere blossoming.

"And how is this?" asked Time, quietly entering. The slender maiden blushed and drooped her lashes. Suddenly her lips quivered; she had meant to be careless or defiant, but after one look into his wise, calm eyes, she hated him no longer. Gently he laid his strong hand upon her bowed head.

"I cannot help it," she broke forth. "I do try—sometimes, but things go so wrong! It is a long, long while since you were here; and now I hardly know what I want. But this is so dreadful I wish I could begin over again."

"You may," he replied; and he patiently cleared away all save the fairest of the flowers. "There! Now let us see once more what the years will bring." He shouldered his burden with its added weight and went forth, and the girl's dreamy eyes dwelt thoughtfully upon his vanishing form ere she turned with a smiling sigh to her garden.

It was transformed when next he beheld it—filled below with a wealth of white and gold daisies; embowered above by masses of vine, bearing airy flowers like captive butterflies.

"Oh, I am glad you have come!" she cried. "See how lovely it is now!"

“And why have you chosen these ordinary things?” he asked with a smile, resting his scythe among the daisies.

“Well, you know, the daisies—” she began, looking everywhere but at him; “I—I like to tell my fortune with them when I am lonely.”

“Aha!” said Time, “so the garden grows lonely, does it? You started so when I opened the gate that I thought you were afraid of its being an intruder.”

“Oh, no,” she responded quickly; “I fancied that it might be a stranger, but I was not frightened.”

Time stroked his white beard meditatively and muttered something that sounded like “Sweet-and-twenty!”

“Why do you have these?” he resumed.

“The sweet peas? Because they have such a mysterious perfume and such wonderful hues. I love to wear them, though they fade far too quickly.” Her voice was shaded with regret, but she added, hastily, “you will not touch my beautiful garden this time, will you?”

“Is any one save yourself made happier by its being in the world?” he questioned, slowly.

“Why, no,” she replied with surprise. “I supposed every one had a garden to please himself. I never thought much about it.”

“Your own words have condemned it,” said Time, sadly. “Try again.” And as of old she was standing among the empty beds, her heart beating with resentment at his cruelty.

The tears in young eyes sparkle like the dews of morning and turn into gentle vapor when the sun of happiness shines forth, therefore when Time once more approached his charge she was fairer than ever and with a new light in her face. Everything matched her perfect bloom; the rarest of roses sighed their languid breath into the soft air, and whether she or the birds had the blither song—who could say?

“Why, you were here so lately,” she murmured, releasing a bended bough that showered white petals down to hide among the ripples of her hair. “No? Has it really been years? Well, I have learned what you wished me to, I think; and the lesson was—oh, so easy, after it once began. If I had thought of your coming to-day

I would have kept a handful of my favorite roses, but I give all the best ones away now as soon as they open. Come in and rest for a while." And she smilingly unlatched the gate.

Time sat among the roses and sighed. It was all very sweet, and she had grown so strangely lovable that he half longed to leave his work undone and never return, that the rose-garden might bloom forever. Unheeding his silence her words flowed along, telling the love story so new to her, so old to him.

"You meant to take away all the daisies," she finished, gayly, "but one dropped in the path, and it told my fortune for the last time—'Nine, he comes'; so I made the garden ready to welcome him, and now all the roses are his alone."

Time looked keenly at her. "Does he care as much for them as you do?"

She hesitated. "Not quite, perhaps. He did just at first, but now he sometimes leaves a beautiful wreath half finished because he imagines there are voices outside the wall calling for help, when there has been no sound except the music of the nightingale; and often he speaks about some work that is waiting for him to do, and goes off so hurriedly that he forgets to take them." And she glanced toward an urn filled with dead rose leaves. "But, of course, he really does care, and I give them just the same. That is what you wanted me to do; so say that you will let all remain as it is now. Yes?"

Slowly he arose and led her to a gap in the high wall, whence a stone had fallen, and silently pointed through the opening. At first she saw only the screening roses, then she hastily pushed them aside though the thorns tore her hands, for afar on the long road that leads nobody knows whither she beheld the one she loved so dearly, and he was going from her. He seemed overcome with grief, yet he gave no backward look to the garden of roses ere a turn hid him from her sight. The distance showed her nothing, nothing at all, although she stood gazing fixedly while the hours passed. The glowing sun flashed a laughing farewell and disappeared; the evening breeze wandered at random with murmured fragments of song; softly the dew descended, and the careless moon let fall a veil of silvery gossamer, which, spreading wide as it drifted downward, lay over the scene.

Then she turned, and her eyes shone in the dusk. She had resolved to leave forever the painful beauty of the rose-garden with its many memories and carry her aching heart to some far hidden place beyond Time's power to hurt or heal again.

Where was Time? Where were her roses? The gate was locked and the garden was empty—empty as her desolate life.

The days that were all alike went on and on and on. There sprang from the brown earth a myriad of fragile green shoots, but she knew not that Time himself had sown the seed, so she looked upon them with indifferent wonder until they began to bloom.

It was with slow and heavy tread that he again advanced, pausing to view the altered scene. Not a stone of the wall remained on the side next the road, and every tired traveler might rest in the garden now, or in passing gain a smile from the woman who patiently worked there. Already her hair was silver-streaked, and sweetly sorrowful lines were on her brow, but within her eyes dwelt peace and upon her mouth resignation. The soft cooing of a dove that brooded over the place was no less pleasing to the ear than the joyous melody of the songbirds that had long flown; and the sunset was touching her tresses with the lost gold of youth as she bent to fill the hands of a wayfaring child with the dearest of all flowers, the heart's-ease. Then she sent the little one happily on its way and greeted her old master with that perfect smile known only to lips that have often parted in laughter, thrilled in lingering kisses and quivered in grief.

Time looked about; truly it was a restful spot, where a soul might learn to know itself. The friendly little flowers bloomed in rich beauty, their wonderful tints blending into harmony and their subtle odor soothing the senses. But in one far corner something else grew, a cluster of different flowers, gleaming pale in the fading light. They seemed less realities than memories of what had been, and every one was white—hollyhock, poppy, lily, sweet pea and rosebud. They had been trained with loving care, perchance warmed into life by faint smiles and watered with quiet tears, and the keen face of Time was softened as he beheld the poor little ghost flowers.

She sat beside him, her worn hands folded. "May I know yet how much longer I must labor here?"

The voice of Time sounded deep as a tolling bell. "Take some of your flowers for remembrance, my faithful child," he said, "and go forth in peace, even to-night."

She crowned herself with golden heart's-ease and gathered a handful of the pale blossoms of long ago, but the snowy rosebud she hid upon her heart, where the love still lived. Then she bade a gentle farewell to Time, and leaving him in the dear old garden, contentedly set forth on the long road that leads nobody knows whither.

ANNA MATHEWSON.

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY.

In the long lost years of antiquity—

Ages since then have flown—

A soul was beguiled in iniquity,

And a seed of its karma sown.

Her form was of faultless creation,

Her eyes were ethereal blue,

Her breath was a sweet exhalation,

Her voice was like music when true.

We strolled on the shores of the river,

We sat 'neath the shade of the Sphinx,

We loved 'neath the stars' gentle quiver,

Where the moon from the gloaming shrinks.

Another dared vow to this Vision;

Another was witched by her spell—

Dared make her his own secret mission,

Dared venture to woo her as well.

* * * * *

We met with this passion enkindled,

We met near the Nile's placid bed,

We fought with a fire unhindered,

We fought till his spirit had fled.

Now the days of remorse break abruptly;

Now the gleaner is reaping the tares;

For the law when 'tis meted out justly

No mask of uncertainty wears.

E. H. OWEN.

IS THERE A CHURCH REVOLUTION?

BY E. L. C. WARD.

No people were ever contented and happy without predominant forms of worship, and he who confines his thoughts solely to any one form or creed in speaking of the church universal is either ignorant or bigoted. There is much good in them all; and whether of Confucius, Buddha, Catholic, Jew or Christian, they are much alike, and really much nearer together than they often imagine. They all sprang originally from good and divine origins, and have, or have had, their day of usefulness. The opinions we form of them, however, depend largely upon the accidents of birth, teachings and environments, the use of the pronoun and nationality settling to a great extent which is mine and which is yours. Hence the average Jew would have been a Christian under different circumstances; the Chinaman would have worshiped some other God than the sun had he been born amid and reared by the Quakers, and the Methodist or Baptist would have been just as strong Catholics had they been born and reared among different influences; though, alas, perhaps all of them would now take their chances for the burning lake rather than exchange views with each other.

While bigotry is dangerous to true godliness, it is to some extent right to have strong convictions, especially if they are reinforced by mentality; yet human nature is very much inclined to the reversions of the lower nature, and hence we should be very guarded to see that they do not come back and dwarf our minds and predominate our natures, for if there is any proper division of the churches it is a simple array of good against evil. They are all only divisions of the same army, fighting against a common enemy and in a common cause. This appeared to be the idea of Jesus, and I fear we are drifting too far from it, at times permitting the evil reversions of our natures to come in and drive out good and holy ends and desires. While all agree on the Golden Rule, the decalogue and some form of Deity, are there not many wars more foolish than was the "War of Roses?"

Have not the church armies more or less forgotten the common enemy and turned to cutting and slashing among themselves, or at an imagined enemy, with a mere warfare of words, sentiments and notions.

It may be wrong, but there is a prevalent idea that different branches of this army have learned to be quite as uncharitable to each other as to the real enemy; and if I were called on to point out any sin of the church it would be that of bigotry. In this reversion to the wolf and the lion, and the evil instincts of humanity, God is often almost forgotten and a worship of the particular church or creed set up in His stead. Alas, the number of small gods that are worshiped to-day! and while their worshipers laugh at the old worshipers of the golden calf they unite in paying homage to the material, if not the form of the calf. And whether from bigotry, church and creed worship, or other causes, or all of them, it is sadly evident that the church has lost much of its former hold upon the public. The bigot may deny and the "church" may defy, but to the observant the fact is nevertheless the same.

There may be various causes for this, and he is the churches' best friend, no matter to what branch of its army he belongs, who first sounds the alarm and suggests the remedy. It is a matter not alone of interest to the church itself but to society as well. To all come the questions: Are people as religious as they used to be, and if not, why not? Is there a church revolution on hand? We need not allude to past church revolutions, nor to the dangers of intimating that any particular section is not "a church-going community." Yet the United States is a fair criterion of church civilization, and is a church-going country. The church rolls show an immense army, though many of them are non-church goers, or admitted backsliders. Many who appear on the lists are placed there for distinctive classifications, and yet by the latest statistics there is less than one seat, in all churches, for the membership, and less than one seat to two people of the population. How well these seats are filled on the Sabbath is a matter of individual estimate. One thing is sure, however, there are no longer demands for brush arbors and standing room only, and as a matter of fact, except on unusual occasions,

There is not only plenty of room, but rarely are the seats more than half filled.

There is no use of denying the fact that the comparison in this country is rather favorable to the church, while formerly such was not the case. In view, therefore, of these and other apparent facts, may we not reason together and inquire the causes and effects? Are they not vital questions to the church and public? It might be expected that the "sinner" should be occasionally absent, but why the churchmen? Whither are the people drifting; to atheism, or simply from the church? Are they quitting all gods or going off after false gods? Has the minister done, or failed to do, anything to drive the flock away? Have the churches been asked for bread and have given stone? Along this line there is truly food for thought, and which ignorance and abuse will not change, nor overlooking the facts settle. They are effects for which there must be a cause, and for which there should be remedies devised.

There are doubtless many causes why people do not attend church so generally as they formerly did, and yet there are many more people now to attend them than formerly. It was said of the early churchmen in this country that the reason they were so united in religious worship was because it was then a case of "hang together or of being hanged separately." Whatever other reasons may be assigned for it this one cannot now exist, for surely all may attend church without the fear of being hanged or scalped. It may, however, be that this privilege for which our forefathers so zealously fought has become commonplace and less appreciation is manifested than formerly. Still there must be other reasons for it, as people will go where they are interested, and there are far more to interest them now than then. There are now clubs, bicycles, baseball and thousands of things that were not in existence. Yet we cannot think that even these diversions are the sole, if, indeed, they be the main, causes for the growing non-church attendance. There seems to be something back of all that has changed, to a great extent, the old idea of worship and church reverence, and given the idea that a minister is only wanted "at a funeral or a marriage." It used to be that there were sanctities with all, whether from fear of the burning lake, and many

of those hideous things of the early church history, or deeper reverence to the cause; and it seems almost impossible that we should have ever been told that "there is no religion west of the Missouri and no God west of the Rocky Mountains," and that the church "was now only a retreat for imbeciles, women and children." That it has had its day, is now dominated by weak minds and mental dwarfs; that it has lost its sympathy and charity for the masses and has been converted into "mutual admiration societies and closed corporations for the rich." That God has left the church in disgust; that men to enter the church must leave their minds behind; that to get a favor or a job you must not go to the church people; or, having either, you must be a hypocrite to escape the venom of their bigotry, and all such. It seems impossible at the present day that such charges should be made, and yet, whether the churches ever hear them or not, they surely are made, and are apparently well indorsed.

To the observant this means something. Indeed it means much, for only a short time back it was thought that only Thomas Paine and Col. Ingersoll would make such remarks. To-day the unorthodox speak to crowded houses, and what they write finds immense and ready sales. And, whether right or wrong, good or bad, they appear to have been more successful in "conversions" than do the churches. At least something, or a combination of things, has put the public to reading and thinking, and in just this proportion do they seem to be seeking other places and amusements to the neglect of the churches. Not only this, but many of the old Bible stories, at least in their literalities, are emphatically denied. The old-fashioned hell is now scoffed; the Jonah story is jested with; the school boy is openly told, as a choice between the teachings of his teachers at Sunday school and those of science and the high school, of the story of creation, to accept the latter; while the churches and all have about agreed that creeds are of human origin and limitations, and not those of the spirit or Deity.

Following these ideas have come dancing without thought of sin; card playing for amusement; theatre-going without compunctions of conscience; and so far has the pendulum swung in the opposite direction, that baseball games, bicycle races, Sunday shows and a

thousand of things that the churches, if not the public, considered as grave offenses in the past, have found in the public morals a considerable open tolerance. If these so-called offenses were confined to the "sinners" and the "unconverted" there might be less of wonder. But are they? Except by the lists on the church rolls, how could you tell many of them? And yet while the minister gathers with his diminished flock, and sings "A charge to keep I have," is it any wonder the passing crowd looks in and asks "Where is the charge?" Why this apparent revolution against the churches?

It is useless to get mad, lose patience and say the one is right and the other is wrong. That proves nothing, and besides seems to be a question of opinion, and in which the churches appear to be growing into a waning minority. People will go where it suits them, and restraints against will may make hypocrites but will never make Christians. It is needless to say that the picture is overdrawn, or that it applies to any one country, church or section. The facts and proofs do not so warrant. Nor is it fully determined that people are worse, less moral or more wicked than formerly, in proportion to population. If that be affirmed it may also be denied, as it depends upon the view taken of it. On the lines of temperance and profanity it will doubtless be admitted that the world has advanced. It is plainly seen by observation and the diminished quantity of strong drink consumed. It is also evident that humanity has made wonderful strides in the way of intellectual advancement. The public is both reading and • thinking more. Children are brighter and the older are more thoughtful. The mental food of the present and future is stronger and of higher grade; for the public is at least more choice and discriminating since the cheapening of books and literature. One fact is they will no longer listen to a man whose assertion is the only evidence that he has been "called." To be heard, nowadays, the speaker must say something; to be read, he must have a message.

In the light of these advancements then, in other lines, in the name of all that is good and holy, may we not ask what is the matter with the churches? Why are the people estranged from them? Have they advanced too fast, or have the churches advanced too little? It can hardly be said that the people have become atheists,

for reverence for Deity is still as universal in the human heart as is the recognition of hope. God is, was and ever will be; and the heart of nature, as well as that of man, reaches out to Him and re-echoes the sympathetic chords of the creature to the Creator. Universal is the belief and hope in Deity, and to other causes must we look for the apparent revolt against the churches, for even the wars of the so-called atheists have been against men, creeds and dogmas and not against the Godhead.

Let us go back then to other inquiries. Is it because the people think they can live better and happier without the churches than with them? Outside of them than in them? Have they advanced and are now waiting for the coming church to catch up with their procession? Are they tired of the old and demand the new? Are they tired of creeds, forms and isms and desert the church to escape them? Do they hear and read something better without than within them? Are they turning from them on account of what they consider literalisms and pious contradictions, rather than apparently indorse what they there hear? Is it the idea of simply tearing down the old, or a revolution that hopes to meet the demands by newer and still better structures?

Be the answer what it may, it is one of deep concern to the church and public, which they must soon realize and recognize. It cannot be denied there are evidences of new demands of some kind upon every hand; nor can it be denied that, after all, no matter what the origin, the people make the churches and not the churches the people. All the present churches were the supply of demands, if not the direct products of revolutions, and the future church, as in the past, will be the simple supply in answer to public demands. In church work, as in everything else, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," and there is no more favorite instrumentality of His hand than humanity.

So what if there be an impending church revolution ahead of us? In it we really have nothing to fear. Religion has nothing to fear. The real church has nothing to fear. On the other hand, it has all to gain and nothing to lose. The Bible and all Divine teaching, whether written in the blade of grass upon the mountain peak or

where, have nothing to fear. Progress is the inevitable law of
 , nature and man—religion included. The church is simply the
 instrument of God and man. So is the rose or blade of grass. They
 come and go. As they grow and serve their day and time they
 out and are supplanted by something better. God and man go
 though they drop out the good remains. The false must and will
 away, whether in books or doctrines. The true and the right
 on forever. Even revolutions are the instruments to this end—
 only sieves through which God sifts the false from the true. Hence
 need have no fears of instrumentalities; as God is always God;
 it is always right; truth is always truth, and progress is always
 forward and onward. Religion always has and always will serve man
 to worship God. It will in the future, by wiser, broader, higher,
 purer and still better forms, even in spite of any and all revolutions.

E. L. C. WARD.

INFINITE ROOM.

We push and crowd. God made a universe
 To hold us all, and ample room for each.
 We thrust each other out, rebel and curse,
 And will not listen when He fain would teach.
 Broad lie the fields uncultivated; while
 We swarm in city streets and narrow ways:
 The hills are desolate; we rush and file
 Through narrow passes, lost in danger's maze.
 We will not listen to the bird's sweet song;
 In concert rooms we stifle with the breath
 Of thousands, crowding in an eager throng
 To hear the sorcerer who lures to death.
 The restless sea creeps up and fain would quiet
 Our troubled hearts; we turn our eyes away.
 The murmur of a thousand feet and the riot
 Of traffic holds us in its grasp each day.
 We will not see God's beauty in the world;
 We will not hear His voice in wind and sea;
 We will not see the flag He has unfurled
 That makes us heirs of peace and liberty.

CLAIRE K. ALDEN.

MYSELF AND I.

BY MRS. EVA BEST.

In ages past—in days of ignorance—
When Youth was ours, and we belonged to Youth—
Myself and I were indivisible;
The closest comrades, boon companions, friends,
Enjoying Life's delights in mutual
And honest sympathy; nor ever thought
To reach a time when what we saw, and heard,
And felt, and feared, and dreamed would ever be
For one, and not the other of us twain.

But afterwhile, when I had older grown,
And grim Experience had led me through
Some fields of wisdom where more briers grew
Than fragrant blossoms—where the narrow paths
Were far less smooth than those which I had known
In earlier years—had shown me this and that,
And taught me why the other had to be,
I came, at last, although they differed so,
To prize the new thoughts and forget the old,
And then, somehow, to grow less satisfied
And patient with Myself.

I realized
That I was Spirit, glad, unfettered, free,
Chained only to this personality,
Myself—an obstacle, a hindering thing—
That kept me from a purer, loftier life
On higher planes.

It grew unbearable.
And then I called myself a host of names,
And wished I might be rid of that which I—
The god, the true Immortal Entity—
Felt as a clog, a weight upon my soul,
But from which I, for all my pains and shame,
Might never be made free.

I saw that I
Had in the past allowed Myself to rule,
To take command, to make an abject slave

Of that which I now comprehended should
Have been the Master; had allowed Myself
To lead me through the narrow, petty rounds
Of earthly pleasure's sensuous delights,
Which blinded my true sight to holy things,
And shut the crystal gates between Myself
And that I craved with all my yearning soul!

I would be rid of what so weighed me down!
I would be free, and Master of Myself!
But how? So long this fleshly tenement
Had been my only dwelling place, it seemed
I could not rise above its mortal walls—
I could not soar aloft on wings of light,
Nor loose the jesses that so long had held
My Spirit in the chains of earthly thought.
What could I do to loose the binding links
That kept me from a flight to highest heaven?

Restricted, fretted, discontented, wroth
That I must be compelled to thus remain
A prisoner, a slave in durance vile,
I grew to brooding over these, my woes,
Until, at last, it seemed to me I found
The only way to reach the living Truth.
I would no longer cherish, foster, soothe,
Nor pander to that which I felt to be
My wakening Spirit's chief antagonist.
And, so, forswearing the insistent flesh,
I stifled all its natural appetites;
Choked back its clamoring, and starved Myself,
Contemptuous of the simplest right it had
To any recognition at my hands;
Until I found Myself grown wan and frail,
And, afterwhile, so lifeless and inert
That I lived more in spirit than in flesh,
And realized that just a slender thread
Held soul and body in its mystic leash!
Myself and I, at last, were wide apart;
I loathed it while it suffered patiently;
Nor did I dream how nearly I had come
To lose the substance in the shadow!

Then

I called aloud to grim Experience
To teach me what I thought my soul could grasp,
Now it was free of earthly hindrances.

I called, and waited; called, and called again,
And yet again. And then at last it came,
That which I called; but in such different guise,
And with such different mien I did not seem
To recognize this strange Experience!

“Begin straightway,” I cried aloud, “and teach
Life’s mysteries and holy truths to me!
Help me to climb the golden steps that lead
To those exalted heights where Wisdom reigns!
Begin! Begin!”

But to my eager cry
Experience stood all dumb and motionless.
I strove, but could not hear the faintest sound
From those still lips; I looked, but could not see
One quiver of a muscle of a form
Which I, at length, divined possessed no life
Save that alone which I should give to it.

And while I kept to my ascetic couch—
My earthly frame uncared for, and unkempt,
A physical inertia holding it
And all its vital functions to a plane
Of life so low that only breath remained—
Experience began, at last, to teach
The lessons I may nevermore unlearn.
In voice as tender as the sighing winds
That lift the perfume of a fragrant flower
From dark and dewy sheltered garden aisles
To open moonlit casement overhead,
The first words fell upon the listening ears
Of my rapt soul:

“O most mistaken One!

How dost thou think that I, Experience,
Can teach thee when thou shuttest up the book—
The Alphabet of Being—in this wise?
In thine own self is all there is to know—

And this poor tenement, abused, despised,
 Contemned, and looked upon with erring eyes—
 This casket wherein God has placed His pearl
 That it may grow to rounded glory here—
 Is something excellent and beautiful—
 So marvelous, so perfect, so divine,
 That thou shouldst stand in very awe before
 The dwelling Love itself hath builded thee!

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“And yet what hast thou done, mistaken One?
 Blind to the glories of the godly gift
 Whose smallest mystery is far beyond
 All solving of thine own, thou spurnest it,
 And, undermining its most wondrous walls
 Built by unnumbered elemental lives
 That work for thee, O Ingrate, night and day,
 Dost weaken that which thou canst not uphold—
 Dost threaten with destruction that which thou
 Shouldst cherish in all reverence and love!

“When in the time to come—*and not before*—
 Thou canst say truthfully, ‘*Come, I will build
 Myself a house*’—then thou mayst have the right
 To look with what contempt it pleaseth thee
 Upon thine earthly tenement. But then
 Methinks,” smiled grim Experience, “thou’lt be
 In quite another mood from that which hath
 So moved thee but a little while ago!

“What imperfections mar the perfect plan
 Are caused by mortal ideation; for
 As man thinks, so is he; each thought he holds
 Will hang its banner on the outer walls.
 As raiment to the body, so is thought
 Unto the dweller in the tenement.
 And if thy mind be strong and pure and clean,
 Thy casket then must ever show itself
 A fitting holder of the radiant soul.

“Teach thou thy body to be clean and pure;
 Lift up the animal, and teach it sin
 Is error—you need not drag it down.
 Abide with holy, strengthening thought,

Thine earth environments, and let the sun
Of perfect purity bathe with its light
All places which, in ignorance, thou hast
Allowed to lie in shadow far too long.
No longer slave—be Master! Dominate
Thy lower self, nor upon Nature place
The burden of thy self indulgences!"

I listened, breathless, to the chiding voice;
Then turned to contemplate Myself.

A wreck—
A shadow of Myself was all I saw—
A ghost of what had been; a shattered frame
That scarce could shelter even my poor soul,
Which writhed in anguish at the ignorance
That set such piteous penance for Myself!

A strong revulsion seized my consciousness;
I vowed to cherish and protect and care
For that which I could no more comprehend
In all its wondrous mechanism than
I could create the thing I called Myself!
I saw that I, the Master of the House,
Must learn his lessons whilst he dwells therein;
Must look out through its windows at the world;
Must bring his senses up to altitudes
Which purge them of unnatural intent;
Must keep the heart of this same earthly home
As sweet and clean and pure and free from stain
As he would have his very soul to be;
Must sweep the cobwebs and the dust away,
And let the sunlight into every room!

And this, through many rounds of trying days,
I strove to do; my efforts crowned, at last,
With some success. And then it was I dared
(My dwelling made quite clean and orderly)
To ask Experience to come to me,
And make me know the A, B, C of Life,
And how to crawl, then walk, then climb, then soar!

Again I heard the soft, vibrating tones
Which thrilled me as I listened:

“O my child,
The first and hardest lesson of all life
Thou hast already mastered; and the rest
Will follow,” said Experience; “and I
Perforce must teach thee as none other can—
*For all of Wisdom that exists is mine
To fetch to thee and add to that great store
Of living truths I'll help thee make thine own.*
But be thou patient; let thy steps be slow;
The path before thee—that which thou must tread
Through trying sun and rain, through frost and fire,
Is called Eternity.”

EVA BEST.

A TECHNICAL ANALYSIS OF THOUGHT AND THE THOUGHT FACULTIES.

IV.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

In the preceding article it was shown how, by means of the intellectual senses, thought operations were scrutinized by the executive faculties of mind; but all faculties are not executive faculties, neither all mental territory executive territory. The executive territory *se*, immediately environs the body, and in it all work that pertains intellectual progress is executed; the interior mind, or that portion the personal mind which pervades the body, is the recording or tistical mind, and in it no executive work is carried on.

This interior mind is fixed as to etheric character; it is of virgin er and is maintained in virgin integrity by the incessant flux of ctric currents as already explained; it changes not with the vicis-ides of time, and after man reaches maturity it becomes fixed as volume also. If this interior mind could pass out of the body, n would lose all anterior knowledge of himself, his experiences uld leave no more permanent impression upon his intellect than

footprints leave upon the shifting sands of the sea; he would be utterly devoid of individuality in character. Furthermore, were this interior mind fluidic in the sense that water is fluidic; if it could flow in and out of the body, both body and spirit would disintegrate, their cohesion would be undermined, and their concrete forms disseminated in original atoms; nothing but the pristine intellect would survive, and in the pristine state of being intellects are as like as grains of sand and equally devoid of volitional stability. This interior mind is the basis of carnate as well as of spirit life; it is a gelatinous lymph (figuratively speaking) of crystalline transparency, upon which the constituent atoms of the dual man compact into form. Wherever man goes his interior mind goes intact. With the exterior mind it is not so; being a part of the ether at large, or more accurately, that part of the planetary ether in immediate contact with the body, it changes as the body changes its location; man moves through this mind as he moves through the atmosphere, but the personal effluvia which continually exhale from his body, cling to it and follow it as foam follows in the wake of a ship.

As has been said, the intellectual faculties are filamental and telescopic; those issuing from the head into the exterior mind usually project from four to six inches; the greater the individual culture the greater the elongation of the faculties, as also their sensibility. While in a state of tranquillity they are as pliant as the finest filament of a spider's web, and float diaphanously, but unlike the filaments of the spider's web, they do not entangle; they coil upon themselves and upon each other with the utmost elasticity of movement, they wind and unwind with incredible sinuosity, they lengthen and contract with electric rapidity, they dart from side to side with meteoric volocity, and display such transcendent facility of action that analogy fails in description.

This is their ordinary normal condition in the average mind, and their ordinary normal method of cognizing the circumstances of daily life; it is thus they see, hear, feel, smell and taste in the ordinary processes of consciousness; it is thus, with ever alert inquisitiveness, they act in consonance with the physical functions *per se*. When vigorously active it is not so; for instance, we enter a strange apart-

ment; our senses make an instantaneous survey; we see superficially and cursorily the general character of the room; we smell its atmosphere, hear any sounds that may be audible in it, and feel at ease or otherwise as these conditions determine. To be technically explicit, the sense faculties reach out from their respective organs far enough to make a sweeping inventory of the chamber as a whole. In this they act mechanically and for the protection and guidance of the body alone. If the eye could see them they would be observed to stand rigidly out, each from its own specific nerve, like wary sentinels, to guard the nerves in question; they maintain this rigid watchfulness as long as the security of the body is uncertain; while in this tense attitude their several sense functions are intensified, and their more delicate and purely intellectual functions are in abeyance. If we do not linger, an indistinct impression is all that remains; but if we linger and especially if we relapse into a comfortable posture of rest these faculties relax their rigor and immediately engage in their higher and voluntary intellectual offices; simultaneously other and more delicate collateral faculties emerge, and at once a critical inspection of the apartment begins; our faculties sway to and fro and back and forth, inclining now at this angle, now at that, to examine in detail the environments in which they are placed; their respiratory activity is increased, each separate faculty dilates and contracts with a free and rhythmic pulsation; each terminal orifice expands and rolls outward from its cylindrical sheath, a lip-like flange which palpitates timorously as it cautiously explores the atmosphere. These lip-like appendages are reticent and sensitive in the highest subliminal degree, and retreat at the slightest uncongenial contact.

The intellectual faculties do not intercommunicate nor ramify in the exterior mind, but in the interior mind they do both; nor do they all terminate in the outer mind; few relatively issue from the body, and those that do invariably issue at right angles with that part of it from which they emerge. By far the most astute and perspicacious faculties operate exclusively inside the protecting armature of flesh, being of too fragile ethereality to admit of contact with the variable climatic atmosphere. All the subconscious faculties are of this order, subconsciousness signifying the under or

inner consciousness; so also are the intuitive faculties which are the most interior of all the human faculties, and are located in the immediate vicinity of the intellect; they are limited to the solar plexus and heart, and do not enter the gastronomic region; they are soul faculties *per se*, and are, therefore, the most vital in an ethical sense, of the entire intellectual system, but being emotional in expression they are relatively incoherent to the brain.

The memorizing faculties operate exclusively within cerebral limits, the brain cells serving as repositories for the circumstantial data of experience; in these microscopic chambers the microscopic faculties of memory terminate, and day by day record the minutiae of experience in such minimized characters as only microscopic faculties can see; in some sections these inscriptions are made pictorially, in others mathematically, in others as serial narratives, again in others as classified facts, in others again as miscellaneous statistics, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

These occult records are made upon the ether of which mind is composed, and are inscribed transversely on each particular cell; they are infinitely reduced in volume by the use of stereotyped signs and symbols similar to those used in stenography; the routine incidents such as recur again and again daily, are registered in dots, the insignificant details of events are epitomized in lines of varying inclinations and curves, etc., according to a preconcerted esoteric system in practical experimental use among the immortals. Year by year, film upon film, these records are packed away in this treasury of the mind, until in old age each chamber is filled with the classified records of experience; these inscriptions are never effaced, never abandoned and never lost; they may be obscured temporarily by changes in the concourse of events, but in the enlargement that comes to the intellect in the immortal life they can be read as an historic scroll.

PAUL AVENEL.

A man's life should be a stately march to a sweet but unheard music, and when to his fellows it shall seem irregular and inharmonious, he will only be stepping to a livelier measure, or his nicer ear hurry him into a thousand symphonies and concordant variations.—*Thoreau*.

*ADVAITAVADA.

BY SWAMI ABHAYANANDA.

The sun in its radiance shines for one purpose only; the huge sea rolls its waves for one purpose only; the storm rages, the lightning flashes, the birds sing, the flowers bloom but for one purpose—one only; namely, to free the mind of man from the shackles and bonds of ignorance, from the bonds of the objects of sense; in other words, to work out the salvation of man. All nature, from the lowest to the highest type, is enlisted for that one purpose, the salvation of man, the raising of the vibrations of the mind to accord with the vibrations of the soul. Kapila, the founder of the Sankhya Philosophy, says: “Nature has been created for the soul and not the soul for nature.” Nature is necessary to point out the way of freedom to man, and freedom means salvation.

In your epic poem, the Ramayana, we have a good example of this. There Rama stands for the soul, the Atman, and Sita for the mind. Sita, the mind, was captured, forcibly taken away by Ravana, the king of the demons. The lower mind succumbed to the senses and became enslaved by the objective world. The mind was in bondage. Then Rama, the soul, had to conquer, to liberate Sita, his own shadow, his negative, his wife. In this undertaking all nature is enlisted, all work in Rama's behalf, all animals toil for Rama and form an army for rescuing Sita. The leader of the army was the ape Hanuman, the greatest of organized life beneath man. Even the little squirrel furnished its quota of help and brought a few grains of sand to build the bridge for connecting India to Ceylon, where Sita lay in captivity. Hanuman, the General of the army of animals, and the mightiest, wrenched mountains from their bases and sank them in the sea to lay a firm foundation for the bridge. In Rama's war all Nature fought, all the powers acted with one object in view, *i. e.*, the liberation of the mind;—for mind which is material,

* A lecture delivered at the Jagannath College, Dacca, India.

perishes, that which firmly exists is the soul, or the Atman. I quote Kapila again: "It is the mind that enslaves the man, it is also the mind that shall liberate the man."

There are many schools of theology which hold that the soul has had a beginning,—was created; that it may be educated and become purified. The Oriental schools holding that idea fail to discriminate between Jivatman and Atman. On the plane of objectivity mind had a beginning,—commenced to evolve in the lower organisms. As soon as sensations of pleasure or pain take place in the lower expressions of organized life, then mind comes into existence. The theory of evolution has been popularized in Europe and America by Darwin, especially by his great work "The Descent of Man." Now, the theory of evolution has become fashionable. Darwin says, "Man is the evolution of the mollusk." University men adopt this without much reasoning and teach it because it has been accepted by common assent. The object of evolution is to develop the consciousness of man's individuality.

But why is the developing of man's individuality necessary?

God—Brahman (do not misunderstand me; by the term God I mean Brahman) is One. No man can think of God except as a perfect being. A being imperfect never can appeal to the consciousness of man as being God. Inferior gods are found in mythology, but these have no claim to perfection. If God is perfect then he is infinite and cannot be limited. To satisfy the mind of man God must be a perfect being. There is no compromise. Either Brahman is perfect or it is not Brahman. The requisite of perfection is non-limitation. God must be unlimited. Brahman must be simple and not a compound. It must be infinite, unbounded. It is erroneous to say that the mind being finite cannot conceive of infinitude. Victor Cousin, one of the greatest of the French philosophers, an eminent Orientalist, declares that the mind cannot comprehend the finite. For example: I see the yard before me; it is bounded by a wall. My mind inquires, What is back of that wall? A garden. What is back of that garden? A house. What is back of that house? A field. And on and on the mind will go inquiring and never rest satisfied with finiteness. God, therefore, is Infinite; *i. e.*, all-embracing, all-containing. This

plain reasoning. Let us take another illustration: On the plane of objectivity the sea is infinite, but the waves on its surface are finite. The waves, therefore, do not exist. The sea exists because it is during. But God is absolutely Absolute. In Him there is no activity—outside Him there is nothing. The eminent French philosopher, whom the ignorant call an atheist, says: “There is but one principle, there cannot be two; because if there be two they must be either similar or different; if different, one must destroy the other; if similar, they are but one.”

Brahman, the One, the absolutely Infinite, is the essence from which all things manifested proceed. I deny that Brahman is conscious, for this would imply something outside of Itself of which It be conscious. I deny that Brahman is thinking, for this would imply something external to Itself of which It is thinking. I deny that Brahman has knowledge, for this would affirm that there is outside of something to be known. Brahman is not conscious, but It is the essence of consciousness; Brahman is not thinking, but It is the essence of thought; Brahman has no knowledge, but It is the essence of knowledge. Brahman does not do any action. It simply IS. Says Krishna to Radha, “O Radha, Radha, take this soul that trembles in life’s dim midnight to thy golden house!” Radha is the mind, the projection of the essence which is the spirit. Krishna begs Radha, because without Radha he cannot express or manifest himself. He cannot be known; but as soon as Radha is acting the spirit is projected out and becomes manifest. Without Radha consciousness exists, but there is no one to be conscious and no object to be conscious of.

Let us take an illustration from science. Everything we see around us is solar rays. This college is solar rays; this platform is solar rays; the seats on which you sit are solar rays; yet these rays manifest in different forms apparently separate one from the other. Schopenhauer, the great German Vedantist, says, “The ego without the non-ego is produced in order that the ego, through the residence of the non-ego, may know its own activity.”

Let us take another illustration. Thick clouds sometimes gather and entirely conceal the sun. But these clouds are nothing but

emanations. The projected is the negative side of the projector, both complements form one body. Hegel says: "The proposition is composed of its position and its negation. The negation is part of the proposition and completes it." My mind can grasp only what it can embrace. If my vision be broad it embraces much; if small it embraces little. Brahman, the One, through the laws of Its own being, throws Itself into manifestation. The One becomes the many, just as on the plane of objectivity the sun becomes the myriads of beings in the Universe.

Objective manifestation proceeds by cyclic motion. The seed becomes the tree, the tree becomes the seed. All things flow from the One, all things return to the One. The spirit, Krishna, manifests through Radha or Nature; the positive element manifests through the negative.

The spider draws out of its own bosom the substance wherewith to spin its web. The web seems to be different from the spider, but in reality the web is the spider's own substance. It can stand apart, can look at itself projected in a form different from itself. The hair growing on your head is but your own being projecting itself out. If you sell your hair you sell your own being (they do that in America). Thus one substance gets transmitted into another. All elements in nature are mutually convertible. This is called in physical science the "correlation of forces." The Hindus of ancient times understood the process of evolution from the finer to the grosser element, and that of involution from the grosser to the finer. A noted French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, says, "Matter is imponderable." For ages and ages the scientists have labored at finding the weight of the earth, and now we discover that it has no weight at all; that lifted to a certain altitude it transmutes into gas. Out of gas it came; to gas it returns by the eternal law of cyclic motion.

Through evolution the simple type becomes complex; consciousness unfolds and individuality grows into perfection. Animals, plants and minerals—everything—is conscious, because Brahman, the all in all, is the essence of consciousness. But man alone is conscious of being, conscious of something. In the animal kingdom we find self-assertiveness, the strong preying upon the weak. There might is

right. But as we advance and reach to the human we enter into another phase of life, where love instead of brutal strength is expected to be the motive of action. A man who oppresses the weak in any way is not on the human plane; he is still on the animal plane. Will an ape understand what a man can understand? Man is at once the evolution of the spirit into matter and the involution of matter into spirit. Your great savior or Avatar, Buddha—Buddha! that glorious star in the sky of India, that holy man who was ready to give his life for an ant!—was a true man. So were Sankara, Ramanuja and Chaitanya. On the plane of religious expression when the soul whispers within man, instead of “might” constituting “right,” it is Love that constitutes right. This is an inversion of the process of evolution from the lowest organism to man—being the involution of man, the shadow, into spirit, the reality. In Nature we find that the shadow reflects invertly, upside down. Trees on the edge of the river reflect upside down; the base of the real tree also forms the base of its shadow. So on the lower plane, where might makes right, we have the spirit reflected into matter; but on the higher plane “might” gives way to Love, the lover and the beloved become one, spirit and matter are united, and the happiness of the strong is to die for the weak.

The Universe is God in manifestation. The clouds are God in manifestation. The sun is God in manifestation. It is always God or the son of God that we see in Nature. Lord Krishna says, “I am seated in all beings animate or inanimate.” All manifestation is God. God having become manifested, having become objectified, is now an object of worship and adoration. Before the son of God I bow my head, I worship Him, I worship all in the Universe, because all is God. I worship all by serving all; I worship the animal by serving the animal.

God is infinite, but my love made him finite; objectified Him, so that I may adore the Eternal Principle. In Vishnu, and His august incarnation, Krishna, we worship love immeasurable that preserves creation. In Shiva we worship strength, will, power, by which things inferior are destroyed for the production of things superior. God in manifestation, or God Personal, is that which can be

worshiped. Brahman, the Impersonal, cannot be worshiped, because It is Infinite. The Infinite can never be known, but can only be realized. Only God can see God. If I see God everywhere, in every man, I serve God by serving the children of God. If I offer a helping hand to the feeble, I serve God. If I see a man hungry or suffering, I suffer, I give him help and serve God. St. Paul says, "If I give all I have to the poor, if I give my body to be burned and have not charity, I have nothing." Only through love, only by serving all can we be saved. In your epic "Ramayama," Hanuman worshiped God by serving Rama; and after Sita's rescue, in presence of all nature, man and beast, Rama took Hanuman in his arms. The animal was raised by serving man. Through service alone can we become emancipated, can we grow spiritually, can we reach the goal of life which is liberation, or freedom.

The more you recognize God in everything the more Krishna is within you; the less you see Krishna in others the less Krishna is within you. Love at first appears on the plane of selfishness, the love of one's own self. Gradually a man takes a mate, and his love is divided and increases, then that love extends to children, to the whole family, then to the whole province, to the whole country; then to animals (as in the case of Buddha) then to the plants, to the minerals, to the whole Universe; and he becomes one with the whole Universe. We know nothing until we become it. Man is said to have been created after the image of God. He is faithful to the image only when he reaches to Unity and recognizes no separateness, for God is One. Lord Krishna teaching Arjuna says that desire causes re-birth. "Is there to be re-embodiment always?" questions Arjuna. "Yes," replies the teacher, "always, so long as there are desires in the man." "Is there no hope of deliverance?" pleads Arjuna. "I am going to reveal to you a great and profound secret, the mystery of mysteries. To reach perfection, you must conquer the science of Unity! The realization of Oneness, Advaita, is the only road to liberation. When we reach the Unity through love we fear nothing, for all things are within us; we do not *do*, *we are*, we shine as does the sun by the power of our own being. Our love is that of the mother, the all-embracing, all-protecting mother's

love. Mother! The crowning of the efforts of Nature! Mother! The glorification of creation!"

To feel absolute identification with all beings and things in the Universe is to tread the path of Advaita. The path is entered by the help of love; it is trodden by the guidance of love. It is achieved by the absolute realization of the One, Infinite, Unbounded, all-comprehending Brahman, which is the essence of Love.

SWAMI ABHAYANANDA.

CHOICE, AND ITS RELATION TO THE MYSTERY OF EVIL.

BY FRANK ELLSWORTH PORTER.

Since the beginning of history the problem and mystery of evil has stirred the philosophers. That something was wrong was perceived, and early personified by all nations under different names, and our word "devil" comprehends them all; but neither then nor since has the idea been closely defined. It seems, however, quite unlikely that in prehistoric time there was any such thing as evil. During man's pilgrimage from his cosmic beginning to the attainment of his permanent physical stature, might was right and the struggle for existence was the sole aim of the animal man. Failure in the struggle meant destruction—success the strengthening of the race; and the fittest survived to form a strong foundation for the final superstructure. But this view, I conceive, only applied to the physical nature, and man, as any animal, having then no moral nature, had no moral law or moral obligation, therefore no sense of its violation. Like the animal, his desires were foremost; what he wanted he took, and what he wanted to do he did—if he were strong enough.

To Darwin we are indebted for that wondrous theory of "natural selection"; and following him, to Spencer for that of the "survival of the fittest." Light phrases they are now, and upon every tongue, yet in them lies the explanation of all we are to-day. But it lay with Dr. John Fiske to suggest a fitting close to the action of Darwin's

theory, and to open the book at a new chapter concerning man. This was the theory of the cessation, through completion, of the physical ascent of man, and the beginning of the mental and spiritual advance along the line of his destiny. Thus it seems that there came a time when physical man reached his height; when his physical capabilities were sufficient for all time and for all purpose: when he needed but conception, direction and organization to revolutionize the world. Then evolution gradually changed its course. Physical evolution ceased and psychical evolution commenced. The same principle was involved, the same course must be run, but with finer, infinitely more delicate material, and with a goal so high that only God himself can compass it.

It seems not out of place here to note the coincidence of these views with the Bible theory of creation. Darwin proves that a being, walking upright as a man, must have existed æons ago, or could not exist in its present form to-day; and Dr. Fiske shows that at some time the psychical took precedence over the physical nature. The Bible mentions two creations of man. It will be understood now that the long process of evolution having developed a form embodying perfect physical capabilities, the first stage (or creation) was finished; then "the Lord God . . . breathed into his nostrils* the breath of life; and man became a living soul."—(Gen. ii., 7.)

Now, when this thing occurred—when man was created a "living soul"—he was given the Godly attribute of choice, and confronted with the opportunity to use it. It is needless to discuss the various versions of the fall of man; it seems enough to say that probably at some time something which had formerly been at least not wrong, was interdicted. For the first time something outside of himself spoke to his new self, and he knew that life was not and would not again be what it had previously been. With new eyes he looked upon the world, and behold! it was a garden. With new ears he heard a voice—a new and a kind voice, one neither of strife nor of struggle. But the animal nature still was strong, and obedience to a

* "Caused him to breathe through his nostrils the breath of life." [Correct translation of Greek text.—ED.]

w nature, which came without show of strength or power to hurt, is difficult. Therefore, when, for the first time, he must choose between right and wrong, he chose the wrong.

Thus evil is said to have come into the world, and its necessity and nature have been the subject of the most profound thought; but sometimes it seems as though the nature of evil is misunderstood—at too many meanings are thrust upon it. We all are aware that the term “evil” is generally used to denote any act, experience or thing which is opposed to our idea of well-being or well-doing, or of what ought to be. War, pestilence, panics, disasters by land and sea, poverty, death—all are called evil. Calamity, misfortune, and harm are with us synonyms of evil. I do not think that the definition of evil should include these things; for instance, pain is said to be a “natural evil,” when it is but the warning signal that nature throws out that there is trouble present. Though an engineer should be temporarily suffering from an affection of the eyes which made a red light peculiarly painful, he would not deem a red light an evil if it warned him of a broken rail or a deluged bridge. Pain may be caused by an evil act, and say “stop!” may be caused by an accident, and be but a cry for relief; may be caused by bad judgment in ordinary acts of life, and be but a protest; an admonition.

In charter parties for vessels, “the act of God” heads the list of perils of the sea, excepting which, the provisions of the charter party must be performed. All of these “perils,” under the common definition, are “evil” to the makers of the charter party, yet it were strange to call an “act of God” an evil; nay, more, in the very nature of things, it is an utterly incompatible claim. Disasters are always hardships, but evil to the sufferer never, for “only thyself can harm.” One may do evil himself, but what others do, what may happen to him or his, cannot in itself be evil to him. That only is evil which is designed to violate a moral principle, and evil only to the designer.

Of course we are prone to feel that when our calculations and arrangements in this world are upset, it is a calamity, a misfortune, an evil; yet who can say that our plans would not have led to greater trouble? Who can say that such plans are of a nature to

warrant the particular care and attention of a wise and just God—a God of love? Who can say what plans will best serve the purposes of Him “who moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform”?

There are people who claim that there is no evil in the world; that there can be no evil, and that everything is good, though it seems to be evil. That is to say, if from a seeming evil good comes, it could not have been evil. But it is not of consequence that the result of the evil act of one person is beneficial for another, else some evil-doers might pose as real blessings to society. The willful murder of a man, though the act conveyed possession of vast wealth to a worthy orphan institution, would not be extenuated in the least by the result. Every action has its reaction. This is a psychological as well as a physical law. We are responsible for ourselves and our own acts, and not for another or his acts; nor can we judge what is best for the good of the world, except as from day to day, minute by minute, we choose right when we might choose wrong. Day by day is presented to us the same choice, good or evil, right or wrong. Day by day, as we choose, good or evil is crucified. Evil cannot be eradicated until man refuses to do it. There is just as much evil in the world as is chosen—no more and no less. If the way we choose is right, the other way would have been wrong, or evil, had we taken it; but if the temptation to do evil is rejected, evil has no existence. I may take a stick of wood and make from it either a club to abuse my dog or a staff to support the weight of my declining years; but whichever one I make the other is not made.

Evil, therefore, would seem to be but an idea of the effect of a conscious violation of a moral principle; and that idea causes a fear (conscious or unconscious) of the result which will invariably cause dis-order, or dis-ease, to just such an extent as we know or are conscious of wrong, but may or may not have outward or physical expression. When we are in physical disorder we say we are ill; as we approach order again the illness disappears; it was not a tangible reality, though it was a temporary condition. Thus evil is a moral illness—a state or condition, not a thing. It depends for its existence upon the mind's choice of moral disorder. Choice is the dividing line between the brute inclination and the moral and

spiritual judgment. "Powerful, indeed, is the empire of habit," and the habit of following inclinations is still vigorous, for it has the pressure of untold years of brute heredity behind it. But as the little leaven in the flour will soon or late leaven the whole mass, so continued and persistent choice of right will gradually overcome this animal inheritance; this inclination to disorder and disease. A realization of its power throws upon one's self the responsibility of his acts when he would gladly throw it upon the law of heredity and say he could not help it. Such a realization would do much to stimulate the judgment, and would tend to the exercise of the power of right choice. Then there would be evolved a faculty which would not tolerate wrong choice, being incapable of it. Then the problem and the mystery of evil would be solved.

FRANK ELLSWORTH PORTER.

As it is present in all persons, so it is in every period of life. It is adult already in the infant man. In my dealing with my child, my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments and my money stead me nothing. They are all lost on him: but as much soul as I have, avails. If I am merely willful, he gives me a Roland for an Oliver, sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my will, and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with me.—*Emerson*.

The union of the soul to God is the only means by which we acquire a knowledge of truth. This union has indeed been rendered so obscure by worldliness that few can understand what it means; to those who follow blindly the dictates of sense and passion it appears imaginary. The same cause has so fortified the connection between the soul and body that we look on them as one substance, of which the latter is the principal part. And hence we may all fear that we do not well discern the confused sounds with which the senses fill the imagination from that pure voice of truth which speaks to the soul.—*Malebranche*.

But think you, Prince; that Raphael would not have been the greatest genius as a painter, even though he had unluckily been born without hands? Think you so, Prince?—*Lessing*.

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense;
Let it pass.

Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass.

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear e'er long;
Rather sing this cheery song:
Let it pass; let it pass.

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass.

As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass.

Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the *noble* who forgive.
Let it pass; let it pass.

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass.

Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass.

Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass; let them pass.

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass.

Oh, be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass.

Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass; let it pass.

Bid your anger to depart;
Let it pass.

Lay these homely words to heart:
"Let it pass."

Follow not the giddy throng,
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song:
Let it pass; let it pass.

—*Exchange*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAN.

The study of man, in the various phases of his being, is one of the most interesting, as well as the most valuable features of the new thought-movement of the past two decades. In fact, the entire movement and development of knowledge finds its ultimate in the nature and growth of man; and the entire subject resolves itself into the requirement of actual knowledge about the real faculties and functions of the human being, whatever they may prove to be. This is what gives the movement its foundation in reality and eventually will establish it permanently as a science. The name, Metaphysics, given to the movement by many of its most earnest as well as most conservative devotees, bears out this view of the subject. This word, although ignorant and unthinking people hold it considerably in disrepute, is a thoroughly clean and sound English noun, first used in the time of Aristotle, by philosophers of the highest order that the world has known since the beginning of its present history. In plain English it means "The Science of Being"; and it was so designated by those philosophers. The true meaning of this definition of Metaphysics, is signified by the word science, which represents knowledge; from the Latin verb *scire*, to know. The word being, signifies that which *really* is in the sense of *living* reality; that which has actual life, hence can be said to *be*—Being. The knowledge of that which really *lives* and therefore, is the plain everyday interpretation of Metaphysics—the knowledge of Being. Is there any man to whom such knowledge is important? Can it be less than an honorable undertaking to assist in establishing a method of clear thinking and practical application of principles along the lines of such knowledge? This is the work of the science of Metaphysics, and we claim that it is of equal importance in comparison with any of the sciences, which are all doing so much good in developing the various powers of the mind, in the present age of enlightenment. Metaphysics asks for the same right and opportunity

to present its *facts* that is accorded other sciences, and is entirely satisfied to be judged by equal standards.

The word Metaphysics comes from the Greek, *meta*, meaning above,—in the sense of beyond; higher in conception; finer in grade; purer in character;—and *physical*, the outward material universe. There is no other word in the English language given as signifying “The Science of Being,” and no word that can be considered as representing The “Science,” or The “Knowledge” of Being, based upon a material, physical or sense man. The phrase stands alone for Being, on a plane higher than the physical. This is our claim for Metaphysics, and it is our reason for presenting the subject in its varied features, continually, to our readers.

The Metaphysical Man, is man considered from the conception of those qualities of his being which are not material alone, but higher, finer, purer, beyond and above the physical realm, and which relate to those essential qualities of being, by which alone is he man and superior to the animals.

All the features of man's life which are not metaphysical, are of animal origin, are duplicated in the animal kingdom, and are shared by man in common with all animal life. All that is in any degree higher in nature than the physical plane—the plane of the five animal senses—is distinctly metaphysical; and, if it be excluded from our reasonings, we have remaining only animal man to deal with. How many of us are willing to place ourselves on this mound of dirt, for a pedestal, and boastfully declare our belief exclusively in matter and sense as constituting being and manhood?

Those who belittle metaphysics and undertake to maintain an argument for man physical and sensuous, only, have not thought or investigated deeply enough to recognize the indisputable fact that all those faculties which constitute actual living being; all those qualities which constitute actual human nature; all those sensibilities which constitute a moral nature; all those powers which constitute reason, and enable one to comprehend logic, mathematics, science, philosophy, religion, morality, Law, order or justice, are more than physical, therefore undeniably metaphysical; and actual knowledge of any of them belongs to the Science of Being. Study of man on this

ground, reveals the entire nature and constitution of his real being, and explains his otherwise inconceivable powers—the purity of his moral nature; the delicacy of his artistic temperament; the aspiration of his religious constitution; the exactness of his mathematical sense; the strength of his scientific abilities; the force of his reasoning powers; even the ability to think consecutively and formulate plans, sometimes for Nations and sometimes for Races, as well as for effects to become operative hundreds of years hence.

None of these qualities or faculties are in any sense material, nor can they be comprehensively understood through material science or study of the external nature, alone. The external is an indication of the internal development; but, unless the finer activities of the metaphysical side of man's nature be recognized and studied, the real man escapes notice and our judgment of those higher qualities, which constitute his reality of being, are based principally upon his personal doings and the bearings they have upon our self-purposes. The sum of such judgment is usually laid down as knowledge, and its application presented to the world as science. Our claim, either for our own position or that of the world, is that all that can be proved to be actual knowledge on any subject, constitutes its science, and that nothing else has any right to the name; while anything about it which is not true is a detriment, and, if promulgated, works harm by misleading the minds of learners.

Any system of thought which would deal with man, must consider him as a thing, an animal or a being, and collate its facts accordingly. The first of these hypotheses is out of the question, as, even in his simplest features he displays life. Only the crudest thinker can hold to the second hypothesis, for man displays so many qualities that are clearly beyond the animal nature, as to belittle the theory and confound the reasoning almost at the outset. The only course left us is to consider him under the head of Being, and study the subject in all the phases that it presents. Such study soon shows that all the phases of his being that present permanence, or show an impulse either to refinement or morality, are finer and higher than matter can produce and embody, or sense recognize. This comprehension forces the issue and compels the reasoner to sink his theory to

the level of the sense animal, where he will deny spirituality to man and be wholly blind to his divine nature ; or, to carry his theory to the spiritual plane, as contradistinctive from the material, and recognize the *being* of man as metaphysical in character, studying it there until he has accounted for *all* the facts of his nature and his life.

Through the self-direction of his intellect, each one can, for the time being, choose his course and reason from either of these hypotheses. If he accepts the materialistic one, he can examine the physical body and collate the facts of its coarser operations, and, with the aid of instruments, he can examine these beyond the easy limit of the senses ; but, he can never get far enough back to satisfactorily account for the more subtle activities which constantly face him while the question " why " continually arises before his unsatisfied intellect. He can analyze the action of the senses, though he can never intelligently account for the subtleties of their operation or for the facts of their influence through imagination ; reversals of operation ; accuracy at one time and total unreliability at another ; and the many degrees of activity unaccountable on the basis of matter and animal sense. Every question is left half answered and finished off with a blind belief that cannot be demonstrated. Each theory must, soon or later, be readjusted and finally abandoned. No ultimate of " knowledge " is ever reached on any subject.

In practical application of knowledge such as this, which exists in the most of our sciences, aside from the mathematical branches, the operator is baffled in a large proportion of his attempts at practice, succeeding only in a minority of instances, by what, perhaps, seems to be chance, but what really is the result of his higher metaphysical nature forcing operation through his subconscious mentality, regardless of his fixed material notions. The result is, frequently, as much a surprise to him as to any one. The entire activities of sense and matter do not supply one ultimate truth on any subject.

On the other hand, the hypothesis of spiritual reality for the being of man, at once throws open the door to free investigation of the subject of Being, from every possible point of view, not with the aim to substantiate accepted theories, but to learn the actual truth about any subject ; and every true investigator from the metaphysical basis,

knows that he must search carefully and judge strictly according to the facts presented, because his criterion is "actual knowledge inclusive of *all* the facts," else his ground is unscientific. Having cast his dies according to the highest standard, he can only deal with facts, as facts talk, because his highest qualities of justice and reason are involved in the very beginning of his operations.

On this ground the investigator is equipped to study the being of man, on all planes and in all of its phases of action. He can examine the body by the same means as the materialist; but, to him it will stand as the intricate and wonderful instrument of the still unseen man; he can watch the finer operations of sense and study their actions in the body, still knowing that some other and yet higher in nature, does the thinking that produces the action. And, knowing this, he is not stalled in the very beginning of his operations with the vague question "why" and its accompanying answer "mystery unsolvable"; but, every physical form or sense operation indicates a being, corresponding to the form, and an operator, commensurate with the deed of action, and compels him to further and deeper investigation. This is certain to bring its reward in the acquirement of actual knowledge of things not yet uncovered by the microscope, but *real* to the spiritual activities of intelligence; and in the study of these, the man himself is discovered and understood, not alone physical and sensuous (though these external factors of his being are understood even more comprehensively than by the materialist), but, mental, moral, psychic and spiritual as well.

The ultimate of this search is the divinity of the spiritual man, whom God made, and into whose hands was given the dominion and rulership of all the earth—but only through exact and actual knowledge of the truth of things and just appreciation of *all the facts* presented in the operations of being. One side of the shield never proves its metal. Divinity does not disclose itself to sense—not even with the eye at a microscope. To discover truth, we do not require an instrument to enlarge the *object* of our investigations, but the courage to enlarge our own *comprehension*; to view that which *is*; and judge, regardless of opinion or desire. To these the gates of infinity are open; and each one includes the real qualities of the spiritual faculties which give possession of the powers of realization. Such is the metaphysical man.

L. E. W.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE.—ARE WE DRIFTING?

As we become more familiar with the growth of civilization, do we not realize some remarkable changes in cosmopolitan life? No one earthly mind ever yet essayed to mould the thought or destinies of a nation, hence the diversity of the things that are. When Bellamy was moved to put into the thought currents his ideas contained in "Looking Backward," and the sequel thereto, was there not behind his imaginings a commercial fact awaiting demonstration? Or, speaking more definitely, was not the "general store" where his ideal city folks were to receive their supplies already being typified in the department store of to-day? According to metaphysical theory the events of mankind, the various phases of life, new religions, new methods of business, are supposed to exist somewhere in the abstract—somewhere in the ideal realm before the outer demonstration takes place. The writers of books predict them, the statesman feels their approach, while the tradesman goes about to make them practical, though unconscious may he be that he is obeying or conforming to a law most inevitable. Changes in national governments, though slow, perhaps, are no less certain or direct; but in trade there seems to be a gradual tendency toward concentration. Looking inwardly, do we not see grave dangers in our treatment of the problem? dangers arising, more than aught else, from our fictitious ideas of values?

In the City of Chicago, for example, the new régime in shopping methods is in some respects alarming. Time was when there were hundreds of stores selling separate lines of goods. To-day nine-tenths of the dry goods and notion trading of Chicago is done in a half-dozen immense department stores. Result, a languishing of trade in the outlying districts and an overcrowded condition in the downtown stores. Stores once busy and convenient in location are now empty and deserted, while the mighty tradesmen are getting rich from the mites brought to their counters by the multitude. Let us ask right here, Are we not grievously behind the real progress we are making, by basing our individual rights to needful supplies upon strict money values? Are we not, in fact, living in an age of equality and yet clinging to the fallacies of money barter? Suppose that the department store is a direct evidence that all people should have dealt out to them what they need—articles to be produced by public governmental methods?—suppose this were really true, does the seer or writer of to-day go very wide of the mark in predicting that in one hundred years such a state of things will be realized? Forerunners of great

events are many times much less apparent than this, though we are not in the habit of recognizing them until we are positively driven to it. In following the fashions, in seeking novelties, in seeking amusements even, people like to go in flocks, like sheep. They prefer to follow the crowd. If the crowd gets a cent or two better prices of the dealer who buys his goods in train loads and gets cash always in barter, can we expect to stem the tide of the popular verdict?

But let us take a step higher. Suppose money did not represent a person's share to the goods produced. Suppose every citizen in good standing could order at any time enough to supply his needs. We can readily surmise that he would not need much, because of the ever-bounteous supply ready to be drawn upon. When we can have all we want we do not want much. This is a curious yet apparent fact in human nature. Prescribe the supply to the limits of one's purse and our wants become many and direful ones.

We are led to believe that the formation of trusts is but a phase of the above tendencies of mankind—efforts on the part of the few to control the wants of the many. Ostensibly it is "other people's money" these astute tradesmen are after—a fact lamentably true—but once eliminate the money feature and supply the needs of all from one governmental source and what an instantaneous solution of the vexed question of human rights would be hit upon!

This, however, is not altogether germane to what we started out to say. Sociology will treat of the question of supply and demand; but as it has been my privilege to saunter through the trading centres of our great cities, with their acres of floors and millions of money to back them up, I find myself wondering if we are not after all drifting, indeed, toward a condition of things which our seers and writers have been predicting. That could we eliminate the money value, and in the true sense of brotherly love and tolerance live in absolute equality, might not the truer phase of ownership and right prevail, and, prevailing, wipe out greed, theft, prisons and viciousness which our false standards of values have engendered.

If the department store of to-day is in truth the shadow of a coming event, and if greater and more mighty combines are to be formed, until governmental interference becomes necessary, ought we not to look within for the wisdom which alone will solve the lesson set before us? Centralization is going on everywhere. That seems to be the law of modern growth. But to make right use of such mighty focusing is, indeed, a serious undertaking, for with our present ideas of right to possession the situation is becoming as unique as it is void of a solution.

ALWYN M. THURBER.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

Several years ago, at a meeting of our State Medical Society, at the Capitol in Albany, the writer, then its president, took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to deliver an address on the Perils of Premature Burial. It was and is his profound conviction that every year there are many persons pronounced dead and consigned to the coffin and grave while still alive. He cited several examples that had come to his knowledge where individuals had been prepared for interment, but had fortunately recovered sensibility and power of motion in time to arrest the further frightful denouement. He also prepared the draft of a bill for the Legislature which required indisputable evidence of death before burial should be permitted, but it was never reported upon by the committee to which it had been referred.

There exists a strange apathy upon the subject, or else there is some strong objection to any alarming of the public, which precludes any successful effort to reform the common practice. Yet there exists among many an awful dread of such a fate. It is not the ignorant that entertain it, but persons of superior intelligence. The example of Henry Laurens, former Governor of South Carolina and President of Congress, has been repeatedly cited. His young daughter, having been pronounced dead, was shrouded for the grave, but recovered sensibility and was restored to health. But her father never overcame the shock; and in his apprehension of a similar peril for himself he required his own body at death to be burned on a funeral pyre. Harriet Martineau made provision that her head should be severed from the body. Francis Douce, the antiquary, and his friend Kerrick took a similar precaution. Edmund Yates, the author, and the late Miss Ada Cavendish left instructions for the severing of the jugular vein; and Lady Burton, the widow of Sir Richard Burton, took measures that her heart should be pierced with a needle, her body opened, and afterward embalmed. She was subject to trance and feared that her case, like that of the late Washington Bishop, might be diagnosticated as death, while yet living. Wilkie Collins always left on his dressing table a letter in which was the solemn injunction that if he were found apparently dead his body should be carefully examined. Bishop Berkeley, Daniel O'Connell and Lord Bulwer-Lytton entertained similar apprehensions. The Rev. John Kingston, chaplain in the British Navy, writing to the *London Morning Post*, September 18, 1895, declares: "The danger of being buried alive appears to be a very real one; and I can testify from my experience as a clergyman that a great many persons are haunted by the dread of that unspeakably horrid fate."

It seems preposterous to affirm that examples of premature burial seldom occur. It is certain that they do actually take place often enough to warrant the most vivid apprehensions. In fact the record of cases well authenticated would fill a volume. If undertakers and directors of funerals dared tell what they observe the public would be horrified, if not excited to actual violence. Mr. J. D. Bengless, late president of the New York Cremation Society, in a public lecture in June, 1883, declared that an undertaker in the city of Brooklyn had recently made a provision in his will that his body should be cremated, and had also exacted a promise of great caution from his wife. He was induced to this from the fear of being buried alive. He asserted that "live burials are far more frequent than most people think." There was a report also privately whispered about the same time, that another undertaker in that city had deposited a body temporarily in a receiving vault, and that when he went, some days later, to remove it for burial he found, upon opening the niche in which the coffin had been placed, the body crouching on the floor, stark in death, the hair disheveled, the flesh of the arms lacerated and torn, and the face having the most appalling expression of horror and despair ever witnessed by human eyes.

It is a practice by no means uncommon in many places to inter the body the same day or the next after death. Colonel Vollum, of the United States Army, told the writer that when he was sojourning some years since in a city of Saxony, he witnessed the case of a woman of social position who, being in apparent health, was suddenly seized one morning with some illness for which a physician was summoned. That same afternoon a hearse with coffin and other paraphernalia was driven to the house and her body conveyed away. Dr. Franz Hartman collected seven hundred similar examples, and the Rev. J. G. Ouseley estimates that twenty-seven hundred are annually buried alive in England and Wales. Even in our country the same thing occurs often enough to warrant more precaution.

Professor D. Ferrica, writing for *Quain's Dictionary of Medicine*, observes: "It is not always easy to determine when the spark of life has become finally extinguished. From fear of being buried alive, which prevails more abroad than in this country, some infallible criterion, capable of being applied by unskilled persons, has been considered a desideratum, and valuable prizes have been offered for the discovery. The conditions most resembling actual death are syncope, asphyxia and trance, especially the last. We cannot, however, say that any infallible criterion, applicable by the vulgar, has been discovered."

The celebrated Madame H. P. Blavatsky was subject to trances of a death-like appearance, and on one occasion would have been buried alive but for the interposition of Colonel Henry S. Olcott. The examples of the fakirs of India, who voluntarily undergo apparent death and interment, and are resuscitated some weeks later, are enough to show that this condition may continue for an indefinite period. We have read of vampirism, in which the dead were supposed to haunt the living, and that when the graves were opened the bodies were found undecomposed and with red cheeks and lips. The precaution was taken of driving a stake through the heart, 'on which a jet of blood spurted into the air. Such a case is plainly one of burying alive. If we are to accept the modern doctrine that the human race has been developed from a lower animal condition, it would be reasonable to presume that hibernation or, perhaps, estivation have been characteristics. This hypothesis might explain the power of Indian fakirs to exist for weeks when buried in the earth.

During the middle ages much of the healing art was exercised by hoxas or witches, who were regarded as possessing preternatural endowments. We read of their journeys to attend the "Sabbath" in the Brocken. Jung-Stilling describes one of these. The woman drank an infusion of an herb, placed a stick between her legs and fell asleep. When she awoke she recited to her gossip her excursion and occurrences which had taken place. The "magic herbs" which were commonly used by these hoxas were hemp, nightshade, poppy, veratrum, aconite. Such being their quality, it is not without warrant to presume that their use as medicines, now so general, may produce similar effects, and even apparent death. It would certainly be a fearful risk to send a body to the grave hastily where any of these drugs had been administered.

Victor Rydberg, a Swedish author, in his tale of "The Last Athenian," depicts two cases of fictitious death purposely induced by the administering of a mysterious potion. One is that of Simon the pillar-saint who is restored to life; the other that of Peter, the "Homoiousian" bishop of Athens, just nominated for "Homoiousian" bishop of Rome. The effect of the potion is numbness, palsy, and every sign of dissolution, though he is conscious till the closing of his eyes. Two days later he is buried; but we are told that "if any one the following night had opened the lead coffin in which he was laid, and plunged a red-hot iron into his flesh, the world would, perhaps, have witnessed a new resurrection of the dead."

Tobacco, like nightshade and other drugs, impairs the action of the heart. An overfull stomach may paralyze the ganglionic center at the

epigastrium. It is dangerous in such a case to lie on the back. Death in such cases is by "heart-failure." Sometimes, however, it may be only apparent, and too much, therefore, must not be presumed.

Various maladies, especially with the peculiar medical treatment which they often receive, result in death, which nevertheless may be only apparent. The nervous or ganglial prostration incident upon influenza is followed by catalepsy in certain cases. Symptoms resembling death are produced by any emotional disturbance, sudden alarm, violent ebullitions of anger, fright, excessive joy or grief, apoplexy, asphyxia, epilepsy, choleric disease, hemorrhage, hysteria, lethargy, syncope, tetanus, and in short any condition in which the body is brought to a certain degree of debility. "We exhaust our energies by overwork, by excitement, by too much fatigue of the brain, by the use of sedatives or anæsthetics, and by habits and practices which hasten the Three Sisters in spinning the fatal thread."

Indeed, the signs of total extinction of life in the body are by no means so unequivocal as many suppose. Cessation of respiration and circulation are not conclusive, nor even loss of heat; for life may continue and even recovery take place when no vital warmth seems perceptible. The state of trance may last indefinitely. George Fox was once in that condition fourteen days and Emanuel Swedenborg during his periods of illumination was often thus absent.

The only indubitable evidence of bodily death is decomposition. Every body should be examined by an expert, and where a physician has been employed he should not be permitted to certify to actual dissolution, except the unequivocal evidence is present. Undertakers and those having charge of funerals should be compelled to ascertain that death has actually occurred before moving or confining the remains. Even then, it were better that the body be cremated. "The thought of suffocation in a coffin is more terrible than that of torture on the rack or burning at the stake. Carelessness in this matter cannot be innocent, and ignorance in such a case is akin to crime." "When we neglect precautions against a fate so terrible, to which every one is thus liable, our tears are little less than hypocrisy, our mourning is a mockery."

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

The first Monday in September, which is the evening for the next regular meeting of the School of Philosophy, is a holiday, making it impracticable to hold the meeting, as the building is not open on holidays and the most of our members will be otherwise engaged. The meeting will therefore be postponed until the next regular date, Monday, September 18th, 8:30 P. M., at 465 Fifth avenue, New York.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE,
Corresponding Secretary.

ANTI-VIVISECTION.

The friends of Anti-Vivisection have a coterie of active workers with headquarters at Ardsley-on-Hudson. A more deserving tribute to advance thought and in behalf of the finer human instincts could scarcely have been conceived than the work already accomplished by this society. Active and constant work is being done, and at this hour every friend to the cause is appealed to for aid. It is expressly urged that the National Senate Document No. 78 be sent for, which can be had without cost from the Washington Humane Society, Washington, D. C. The three Anti-Vivisection publications are as follows: "The Journal of Zoophily," 1530 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; "Our Fellow Creatures," 4411 St. Lawrence avenue, Chicago, and "The New England Anti-Vivisection Society Monthly," 1 Beacon street, Boston. \$1 per annum each. "The Zoophilist," 20 Victoria street, London, S. W., is also favorably mentioned. Subscription price, 3s. 6d. Persons who cannot aid by giving money may volunteer to address 1,000 or more envelopes, which will be sent to any address, charges prepaid. All interested can obtain full particulars by addressing Mrs. Sarah L. Emory, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS AND EMOTION.

DIVINE IMMANENCE. An essay on the spiritual significance of matter.

By I. R. Illingworth. New York and London. Macmillan Company. 1898

THE GOSPEL OF ATONEMENT. Being the Hulsean Lectures for 1898-99.

By the Ven. James M. Wilson. London and New York. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1899.

Balzac's "Human Comedy" excites the reader, and, without leaving the chair, he is carried away into the maelstrom of humanity and comes in touch with its thousandfold varieties of impulses. A stroll through the busy streets of New York or London or "a loaf" on Parisian boulevards sends the blood coursing quicker in the veins, and innumerable transparencies and unveilings of consciousness and emotion vibrate through us. Madness and joy of existence run riot, yet the sober and quiet face of Neith, the classical Minerva, our Truth, soon controls both consciousness and emotion and we bow down, whether we will or not, to *one irresistible will or Mind*. Such is the phenomenal manifestation of mentality. Out of its own restful being it rushes forth into the antithetical, only to retrace its emanationism and return to a synthesis, a union. This union always repre-

sents an evolution. From *salt* to *mercurius* through *sulphur*, said Jacob Boehme, we come to *lightning* and in that is freedom. But it is not only the individual mentality that thus proves its life, the collective mind of humanity moves in similar forms. We see in our own day the light flash and the heavens illumined. The vision of Eternal Nature comes to unexpected quarters, to "people sitting in darkness," and we hear "children prophecy." Even the daily newspapers have become interested, and some assume a respectful attitude to the New. The *Mail and Express* published a few days ago a lengthy letter from Mr. Theodore F. Seward headed "Cosmic Consciousness," containing several interesting statements, probably new to many of that newspaper's readers. Here are some of them. He makes Dr. R. M. Bucke explain the subject, doing it as follows:

Cosmic Consciousness is not simply an expansion or extension of the self-conscious mind, with which we are all familiar, but the complete superaddition of a function as distinct from any possessed by the average man as self-consciousness is distinct from any function possessed by the higher animals. I have in the last three years collected twenty-three cases of this so-called Cosmic Consciousness. In each case the onset or incoming of the new faculty is always sudden, instantaneous. Among the unusual feelings the mind experiences is a sudden sense of being immersed in flame or in a brilliant light. This occurs entirely without worrying or outward cause, and may happen at noonday or in the middle of the night, and the person at first feels that he is becoming insane. Along with these feelings comes a sense of immortality; not merely a feeling of certainty that there is a future life—that would be a small matter—but a pronounced consciousness that the life now being lived is eternal, death being seen as a trivial incident which does not affect its continuity. Further, there is annihilation of the sense of sin and an intellectual competency not simply surpassing the old plane, but on an entirely new and higher plane. * * * * The cosmic conscious race will not be the race which exists to-day any more than the present is the same race which existed prior to the evolution of self-consciousness. A new race is being born from us, and this new race will in the near future possess the earth.

It is to be regretted that there is no clear definition given here of Cosmic Consciousness, and it is hard to understand how there can be a "complete superaddition of a function." Where does it come from? Of what nature is it? Is it of the kind of mind or not? If not, how can it be added? If it is of the same kind, how can it be a superaddition? How can there be an "incoming?" Is not all revelation, all vision, rather an opening of the fleshy prison doors for an imprisoned glory? It seems the author is inclined to this latter view, which must be said to be the truth. The descriptions he gives of the ecstatic states that accompany the rise of Cosmic Consciousness seem to confirm

it. The transports and raptures, he mentions, are known to all who have observed their own spiritual experiences as quickenings of innate powers, powers of *the same kind as those that seem to be without*. They were common among the Neo-Platonists and all the mystics. They are emanations, auras and radiations from ourselves becoming visible both to ourselves and to others. In these emanations we have the means wherewith we see and feel the Kosmos, the Order, Being. The following told by Mr. Seward evidently comes from a well-balanced mind, and has the sober character which warrants its truth.

The following experience came to a friend whom I know intimately, and from whose lips I received the account. It is a lady in middle life, who has for years been an earnest seeker for truth and spiritual light. She was alone in her room sewing. Thinking, as was her wont, of spiritual things and feeling a strong sense of the presence and power of God, she suddenly had a consciousness of being surrounded by a brilliant white light, which seemed to radiate from her person. The light continued for some minutes, and at the same time she felt a great spiritual uplifting and an enlargement of her mental powers, as if the limitations of the body were transcended and her soul's capacity were in a measure set free for the moment. The experience was unique, above and beyond the ordinary current of human life, and, while the vision or impression passed away, a permanent effect was produced upon her mind. She had never heard the term "Cosmic Consciousness," and did not know that the subject it covers is beginning to be considered and discussed.

This lady had the advantage of not being indoctrinated, hence she probably reports her ecstasy correctly. Possibly she was lifted by her own exalted thoughts into the higher or highest forms of those same thoughts. Thought is both cause and effect. Her experience seems to have been like that of St. Augustine. He was at Ostia with his mother, Monica, a few days before her death, and "confesses:"

When our conversation was brought to that point, that the very highest delight of the earthly senses, in the very purest material light, was, in respect of the sweetness of that life, not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention; we, raising up ourselves with a more glowing affection towards the Self-Same,* did by degrees pass through all things bodily, even the very Heaven, whence sun and moon and stars shine upon the earth; yea, we were soaring higher yet, by inward musing and discourse, and admiring Thy works; and we came to our own minds, and went beyond them, that we might arrive at that region of never-failing plenty, where Thou feedest Israel and where life is the Wisdom by whom all these things were made. And while we were discoursing and panting after her, we slightly touched on her with the

* "That Unchangeable and One Nature, which reaching after, he would not err, and reaching to, he would not grieve." (*De vera rel.* chap. 21), i. e., Being. St. Augustine's term for Being personified as Beloved.

whole effort of our heart; and we sighed . . . and returned to vocal expressions of our mouth, where the word spoken has beginning and end.

Such experiences are, of course, not new nor peculiar to the present day. They are, however, appearing nowadays and not exclusively among recluses or professional saints; says Mr. Seward:

The striking feature of the present history of idealism is the fact that it has left the ranks of the philosophers and professional thinkers, and is spreading rapidly among the people. It is at the root of the various systems of "Mental Healing," which are known as "Christian Science," "Divine Science," "Metaphysical Healing," etc. The theory underlying them is that "the spiritual is the only real," and that by developing the spiritual nature and bringing the mind into harmony with the Supreme Mind, harmony in the outward or physical being will result. It will thus be seen that the subject of Cosmic Consciousness is not a fine-spun theory of the brain, but is intensely practical in its bearing upon the health and happiness of the race. If it means, as many believe, the influx of divine power, a direct impartation of life from the supreme source of life, then no subject could have a more surpassing interest.

Speaking in the terms of Plotinus, we might say that we are entering into the *Second Realm*, the *Cosmic Mind*, and realize the identity of Being and Thought. Mr. Seward asks:

But what is to be the actual history? Is man to grow into a consciousness of the physical universe, and when he says, "I am a part of all that is," does it mean that he is a part of the illimitable system of stars, of suns with their retinues of planets, of comets, of cosmic dust out of which new worlds are being formed—in a word, of the material universe?

We answer him unhesitatingly: Yes! Our own Walt Whitman has formulated the New:

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps,
All below duly travelled, and still I mount and mount.

Quite so, "I am part of all that is," hence I am familiar with the original fact of the universe itself. We may go even further than Mr. Seward's expectations. When with Tilleináthan we speak of the great operations of Nature, the thunder, the wind, the shining of the sun, etc., in the first person, "I"—the identification with, or non-differentiation from, the universe will be complete, and is complete when we are in what in this paper is called "Cosmic Consciousness and Emotion."

Mr. Seward contributes also the following:

I have personal knowledge of another experience of a somewhat different nature, yet pointing toward the same principle and indicating the same prophecy of a new departure for the race.

An orthodox clergyman who began preaching in early youth, and has occupied influential pulpits for more than fifty years, gave me a full and detailed account of the singular history of an experience that came to him. He was naturally conservative, with a skeptical tendency of mind, had resigned from his pulpit some years before and was living in a quiet country home in easy circumstances, at the age of 80. His health was good and his mind unimpaired.

One night after retiring he felt the sensation as of a hand or hands touching the bedclothes gently above his chest. They seemed to move about with something of a fluttering motion, extremely light and delicate in their touch, yet also very positive and unmistakable. After a time he fell asleep. The next night the sensation returned, but with a somewhat more decided manifestation. It continued to come every night, and always with increasing power, till at last the forces, whatever they were, seemed to press through the clothing to his body and to strongly affect his mind.

From the first he guarded himself rigidly from yielding to any delusion. He reasoned with himself: "My mind does not seem to have lost any of its powers. It is as capable of consecutive thought as it ever was. I will watch this experience carefully. If there is in it anything divine for me I will not resist it."

It continued, and still continues at the end of two years, and he states that there have been three accompaniments or results of the experience: (1) A constant increase of bodily strength and vigor; (2) development of his intellectual powers, and (3) a quickening of his spiritual life. At one time his mind was strongly impressed with a line of religious thought. For two or three hours in the night his ideas would take so definite a form that, having had his natural sleep during the remainder of the night, he wrote down what he had thought the next morning, and he continued to do this till the manuscript amounted to a good-sized volume on a vital religious topic, which he proposes to publish.

Another fact may be mentioned as showing that his experience was not merely of an esoteric character. It impressed others as well as himself. He was invited to take part in the anniversary services of a certain church in a town where there is a theological seminary. His part was to make the closing prayer. As he began the prayer a power seemed to take possession of him, and he was scarcely conscious of what he said. Several of the professors of the seminary spoke to him afterward, each one of them to this effect: "As your prayer continued we were led by our astonishment to look up, and you were as one transfigured. Your face shone as with spiritual light, and we almost expected to see you translated."

This story of transfiguration has a parallel and verification in that which is related of the Dutch mystic Ruysbroeck. The brothers searched for him in the woods, and at last found him sitting under a tree rapt in contemplation and in prayer. He was completely enveloped as with fire, so much so that even the tree seemed aflame. His prayer was Contemplation, viz., realization of the union of existence, and so vigorous was the realization that the brothers could see the universal vibration.

A few years ago there appeared in *The Westminster Review* an article entitled *Cosmic Emotion*, one of the best modern expositions of the subject, as far as we know, not excepting that of Clifford. It enters into definitions and characterizes it as a sympathy, a yearning to get back to the great heart of Nature and to feel the pulsation of its hidden life. It accounts for that yearning by declaring that there is an essential affinity between the spirit of man and the life of Nature, and speaks of the "all-being" as the philosophical synthesis of the two. Henry Sedgwick originated the phrase and Prof. Clifford wrote an essay on it. *The Westminster* essay was written on the lines laid down by Clifford. The author, Thomas Ekins Fuller, proves the following theories: (1) There appears to be in the mind a sense or emotion, if not a perfect concept, which answers to "infinite space" and "infinite time." (2) There is a sense or emotion of beauty in man which responds to the beauty of the universe. (3) Cosmic emotion is stirred by the ordered arrangement of the universe.

J. Frohschammer, who was Professor in Philosophy at the Munich University and died a few years ago, constructed a system of philosophy on the basis of the unity that exists between man and nature. To him "Phantasy" was the fundamental principle of the world-process, and this "power of presentation" was an intellectual formulation of those intuitions above called Cosmic Consciousness and emotion.

Space forbids us to indulge any further in this delightful subject. It would have been easy to continue it at great length. But before considering Illingworth's book, we would suggest to the reader that he watch and recognize the innumerable flashes of light and emotional outbursts that come from him at the sight of natural beauty. They are proofs of his "mingling with nature." "That life and beauty," he may truly say, "are mine and are a part of me." The outbursts prove it. They are expressions of identity and family likeness and could not come forth but for that identity.

Thus far we have spoken of Cosmic Consciousness and Emotion as subjective states. But it is not only we, who as subjects may have a consciousness of cosmic life and an emotion for the "universe or sum of things, viewed as a cosmos or order." The cosmos may also be considered as having consciousness and emotion. We may speak of a conscious and emotional universe. This is nothing new either. Under the name of God's immanence, the older philosophies and theologies have spoken often and much about the universe as living and acting out a will of its own. It is, however, a "sign of the times" that such a doctrine is revived and gaining ground among the so-called orthodox people. Illingworth's book: *Divine Immanence* is a notable

instance. He was a Bampton lecturer in 1894 and preacher at Oxford. He publishes the present essay because there is "need of reconstruction," and it is so much more significant that he has chosen such a subject as immanence because it points to the fact that reconstruction of philosophical and theological thinking can only be done by a return to the old ideas, and on "synthetic ways of thought"—just the ideas all modern metaphysicians fight for. The present book is an enlargement of a former one on "Personality, human and divine" (his Bampton Lecture), in which logical necessity drove the author to the conclusion that personality was the beginning and end of metaphysics, because without it there can be no self-communion.

Listen to some of his introductory definitions:

Spirit is what thinks and wills and loves; and matter is what moves in space: and whatever their ultimate relationship may be, we may fairly speak of two things whose modes of manifestation are so different, as for practical purposes two different things. . . . One might, of course, . . . substitute "consciousness" for "spirit." . . .

The author means by "spirit" only its individual form, or human consciousness. About matter he says:

Then as to matter: What do we know of it? The term is often used as if it implied some common stuff, of which individual things are made. But no analysis has yet been able to detect such a common stuff. . . . Matter is the sum total of all [these] elements, regarded as possessing a particular attribute, namely, materiality, or the property of occupying space; while, as all the occupants of space are in motion, molecular or molar, occupation of space may be said to be practically synonymous with movement in space. Matter then is the name for what moves in space. . . .

Matter is of use—incessant and inevitable use—to spirit; spirit, on the other hand, is of no use to matter. Man can improve material things, of course from his own point of view, by employing them for purposes of science or of art; but in so doing, he only alters their relation to himself; he does not and cannot change their nature. Electricity gains nothing by guidance along wires; . . .

Reverse the picture, and the opposite is the case. Our every state of consciousness depends upon the brain, and therefore upon the blood that nourishes the brain, and therefore on the chemical elements that form the blood.

The author goes into so much argument about matter because to him the subject of immanence is not a subject of spirit, but of matter. "That which moves in space" is the immanent deity. And it is That, which exists for our consciousness, viz.: it exists (N. B.—Not the same as *is*), that consciousness may find itself by means of it, be guided by it, be saved by it, etc. In the latter part of the book this theory is used as an explanation of the doctrine of incarnation. The reason why

the Divine exists, is for the purpose of guiding and saving consciousness. The Divine under the form of existence is spoken of as immanent. Incarnation is simply immanence accentuated; it is human because it is cosmic. It is a necessary corollary of "creation." Its moral lesson is secondary; its cosmic character is primary. It is not judicial but educational, not local but universal, not a grace dependent upon man's favor, but as free as air and light. Incarnation always *was* and *is* as eternal as Being and is not a chronological fact. It is, of course, *in* time, as all existence, but neither *of* nor *from* time.

It was an astonishing revelation to read the last Hulsean Lectures for 1898-9. They were delivered by Ven. James M. Wilson, and were entitled "The Gospel of The Atonement," and were a denunciation of the Latin scheme of salvation, with God as a sovereign, ruler and judge, remote, unapproachable, etc. That doctrine was condemned as dualistic and untrue. The lecturer held that the doctrine of atonement could only be rationally understood when explained on the theory of the immanence of God, the indwelling of a divine life in man. The lecturer dwelt with special love on the Greek or Eastern type of atonement, and described it as

The thought of God as Divine or Eternal Life and Spirit, indwelling in all nature, rising into consciousness in man, and manifesting Himself completely under human limitations in Jesus Christ. . . . It appeals to experience and conscience, on God's relation to nature and to ourselves as an indwelling life and inspiration. It was the characteristic theology at Alexandria in the third century. . . . It implies a certain continuity underlying everything, the continuity and unity of an organism vivified throughout by the same Divine Spirit. . . . This theology tends to the obliteration of all those sharply defined but illusory distinctions with which we are familiar, such as those of material and spiritual, secular and religious, inspired and uninspired, natural and supernatural. To men holding this type of theology real disunion, the temper of "wrath, strife, sedition, heresy," is impossible. They are all "one man" in Christ Jesus. . . . The heart and mind of almost every one is open to this type of theology.

This theology is immanential. It does not matter what we call the underlying unity, we are brought by it into the Mystery. Many of our readers are familiar with it, but perhaps not familiar with the fact that such teachings can be given inside of the Established Church and not condemned—except by Montanists, who condemn everything but their own blindness.

Illingworth quotes many Scriptures, ancient and more modern; some of his quotations are tolerably well known, but here are some that are seldom quoted among our readers.

Zeus is the air, and Zeus the earth and heaven,
And all things; and what else is over all.

This is from Æschylus. The following are from Virgil.

“Men have inferred from the instincts of the bees, that they partake of the divine mind and breath of heaven.”

“For God pervades the whole earth and the spacious sea, and heaven profound.”

“An inward spirit feeds earth, heaven and sea,
The shining moon, and giant stars; a mind
Pervades their limbs, and moves the mighty mass.”

Lucan wrote:

“Whate’er thou seest, where’er thou goest is Jove.”

Such passages to prove “all things are full of gods” are easy to multiply, which proves the wide field of the belief in God’s immanence. Even Christian writers abound who hold this view. They are less inclined to identify the Divine with the visible object, still their belief is that the universe is “high, holy and most beautiful.” St. Cyril holds that we know God mainly through nature. He says:

“The wider our contemplation of creation the grander is our conception of God.”

It is the family likeness and the immanence of God which gives truth to St. Basil’s exclamation:

“Earth, air, sky, water, day, night, all things visible, remind us who is our benefactor.”

From Christian poets similar quotations can be culled with ease. Illingworth’s book will be particularly useful to those of our readers who have skipped the steps of reasoning which led up to their present exalted standpoints. His book will show how to attain mental freedom by reasoning rather than by intuitive rushes at truth. The latter method gives the correct results, at times, but the owner has no proof, in moments of doubt, nor any means wherewith to convince others of the truth.

The subject of Cosmic Consciousness and emotion is part of the far wider subject, that of subconsciousness and supraconsciousness. Even that subject is at present presented in a most unfortunate way, either as related to spiritualism or as a simple psychological problem. It is neither the one or the other according to our judgment. The only way to come to satisfactory results in its study is to handle it philosophically as a form of emanation. What, then, is Cosmic Consciousness and Emotion from the standpoint of Emanationism? Let us use the three emanistic terms of Proclus: persistence—procession—return. The first

means undifferentiated identity of subject and object. It answers to Hegel's *Thesis*. The second is the difference that arises between subject and object in the process of differentiation or evolution. It is Hegel's *Anti-Thesis*. The third is that union (*Syn-Thesis*) which arises at the return of the differentiated subject and object. In the state of differentiation the soul is "astray," "away from home," "fallen," etc., and longs "to return to the father's house." It searches for "the lost treasure" everywhere, it "falls in love" only too often with "the daughter's of men" which it mistakes for The Beloved. Its thoughts and emotions in this state are by some people of to-day described as Cosmic Consciousness and Emotion. These terms are more allied to modern science expressions than perhaps desirable, because they are apt not to lead directly to the object. The Cosmos is only reality, second hand. But as it is, we rejoice that the world has gotten so much light into its darkness that the watchmen on the towers begin to look for the day.

In the state of differentiation it is not only the soul that is unhappy, restless and longing for God; God, too, is longing. He stands at the door knocking for admission, and as Angelus Silecius puts it: "God is not God without me. I am a necessary element to his existence." Behold the landscape! Do you not see His smile and hear His call? What is it that speaks deepest down within you? That, too, is Cosmic Consciousness and Emotion.

In conclusion: Is this doctrine of immanence a mere philosophical playtoy or has it any practical value? It has already been said that the Divine existed immanently in the universe for the benefit of consciousness, or, which is perhaps a more dignified way of putting it, consciousness is a result of the immanence of the Divine. That is certainly a great fact and to be made the most of by every individual existence. How do we live it in the fullest and richest way? The Science of Ethics, if it truly is a science of living, teaches that. In general, the rules about silence, solitude and concentration, as they are taught nowadays, are the most direct roads to Union or Realization. But, of course, the roads must be traveled with a *lively* desire for Union. A lively desire presupposes affinity and a knowledge of it. Therefore: "Seek ye, that He may be found," and—He shall be found!

"My own shall come to me."

C. H. A. B.

Absolute existence, if it were pure, freed from all particularity, would lead to the Sublime.—*Hegel*.

LYRIC POETRY.

ACHIEVEMENT. A book of poems by Samuel James Lewis and Herbert H. C. Everett. New York. The Titmarsh Club, 1899.

Two young persons we understand to be the authors of these verses. They are not signed, and there is no way of indicating the authors of the respective inspirations, if inspirations they can be called. Some of them are certainly no more than echoes of passing thoughts, and as echoes they are weak. However, it would be out of place to criticise lyric poetry—and that is what this book contains—for it runs the whole gamut of feeling and mental clearness. Let me point out some beauty and mention one poem (?) at least which ought to be left out in future editions.

"Requiem" has the true ring of *requiescat in pace*. The opening stanza runs thus:

O'er them the stars their vigils keep
And on their grave, where laurel wreathes,
Soft shadows fall, and o'er their sleep
Eternal music breathes.

The opening stanza of "Life" is true to nature. Life says:

I come from the dark and struggling lie
In the cool of a Spring-like age,
In the lap of the soft caressing eye
Of a mother's heritage.

But we do not like the "Sonnet to P." It is an offense to address one's love:

Hast thou, my Love, the aching in thy breast
I have in mine? It is a yearning pain of passion . . . ?

And there is no love in the man who demands to "taste the ripened sweets" of his Love. He is a beast. The sentiments of this poem savor of ideas of man's proprietorship over the woman he marries. The poem is a blot on the collection and ought to have been left out. We are sure it will be in future editions. Lyric poetry, as we have become accustomed to it, allows such coarseness, but in the New Age a man is not the owner of his wife, nor is she his mistress. Marriage means union, and union implies two free existences in an equal and voluntary compact entered upon for a spiritual purpose.

In "The Poppy" are many happy uses of language and fine nature feeling, but it comes perilously near the style of Swinburne.

Overwhelmed by "the will to live," the poppy seeds plead with
Mother Earth for her fructifying embrace,

But the Earth
Heard not; and as each evening fell she loosed
The golden bands which sheaved her hair and went
Her way unto her quiet rest, and slept.

But the poppy seeds are not at rest and cannot sleep. Though
they bring sleep to others, they themselves are wide-awake passions.

And thro' the deep folds of the dusk bright eyes
Fired by desire, streamed wide, unseen. Red eyes
They were with weeping—

Neither praying nor weeping nor "the half-faced moon" can help
them. Then they appeal to one who

Unseen went strangely by—Great Love his name.

Though they yearn for

. . . (the) passionate gusts,
(to) live the dreaming life of parted lips
And hasty breath . . .

they are ignored. Why? Truly it was the Great Love that "unseen
went strangely by." Was it not rather the Lesser Love they called
for? They say that poppy-love is blind. C. H. A. B.

BOOK REVIEWS.

OUR PRACTICAL FORCES. By Ernest Loomis. Cloth, \$1.25. Ernest
Loomis & Co., Chicago; Metaphysical Pub. Co., New York.

It is essentially productive of good results when an occultist or teacher of
metaphysics in general, makes himself so well understood that the general
public finds it a pleasure to read his books. In "Your Practical Forces" we
have, not only everyday statements pertaining to Occultism, but lucid reference
to the vibratory realm of causation which so obviously underlies our entire cosmic
system. Not that the book is any more profound than others of its kind, but
that what it teaches is readily assimilated and put to commonplace tests. One
press aim is to "connect will with the omnipotent vibrations of those etheric
atoms within the inner chambers of the heart, which, being the essence of
man's divinity and cause of his immortality, are the exhaustless source of his
occult powers."

While students in occultism seek the hidden purposely, if what they seek be
to be revealed with a measure of system and logic, there grows upon them a
taste for their work. So, we say, that to produce the best results, the image
of what is to be taught must first be definitely clear in the mind of the teacher.
It should be without a fair sprinkling of facts gleaned from common life—
facts which are mystically true because of the theories they are to demonstrate
and prove. To reach the general mind has been, we think, the aim of Mr.
Loomis in this work, which is Vol. I of a series of four text books upon
Occultism.

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW, as interpreted to R. L. Harrison by the light of the godly experience of Sri Paránanda. Cloth, pp. 264, \$1.50. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. The Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York.

In this day of commentaries by well-known writers in the English tongue, a still later work—and an exhaustive one at that—coming from a deeply spiritual Hindu mind, must be greeted with exceptional interest everywhere. Sri Paránanda, the author of the work now before us, has evidently followed a most profound line of intuitional reasoning. Every phrase of importance in the book of St. Matthew is given a lucid and rational interpretation. Thus are symbols changed to pleasing verities, obscure passages to semblances of beauty and love, and not that the Gospel of St. Matthew contains even a tincture of the wormwood which the literalist would have us believe.

Particularly suggestive is the interpretation of the words of Jesus: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Says Sri Paránanda: "Rest is identical with peace. When thoughts run down to a perfect calm and sleep does not intervene, peace or the kingdom of God is attained. . . . How different are these false pleasures of the flesh from the genuine pleasures of the spirit! There are persons among us who are so free from anger, envy, jealousy, greed, lust, and other evil tendencies of the flesh, and are so full of love and resignation, that they are not given to many moods nor to much thinking about the passing events of the day, but yet are cheerful and joyous all day long. Their pleasure is not dependent on thought or feeling. Jesus meant in substance: 'Come, I will teach you how to attain perfect rest or bliss. Those of you who take a keen interest in worldly life and are wedded to its shows and amusements need not come to me, but those who are tired of such pleasures, who are poor in spirit, are those who are entitled to receive my declaration of peace.'" In the phrase, "Take my yoke upon you," yoke is synonymous with yoga, meaning union.

Equally consistent is the thought advanced relative to the saying: "Every idle word that man shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." The day of judgment is the day in which the effect of the idle words uttered will be reaped—unprofitable words, words which bring not the gain of godliness.

From a no less personage than Anna W. Mills, the author of *Practical Metaphysics for Healing and Self-Culture*, have we received assurance of the highly intellectual and deeply spiritual attainment of this Hindu thinker, who is a native of Ceylon and looked upon as a profound scholar of his day. For teachers and students in the metaphysical arena we know of no more deserving and practical commentary upon the holy scriptures.

It is a ridiculous thing for a man not to fly from his own badness, which is indeed possible, but to fly from other men's badness, which is impossible.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

No man was ever truly great without divine inspiration.—*Socrates*.

Remember that to change thy opinion and to follow him who corrects thy error is as consistent with freedom as it is to persist in thy error.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

I.

What is the bond between me and this flower ?
 We breathe the common air, we smile and weep,
 Earth's bosom takes us both when our last sleep
 Falls on the lids that opened for an hour.

The mystery called Life awhile we hold ;
 The loss of it, called Death, awhile we wait ;
 Vigour or feebleness may crown our state.
 A flower can suffer in its inmost fold.

I loved its ways, and watched it day by day
 Open its petals to the kindly sun ;
 When death crept near, I mark'd how one by one
 Its curled leaves saddened into brown decay.

What is the bond between us? Is it light,
 Without whose kiss we pine, and droop, and die ?
 Or tear-rain falling from a weeping sky ?
 Or robe of air gemmed with the stars of night ?

—“*Quatrains*,” by Wm. Wilsey Martin.

It is through this deliverance from the imperfections of finitude that humanity for the first time comes to itself, or recognizes itself as the external and present existence of the Absolute Spirit.—*Hegel*.

Without the actual inspiration of the Spirit of Grace, the inward teacher and soul of our souls, we could neither do, will, nor believe good. We must silence every creature, we must silence ourselves also, to hear in a profound stillness of the soul this impressible voice of Christ.—*Fendon*.

“The heedless world hath never lost
 One accent of the Holy Ghost.”—*Emerson*.

However, I am sure that there is a common spirit that plays within us, and that is the spirit of God. Whoever feels not the warm gale, and gentle ventilation of this spirit, I dare not say he lives, for truly without this to me there is no heat under the tropic, nor any light, though I dwell in the body of the sun.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MIND AND BODY: Hypnotism and Suggestion Applied in Therapeutics and Education. By Alvan C. Halphide, A.B., M.D., Etc. Cloth, \$1.00. Published by the Author, 3458 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY. By James Howard Gore, Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics, Columbian University. \$1.00. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London.

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW, as interpreted to R. L. Harrison by the light of the godly experience of Sri Paránanda. \$1.50. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London.

DESCRIPTIVE MENTALITY FROM THE HEAD, FACE AND HAND. By Holmes W. Merton. \$1.50. David McKay, Publisher, Philadelphia.

DUALITY OF VOICE: An Outline of Original Research. By Emil Sutro. \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY: Lectures by the Swami Vivekananda on Raja Yoga and Other Subjects. (Enlarged edition.) \$1.50. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

NATURE VS. DRUGS: A Challenge to the Drugging Fraternity. By A. F. Reinhold, Ph.D., M.D. \$2.50. Published by the Author, 60 Lexington Avenue, New York.

THE PREVENTION OF OLD AGE. By Eleanor Kirk. 50 cents. Published by the Author, 696 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CULTIVATION OF PERSONAL MAGNETISM: A Treatise on Human Culture. By Leroy Berrier. \$1.00. Kimball & Storer Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

PATRIOTIC NUGGETS—Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Lincoln, Beecher. By John R. Howard. Flexible cloth, 40 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

SATAN'S HOOF AND THE TWO WITCHES. By Eugene R. Eliscu, M.D. 50 cents. Banner of Light Pub. Co., Boston.

GET YOUR EYES OPEN. By Frank Allen Moore. Leatherette, 25 cents. F. M. Harley Pub. Co., Chicago.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA; OR, THE WATER THAT WAS MADE WINE. By Geo. W. McCalla. Paper, 20 cents. Published by the author, 18th Street and Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.



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LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR

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ONE YEAR

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THE ÆSCULAPIAN ART OF HEALING.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

"The knowledge which a people possesses of the art of healing is the measure of its refinement and civilization," Thomas Carlyle declares. The history of the art is as old as the history of the human race. To know this history is equivalent to knowing the origins of civilization itself. But, so far as we know, the world has never been wholly civilized or wholly savage, but every region has in its turn enjoyed a higher culture which was preceded and often followed by a period of barbarism. The valleys of the Nile and Euphrates are vivid examples. Such cycles of alternate savagery and civilization will probably continue until, perhaps, the earth shall become unfit to sustain human populations.

Every country that has a literature in regard to the ancient periods of its history possesses some account of the art of healing. The nations most venerable for antiquity of which we have any account—Egypt, India, and China—had each a caste of physicians belonging to the sacerdotal orders. Indeed, the various peoples of whom less is known, like the Skyths, abounded with an ancient lore which embraced the art of divining, the treatment of disease and religious rites. What was called "magic" was no more nor less than this.

The serpent being the symbol of arcane and superior wisdom, was the mystic sign of the mediciner. In the story of the book of *Genesis* he showed that to eat of the tree of Knowledge would make human beings to be as divine ones in their matured perception of good and evil. Moses, we are told, placed the copper effigy of a serpent on a staff as a token of safety from mortal peril. The two serpents united on the magic staff of Apollo, Æsculapius and Hippokrates, all signified the same thing. Hence to the staff as well as the serpent has been accorded a place as part of the physician's armamentarium. A physician without his staff would have been regarded like his fellow, the enchanter, without his wand. Indeed, some have regarded the cabalistic R̥ with its cross, that prefaces the medical prescription, not as an abbreviation of "recipe," or "take," but a modern form of the figure of the serpent on the staff.

In the occult symbology the serpent represented the principle of life, the knowledge of which rendered the individual a being preternaturally endowed, if not actually divine. In this way the magus or magician (priest of Fire) was regarded as having power over the world of nature as others did not.

The staff of the healer was likewise considered to have a mysterious energy. The direction of the Hebrew prophet to his servant, when the Shunamite's son had succumbed to sunstroke, was a meaning one: "Take my staff in thine hand and go thy way; if thou meet any one, salute him not, and if any salute thee answer him not again; and lay my staff upon the face of the child." It was the current belief that the staff was permeated with a healing virtue from the hand of its owner, which could be imparted to the senseless child and arouse him from the deathlike trance. Hence the caution to speak to no one on the way, whereby this occult virtue might be dissipated.

Klearkhos has given the account of a mantis or diviner, who, in the presence of Aristotle the philosopher and also physician, by the means of a wand produced a cataleptic condition in a child, and afterward restored the patient to consciousness. Examples are numerous of the universality of similar notions. The sceptre of the king was believed to possess magical virtue; the baton or truncheon

of the magistrate, the rod of the prophet, the flagellum, barsom or thyrsus of the divinity, all belong in the same category.

In the temples of archaic Egypt were schools of learning where students were instructed in all branches of knowledge. Even dentistry, the plugging of teeth with gold, and the inserting of teeth, were also taught. Every temple had its staff of medical practitioners. One king of remote antiquity, Ser or Tosorthros, was a builder and physician, and was therefore named Imhepht or Emeph, the Æsculapius of Egypt.

Although the physicians of the privileged sacerdotal order were under strict regulations, there was little impediment to the employing of other practitioners. Indeed, empirics and pretenders were as common as in more modern times; clairvoyants and "mediums" practiced in such characters; charms and amulets were employed, and pieces of papyrus have been found with written sentences upon them which had been used for magic and healing purposes. The belief has been current in all ages that hieroglyphics, runes, astronomic and even alphabetic characters possessed an occult virtue and might be employed with benefit to cure bodily ills.

Without doubt the prophets of the temples themselves cherished faith in certain modes of obtaining superior knowledge which, in later times, would hardly be acceptable. Like the rest of our humankind they believed in there being actual communication with Divinity, and that most salutary physical results might thereby be obtained. Sculptures over the walls of the sacred edifices indicate familiarity with the practice and phenomena of Animal Magnetism, particularly with the sacred hypnotisms. Says Promêtheus:*

" There shalt Zeus
Heal thy distraction, and with gentle hand
Soothe thee to peace."

The hand, and especially the forefinger or *index medicus* are common in symbolic representation,† and imply that they were

* ÆSCHYLUS: *Prometheus Bound*.

† The sister of the wife of the king of Bakhtana being ill beyond common skill, an embassy was sent to Egypt for a "royal scribe intelligent in heart and skillful with his fingers."

employed to impart the healing virtue. The words of the Syrian general, Naaman, show the generality of the practice among physicians in the order of prophets. "Behold," says he, "I said to myself: 'He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call upon the name of his God, and extend his hand over the place, and heal the plague.'" Indeed, the term surgery or *kheirourgikê* signifies manipulation and appears to have been originally employed in that sense.

It is easy to prate about superstition, but the quality so termed is more deeply embedded in human nature than we, perhaps, are willing to acknowledge. In fact, the word "superstition" has been sadly perverted from its primitive meaning—superior consciousness, a consciousness of superior things. Much of our dogma, much that is called "scientific" in medicine is an outgrowth from the sources which are superciliously disdained. Names have been changed but the things remain.

In archaic Greece, as in other countries, the art of healing was regarded as divine. Agamedê, "who knew each healing herb," was described as consorting with the immortal Poseidôn, once the Supreme god of Hellas and Libya. Then when the gods of Olympus superseded the older ones, Apollo became the favorite divinity. He was not only god of music and divination, but the physician of the gods. Then, also, we read of a race in Thessaly, Kentaurs or kohen-taurs, priests of the caves, skillful in healing. One of their number, most cultivated of them all, was Kheiron,* the fabled instructor of Achilles and Æsculapius. From him the practitioners of Thessaly were denominated Kheironidæ, and perhaps his art was thus named *kheirougikê* or *chirurgica*.

Thessaly was anciently celebrated for curious arts. A district bore the name of Magnesia, and the lodestone appears to have derived thence its name of magnet. That magic, magnetism and medicine should all be peculiar there, is very significant and suggestive.

Æsculapius, or Asklepios, as he was named in Greece, was originally a foreign divinity; but having been introduced into Greece he

* This name, *Kheiron*, also written Chiron, is evidently formed from *Kheir*, the hand, intimating the use of the hand in the treatment.

was naturalized there as the son of Apollo. His principal temples were at Epidaurus in the Morea, in the island of Kôs, and in the Asian city of Pergamis. Epidaurus, however, was regarded as the primitive seat, and here was his hospital, theatre, and the den in which the sacred serpents were reared. One of these animals was carried to every new shrine of the divinity at its consecration.

The poets describe Æsculapius as the son of the god Apollo, by the maid Koronis, and as one of the hero-gods who accompanied Jason on the Argonautic expedition which went to Kolchis in quest of the Golden Fleece. Homer mentions his sons as ministering to the sick and wounded at the siege of Troy. Honors were paid to his daughters as divinities. Their names, Hygeia the goddess of health, Aiglê the brilliant, Panakaia the all-healing virtue, and Iasô, the savior from besetting evils, were poetic inventions to indicate that Æsculapian art included in its purview every means of preserving the body as well as of restoring it to soundness.

The symbols and images of Æsculapius after his introduction into Greece were subjected, as far as practicable, to the modifications of Hellenic art. The squat figure which was peculiar to him as one of the Kabeirian gods of Lower Egypt* and the composite figures or cherubs of Assyria were changed to more symmetric human shapes. We find him accordingly represented, somewhat like his counterparts, the Eastern Bacchus and the Kretan Zeus. Of course the serpent and the dog were retained; the delineation would otherwise have been incomplete. A dwarf figure, however, was kept in a hidden recess of the temple. On the coins of Epidaurus he was exhibited as an infant nursed by the goat and guarded by the dog. At Korinth and other places he had the figure of a child holding in one hand the rod or sceptre, and in the other a fir-cone after the manner of the Assyrian worship. He was also depicted classically as a man of mature years, bald, with a flowing beard, and partly covered by his robe, holding in his hand the knotted magic staff encircled by the

* Herodotus describes the statue of Ptah, the Egyptian demiurgos, as resembling a pigmy. The Kabeiri were said to be his sons and to be like him in figure. Asklepios was reckoned like them and the eighth of their number. The Persian conqueror Kambyzes made great sport of the ungainly figures, and then burned them.—Book, iii., 37.

serpent. Sometimes the animal was coiled in the form of a bowl, as though to represent the mystic cup of Hygeia the goddess of health. Not infrequently, however, he was portrayed in the form of the serpent alone; and in every Asklepion a living serpent was maintained as his simulacrum.

The Hieron or holy precinct at Epidauros was long the most celebrated of his shrines. It contained a sanctuary, a park, a sacred grove and a theatre capable of holding twelve thousand spectators.* Kôs, however, was more honored at a subsequent period. Pergamos, the mountain-city of Asia Minor, was also famous for its Asklepion as well as for its great library and seat of learning. At the various temples the Asklepia or festivals of the god were celebrated; and his priests, the Asklepiads, presided at the altars and rites.

As every sacerdotal body in ancient times was a secret order, having a free-masonry of its own, the Æsculapian fraternity exercised a like exclusiveness. Fathers in the order instructed their children and teachers their pupils, but only as members of an oath-bound brotherhood, incurring the penalties of the out-caste for any violation. In course of time, however, there came to be two classes of practitioners. One was the Asklepiads, who possessed the religious and secret learning; the other, the "iatroi" or mediciners, who had not been formerly initiated, but were able from their skill and deftness in treatment to practice the art with fair success. These latter physicians were generally employed to care for the invalid poor and for those of low rank in society.

With the adoption of Æsculapius as a Grecian divinity, his worship was engrafted upon the initiatory rites of the Eleusinia. After the Greater Mysteries had been celebrated, the orgies of the god of Epidauros followed on the eighth day. Swine were washed and sacrificed at the Minor Rites;† the cock to Æsculapius. The dying words of Sokrates had their mystic purport: "Krito, we owe the cock to Asklepios; discharge that debt for me."

*The Grecian Theatre was the outcome of the Mystic Rites. It was introduced with the worship of Bacchus, and was actually a temple. The theatre of modern times had a similar beginning in the famous Mystery plays of the Middle Ages.

†*Epistle of Peter*, II., ii., 22: "The sow that was washed is turned again to her wallowing in the mire."

The Asklepiads, following the archaic usage, professed to be lineal descendants of their eponymous ancestral god. They even had genealogies to demonstrate this claim. Both Hippokrates and the historian Ktésiàs, as late as the Persian wars against Greece, prided themselves on this divine origin of the families to which they belonged. It would seem, therefore, that Hippokrates, by committing his knowledge to writing, had disregarded his obligations as a member of a secret order of priests; or else we must suppose that he wrote only upon the subjects which others were free to learn. Doubtless this was the case. "The holy word may be revealed to the initiated only," says Hippokrates; "the profane may not receive it before initiation."

The temples were thronged with the sick as well as with common worshipers. Only the initiated, however, might enter the sacred precinct, except by permission of the superintending priest. This was granted on condition of undergoing a religious purification, or, in other words, the preliminary initiations. Fasting, abstinence from wine, and bathing were strictly enjoined. Mesmerism and massage were among the chief agents that were depended upon. Sleep-houses were provided and great diligence employed to ascertain whether the patients, when in the hypnotic or clairvoyant condition, had received any suggestion in regard to their treatment. The remedial means generally consisted of medicinal roots and herbs, and a careful regimen, together with the various religious invocations, ceremonies and other magic observances.

It was not attempted, however, to cure persons who were thoroughly diseased. Æsculapius was of the opinion, Plato informs us, that a man ought not to be cured who could not live in the ordinary course, without prescribing a specific diet and regimen, as in that case he would be of no service. Incurables were carefully excluded from the temples. When a sick person failed of recovery, it was usual to lay the blame upon him instead of the treatment. The priest-physician declared to him that his unbelief and sins were the cause of the failure, or else that it was some ordinance of fate.

Philosophic speculation led to the development of new ideas in all the principal fields of thought. So long as the teachers exhibited an

external assimilation to the general sentiment of the leaders of the community, they could enjoy the utmost liberty of belief in their schools and in private discussions apart from the public. It is a significant fact that the philosophers were generally physicians, or individuals skilled in medical lore.

Among these eminent men Hippokrates held a prominent rank. He was a member of the medical caste, and his lineal descent has been reckoned from Æsculapius himself. He was instructed in the temple-school of Kôs, then the most celebrated medical seminary in Greece; and he afterward sojourned at Athens, where he became a student of Herodikos of Selymbria, and attended the lectures of the most distinguished sophists. He also, as was the ancient custom of philosophers, traveled over many different countries, remaining for long periods at places where epidemics were raging, and observing their progress and characteristics. He is said to have arrested a great plague at Athens. Finally he established himself in Thessaly, the country so famous for medical and magical knowledge. He was a philosopher, and while personally familiar with the sages of his time, he never hesitated to elaborate and propound his own dogmas. He was likewise profoundly religious, but he did not have that veneration for things that were esteemed as divine which hindered him from investigation into the nature and conditions of physical occurrences. All causes he believed to be of divine agency, but their operation was directed by constant laws and natural conditions. To explore these with a view to remedy evils and benefit mankind was, therefore, not only lawful, but a work of the highest merit.

His maxim was explicit: "Nature is the chief physician." He was careful, therefore, not to interfere with what he regarded as reparative efforts, but endeavored to promote them. He prescribed total abstinence from food while a disorder was on the increase, and a spare diet on other occasions. He considered excesses of all kinds as dangerous, and that the bodily functions should never transgress the limits marked out by nature. Persons in health, he said, should abstain from all kinds of medicine. He declared cathartics to be the medicine most difficult for individuals to bear. He also disapproved

of too strict a regimen, as being more hurtful to a person in health than a freer mode of living.

He did not reject philosophy or its methods. He was more or less in harmony with Pythagoras, and he religiously accepted the notion of supernal agency in all visible operations. He considered it to be the proper task of the inquirer to find out the laws and conditions by which the agency of the superior beings was determined and according to which it might be foretold. He also accepted with implicit obedience the beliefs of his time in magical divination, prophetic dreams and clairvoyance. Familiar as he was with the temple-sleep of the Asklepia, it was to be expected that he should fully concur with these prevailing opinions. "Even when the eyes are closed," says he, "the soul sees everything that goes forward in the body." Again, he is explicit: "When the soul has been freed by sleep from the more material bondage of the body, it retires within itself as into a haven, where it is safe against storms. It perceives and understands whatever is going on around it, and represents this condition as if with various colors, and explains clearly the condition of the body."

Both Hippokrates and Galen after him, with their disciples, taught the efficacy of charms, amulets and spells. The statuettes and simulacra of the gods were considered to possess rare virtue. Gems, especially with a mystic design or legend upon them, were believed to have power over disordered conditions. Amulets of various styles were carried to avert evils. The belief in these has not passed away; and it is by no means impossible or improbable that they perform the service of fixing the attention and developing a confidence that is most salutary in its effects. As a man thinketh, so is he.

It is by no means certain that any of the writings imputed to Hippokrates are genuine. It was not the habit of his time for physicians to write books. But there was a practice current for scribes and others both to abridge and interpolate the books that had been written, and to ascribe their own compositions to more famous individuals. The Middle Ages abound with such jugglery. The Hippocratic oath is one of the examples.

Perhaps Athanæos of Pamphylia was a good representative of the true Æsculapian art. He began to teach about the beginning of the present era, and many of his procedures closely resembled those described in the Gospels. He was both a critical scholar and a philosopher. He rejected the notion of a plurality of elements, affirming them to be only qualities of the one matter. He revived the theory of the existence of an immaterial principle called *pneuma*, or spirit; and that the state of this principle in the individual was the source of health and disease. A school of medicine, or perhaps we should say of human science, was founded by the name of Pneumaticists, or Spiritualists, which based medical practice upon this foundation. "Jesus the Christ," the late W. F. Evans declares, "seems to have adopted, or rather to have conformed His practice to that theory, and without deviating from it."

Nevertheless, as all are not equal to such exaltation of perception and psychopathic method, there were always conditions and provision for the weak in faith and those that were outside. Athenæus himself wrote medical treatises, setting forth the distinction to be made between *Materia Medica* and *Therapeutics*, and enforcing the relations of diet to health. The Eclectic School, which advocated simple and restorative medication, discountenancing the practice of drugging, but depending chiefly on diet and regimen, was an outgrowth or offshoot from the other.

It has often been affirmed with a sneer that the beneficial effects of such treatment were due to the activity of the imagination. We do not need to refute or disclaim the assertion. It is the province of the imagination to form all our ideas and concepts, and to elaborate them into their proper results. It takes the things of the Ideal and shows them to us as realities. Not only does it rule the world, but it creates the world. The mind is the individual. It gives shape to what it sees. What is produced, whether a house or a machine, a state of health or the prostration of disease, is the effigy, the manifestation, the copy of a model or prior form in the mind. Imagination is no simple embodying of what is visionary, of vagary and hallucination, but the giving of sensible image to the things that already are. Science, to be worthy of being considered as knowledge, should take

cognizance of these immaterial things, and of the laws by which they are shaped into objective realities.

In so far as the primitive Æsculapian art included these conceptions, it was worthy of veneration and admiration. It reached from the idea into the everyday life, adopted the means to accomplish the ends, and achieved beneficent results. "Life is but thought," and "health the vital principle of bliss."

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

NATURE'S IDYLL.

BY PROF. JNO. WARD STIMSON.

In the old mythology of Greece (as in many another sweet and poetic intuition of truth, coming down to us from early days), "Father Heaven" was said to have stooped to wed our common "Mother Earth," and from their happy union sprang the myriads of Life's children that now nestle to her bosom and look to her for food.

The serene intelligence and infinite reason of the "Father" still broods over his children, but to our "Mother Earth," from whose vitals we come, whose breasts we nurse, and to whose peaceful bosom we return for rest, is intrusted the peculiar "motherly" duty of educating and training the children she has begotten him.

This task, through countless ages, she has with motherly patience and persistence been industriously accomplishing. True, from time to time, the Eternal Father (busily concerned with sun and star, planet and nebulæ, building the strong foundations of the house), has returned to visit his little family, and illumine it with his miraculous and mysterious presence, but chiefly through the cycles he seems to have intrusted to "Mother Earth" the interior economy of the house, to gradually perfect and complete the plan he had both wisely and divinely arranged.

At this late hour of this latest century the conviction is growing upon our foremost and sincerest scientists that she has slowly and serenely carried out his plans with true wifely and motherly fidelity;

that though there have been family disorders from "children's quarrels," greediness at table, youthful ignorance, ill temper and intolerance, she has laboriously and lovingly educated them, trained and restrained them, occasionally applying the "maternal slipper," teaching them at last the economy of mutual forbearance, respect for the All-Father's wishes, and especially, confidence in both their loves, till one by one the children are falling into line with broom and spade to coöperate in the common house and render it tenantable, happy and beautiful to all.

This last but chiefest lesson she seems to be anxious to have us learn—and it is becoming gradually but generally recognized—that not alone is the "Father's" work founded on Truth and the "Mother's" on Love, but that the common product of their combined effort (in celestial orbit or terrestrial evolution), is Beauty, both as a principle, a concomitant and a resultant, and every child, from oldest to youngest, humblest to highest, is responsible, according to the stage and measure of its attainment, for the beauty of that stage and the ultimate beauty of the whole.

It is a great pleasure to any genuine son or daughter of "Mother Nature" to turn through the pages of her beautiful diary and note some of the principles she has jotted down, along the road, for her own domestic economy, and the guidance of her offspring—some of the rules, as it were, on which she and the "Father" seem to have agreed, for the attainment of this "Universal Beauty." She has scattered these sybilline leaves like those of her forests, and he who runs may read (though oftener we trample them under foot). Some seem particularly luminous, suggestive and practical. For instance, in a delicate preface, intended, I presume, for her daughters, she casually remarks that she was first attracted to our "Father" by the great directness and intensity of his suit, his great brilliancy and color, by the supreme power of his personality, and a certain self-centered dignity and unity of purpose. "Henceforth," she writes down, "for me, straight lines, strong rectangles, luminous colors, vivid individuality, unity, centrality, latent potentiality, and a certain directness and conservative simplicity were always elements in male beauty."

While *he* adds as a personal foot note, that, so far as he was concerned, he was won to her by her fair *round* cheeks, her girlish grace and lightness, as she wove about him the meshes of her fascinating dance, with the crescent moon scintillating as her bosom's brooch. That as womankind was ever variable, emotional and graceful, henceforth for him the circle, oval, ellipse, volute and spiral, should be elements of feminine beauty, in shell or flower, tendril or maiden. In the happy halo of the honeymoon, I see they have set down "Radiation" as a cardinal principle agreed upon by them both, and soon after the first kiss, "Tangency" was added, with "Repetition" and "Reflection" as they gazed into each other's eyes. Then, as two souls had but a single thought, and all life currents set in the same direction, "Parallelism" became prominent, with "Balance" and graceful "Alternation."

So mutually considerate and respectful were our first parents, at this hour, that I find they have agreed to indissolubly associate their tastes and thoughts, and "Harmony" was accorded a prominent place in their canon of beauty. "Individuality and Personality" became subordinate to "Coöperation" and "Correlation," while mutual deference decreed that first one and then the other should be represented in the cosmogony of life by that "Wave-line of Beauty," combining straight and curved, spondee and dactyl, diminuendo and crescendo, to which the very music of the spheres became set, the tides of the sea and the pulses of the heart! So that not only shall "Night and Day" repeat it with rhythmic Interchange and courteous "Alternation," but "Statics and Dynamics" among physical laws, "Conservatism and Progress" among social laws, and finally "Repose and Motion" among æsthetic laws, all to re-echo the divine Ideal. Henceforth the heavenly choirs themselves keep time, and the marching hosts of years keep step to the rise and fall of the Master's beat, as, with just balance, the fates weigh out the equipoise, and fairly emphasize first one and then the other. Over the door (in German fashion) they have carved, "Strength and Beauty shall be in His Sanctuary."

And now I notice, with peculiar pleasure, that as the warmth of early affection crystallized into the calm duties of house building and

housekeeping, and the good "Mother's" April tears and the "Father's" midsummer toils were lightened by bursts of matrimonial rapture, the principles of "Propriety" began to dawn upon them, and especially "Fitness" and "Apropos" were written down in the book with many underscores.

It was just about this time, I notice, that it seems to have struck "Mother" that in the heavy outside work of laying the foundation stones of the house, bossing the builders who framed the cellar and stored the coal, she might fluster "Father" and get in his way. So she very fittingly decided to give him a fair field with his chemics and hydraulics, and, save for a few intervals of feminine vacillation and emotion, when she twisted the marble veins and undulated the hills, he seems to have worked along with great soberness and steadiness, in straight lines and parallels, getting all the Beauty he could out of level strata, rectilineal crystals, diamonds, snowflakes and minerals.

Meanwhile she retires to her rocking chair, taking with her one of those very straight needles he had fixed to his straight pines, and sat preparing for him a green carpet, woven with tangled grasses; and worked out some very pretty lace curtains, in gracefully crocheted fern-patterns; till at last it comes her turn to have full fling with that eminently feminine element, the mobile, prolific sea! Here she evidently enjoys herself fully, and in a young wifely spirit of emulation and prodigality, fills it with teeming, soft, fanciful and graceful life; floating jelly-fish; waving sea-weed; winding fishes, that with woman witchery she decorates by anticipation in thready net lines, and splashes with sparkling spots. Then she plastically spins round her spiral shells in tangents and volutes, and exquisitely paints them with delicate tones and feminine water colors.

Nothing delights one more than to discover the *suggestive* way in which she has reproduced the bright "Radiation" of the Sun-Father's beams, in star-fish and coral, sea-urchins and anemone; his colors in her sun-fish and golden carp!

Indeed, I think there was a certain danger at this time of our "Mother's" emotions running away with her, while displaying her power over her fickle and variable element; and of turning us all seasick with her spinning on her heel so rapidly, and whirling everything

ircles and flying tangents! So that I find "Father" had a little with her that evening on the "Force of Gravity," and "*Con-*
! *Beauty*," and "Dignity," and even of "Simplicity," as prin-
in a work of art. The result of which was, that a sort of wise
omise was agreed upon, and a combination-effect attained, con-
d by them a higher order of Beauty. And for a long spell I
hem' studying devotedly the charm of Balance, Proportion,
m, Cadence with emphasis, Opposition and Contrast, to avoid
; or monotony. While she spun up the water in wavelets, he
t to give it breadth and ampleur; while he sighed with his deep
n the forest and rocky caverns, she sang her tender requiems in
ng waves; prisoned her soft whispers in the shells, and trilled
at ripples along the shore.

n this plan they seem to have moved forward with immense
s, and now that the house is getting into shape, and the pre-
ry era of mutual experiment and "showing-off" points is safely
d, the one with his rocks and minerals, the other with her tender
sh and mollusks (in which, by the bye, she seems to have been a
doubtful as to how her dough would turn out), but during which
both' delightedly recognized the beauty of "Originality,"
entiveness," "Sound Construction," "Order" and "System"
the children begin to arrive!

ke most young people, hanging over the cradle of their first-
I find them talking in low tones of the beauty of "Mystery,"
idency," "Suggestiveness," and writing them down with eager
it. Then—with the usual scurry of excitement in a new home
re proper materials to meet the occasion—"Adaptiveness,"
lity," "Survival of the Fittest," seem hurriedly jotted down.
k this last is in his handwriting, as he seems to have been put out
: room; as also some remarks about "Imprévue," which principle
rs greatly to have impressed him as the children multiplied, and
gression," "Repetition" and "Reduplication" are scored.
hen when sweeping days, and Spring cleaning, as usual, come
d, she manages to get in something about graceful "Meta-
hosis" and "Transformation"; and whether he wanted to or not,
id to concede the beauty of "Variety" and "Gradual Fusion."

I half suspect it was he who interlined something about "Artistic Confusion"; and a little later, in a shy, sly sort of way, "Restfulness," "Completeness," "Finish," "Sustained .Pleasure." She must have come round to soothe him and kiss his forehead into "Peaceful Effect" and "Quiet Spacing," after the dizzy spirals of the Devonian Age, and staggering productivity, variety and scaly repetition of the Reptillian Age, or fan him into genial "Radiation" with the palm leaves of the Carboniferous Age, for I find him taking serene satisfaction in the gradual development of his big boys of the Mammalian Era, and talking about "Stunning Impressiveness" and "Picturesqueness," of the value of "Boldness," "Vigor," "Frankness," "Genuineness," even "Audacity," and "Ruggedness," which he forthwith carried out in his leviathans, lions, tigers and eagles!

She pleasantly points out by contrast, in her insects and birds, "Skill," "Lightness," and "Delicacy"; and—as their children play about their knees and bring to them clambering vines and fragrant flowers—"Facility," "Felicity" and "Cheerfulness" are adored as valuable art qualities. He gaily invents for her dark locks the fire-fly for "Sparkle." She presents him, as a Christmas scarfpin, a butterfly for "Decoration."

And when at last they exclaim together: "Come, let us make our noblest work, 'Humanity,'" and she has matched his "Direct Truthfulness and Law" for man, with her encircling "Love" for woman, they both declare a third great Primary necessary to unify their claims, and so make "Childhood," with its "Grace," "Spirituality" and "Attractiveness."

Thus, as the "Father" watches with extreme interest the triangles, parallels and squares, in the decorations of primitive men; in the pyramids and oblong temples of Assyrians and Egyptians, our round-cheeked "Mother" introduces next the leaping curves of Roman Aqueduct, Arch, Amphitheatre and Pantheon, till at last, through myriad constructions in Arab stars and Gothic trellis, Renaissance scroll and Celtic interlacing, the tender halo and suffused glory of luminous, rapturous Rose-window satisfies, and they declare that the holiest child of Art is simple "INSPIRATION"!

JNO. WARD STIMSON.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

BY PROF. HENRY NELSON BULLARD.

The advance of scientific and psychological research in late years has brought about a multiplication of terms which is often confusing. From this complexity of nomenclature much ambiguity has arisen. The terms "unconscious" and "subconscious" have led to a very necessary confusion. Each term has many devotees. Some writers, including men of authority, have clung to one to the exclusion of the other, while writers equally careful have taken the other side, and meanwhile they were traveling over the same road. Each man has given his own definitions to the two words and none have exactly agreed in these definitions. The result has been even antagonism in some cases when coöperation would have proved of value to both sides. The difference between the terms is becoming more distinct. Still, misunderstandings of positions taken are many, because the terms are used so differently.

Unconscious cerebration is now quite familiar in sound, and yet it is a cause of grave disagreements and disputes. There is equal debate about the subconscious state. Both terms are literally complementary to the conscious. That which is not of the conscious is the unconscious, but what is not of the conscious is as truly of the subconscious. In use, however, the literal meanings have been lost. First, the term "subconscious" opened a slight crevasse for itself between the other two, and then increased study of the phenomena of the subconscious state extended its field more and more rapidly, until the unconscious can claim but a fragment of its former extent. This change is responsible for the frequent misuse of the two words. My first proposition is this: Those psychic processes which in their initiation seem purely unconscious, but which do or may rise to the plane of the conscious, are the subconscious.

Our lives are full of acts which we call unconscious. In fact, life would be impossible if all we do had to pass before the primary self. The secondary self is the private secretary, referring only the complex

to the notice of the higher ego.. Habits pass unnoticed. One friend sits by a table talking to me and shortly he places one hand on the table and his fingers begin to tap, tap in time. Call his attention to it and he is confused; he says he did it without thinking. Now it has ceased to be an unconscious act, and his higher ego disclaims all responsibility for it. Another friend never speaks without fingering his watch-chain, but he is very impatient of any reference to the unconscious habit. A young lady sits before the piano and carries on a conversation with a friend, thoroughly absorbed in what she is saying. After a little her fingers begin to move over the keys and she begins a familiar tune. Some one speaks to her about the music and finds that she had no idea of any action toward the piano. She may by an effort bring to her consciousness the name of the piece; it is more than likely that she cannot. I remember very vividly attending church one night in Lynn, Massachusetts. A solo, the words of which I had never heard before, was sung to a very familiar tune, the name of which I could not remember. On the way home I tried to recall it. At last I gave up and thought of something else. Later it gradually dawned upon me that the tune I was whistling (a habit of mine while walking alone) which I knew to be "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," was the music of the evening. The unconscious process repeated forced recognition from the primary self. All such illustrations show that there is a vital connection between the higher and the lower egos. That which is in itself unconscious may often become slowly or suddenly conscious. The possible merging into harmony of seemingly distinct personalities in deranged minds, and the fact that the events passing in the secondary self when it is brought to the front in the hypnotic state, may be brought up before the primary self afterwards, show that both selves belong together, though they seem to be commonly entirely distinct. All that passes without the consciousness of the higher self is generally called unconscious cerebration. Dr. Sidis objects to this term, and he objects rightly if the word "unconscious" is used in an absolute sense.

This leads me to my second proposition: There is, really, no absolutely unconscious state. Wherever we find the seemingly unconscious rising to the higher self and becoming conscious, then

we are dealing with the subconscious. Also as we study these phenomena we are able to prove that certain processes may rise from the unconscious, though we have never in our experience known them to do so. There are only two cases in which the unconscious state may seem absolute. These are the cases of death and of deep sleep, and so-called unconsciousness, where the functions of the mind appear to be suspended. In both cases our knowledge is at fault. In reference to death, there is nothing gained through experience—no sense-knowledge—by which we can judge of the death state. We may be sure that death only opens the way for a higher state of consciousness; but from a scientific point of view, because of the lack of data, we must consider the apparent lack of consciousness to be absolute. In the other cases where the functions of the mind seem stopped we have equally no data by which to judge. But here the difficulty may be the fault of sense-knowledge. We may, in time, be able to penetrate the seeming void and find only a more difficult barrier to cross. The unconscious, then, is a relative term which has become very much contracted in its compass as our knowledge has increased. The study of physiological psychology and the new interest in the examination of the functions of the brain and the nervous system, have made necessary this change in terms to keep pace with the advance of our knowledge.

Only a few years have passed since a connection between the conscious and the unconscious was first conceived. The idea of a state below the conscious, but not entirely unconscious, began to grow until now the first ripe fruit is ready to our hand. The subconscious has slowly pushed the unconscious back till we are astounded by the opportunity for study and research which is opened. The questions of association, suggestion and others like them are being investigated in a scientific, rather than a theoretical manner. The results are far from complete, and in many cases are incorrect, but the work is valuable as well as fascinating. When we compare the phenomena of dreams, hypnosis, insanity, extreme nervousness and kindred wonders formerly considered separate, and find that the vagaries of nightmare, the extraordinary actions of the medium, the monomania of a Schlatter, and the excitability found

in a mob, are all phases of disordered relation between the primary and secondary selves, we are led to a new interest in research along these lines.

The subconscious self, so lately discovered, though all this time hard at work, is a great friend. Its value we do not know, for the very reason that we are unfamiliar with it. The study of its relation to the higher ego is not for our amusement only, but has its definite bearings on medical, social and educational methods. This secondary self is wonderfully plastic, lacking the development of the conscious self, but ready to receive impressions which do not affect the higher and more differentiated faculties. Sometimes in cases of insanity the secondary self completely replaces the original personality. Then, we find there is a possibility for development in some ways quicker, and again along certain lines slower than that of the former self. In the normal state, however, it is purposely formless to a certain extent, in order to be more responsive to its surroundings.

The wonders of the old-time mesmerism have been examined, and the underlying truth has gained the new and scientific name, hypnotism. Dreams have been collected and examined, no longer to find what they tell of future events, but what they tell of present relations. The chains have been broken from the maniac and his condition has been studied. Parallels found in this way have been contrasted and simplified, and the result has been new fields and new ideas for science. It is not only in what has been thought strange that we find the subconscious self at work. Its work never ceases. Asleep or awake, as our heart continues to beat, so our secondary self takes note of what passes. The conversation which at the time is unnoticed long afterwards flashes to our consciousness. Our dream is of scenes unfamiliar till we happen upon the original, and then remember to have passed that way before without observing that which the dream proves we did see. It means that we do not act unconsciously, as we have thought we did. We are learning of new faculties and abilities within us.

HENRY NELSON BULLARD.

THE FUTURE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

BY DR. R. B. GLASGOW.

For those who are not practical educators, the study of the development of our public schools of the future will prove a most delightful one. The history of development is evolution, in fact. Manifestly, then, what lies before us is a study of the evolution of educational systems—the ideal public school. Before entering into a discussion of the subject it may be germane to remark that half a century hence the public schools of this country may be so admirably conducted that the wealthiest parents will send their children to no other, and the competition of private schools will be hopeless. The factors to be considered in the evolution of the ideal public school are the parents, the pupils, the taxpayers, the trustees, and the teachers.

In an address before a scientific body in Paris, recently, M. Berthelot, the well-known French scientist, said: “Millions of francs are wasted every year in pouring learning into sieves.” If this be true of France, it may also be true of America. For this willful waste of the taxpayers’ money, if it exists, the persons most directly responsible are those parents who, when questions as to government, etc., arise between the teachers and the pupils, almost invariably range themselves against the teacher. These parents, who evidently are very ancient in their understandings, may have been in the mind of that Sanskrit writer who said: “That mother is an enemy, and that father a foe, by whom, not having been instructed, their son shineth not in the Assembly, but appeareth there like a booby.”

These misguided parents are not only enemies to their offspring, but are also enemies to the State. Three hundred years ago John Amos Comenius, a pious Moravian Bishop, wrote: “Parents must praise learning and learned men; must show the children beautiful books, etc., and must treat the teachers with the greatest respect.”

One hundred years ago Pestilozzi said, "What is demanded of mothers is a thinking love."

Probably no other combination of circumstances would so promptly and surely revolutionize our educational system as the universal adoption of these ideas of the fathers of education, and the parents who lead the way in this grand movement will certainly be ideals. The relation of the child, not only to the life which now is, but also that which is to come, was rendered eternally unique by Jesus of Nazareth when he said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Because children are but reproductions of their parents, we suspect the nearest possible approach to an ideal pupil would be one of those referred to by Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose education, he said, was begun about one hundred years before their birth. A good second to these pupils would surely be those of the ideal parents just referred to, who had observed Comenius's advice. Disorderly, obscene, profane, rude and vulgar children are objects of pity, because these conditions, as pointed out by Plato 3000 years ago, are due to their organization and environment. Their parents and not they should be subject to correction.

For our own convenience we will class taxpayers thus: they are either capitalists or wealth producers. If both these parties knew that the first thing education does for men is to create a demand for luxuries, the production of which affords profitable employment for both capital and labor, they would not regard the cost of schooling as a grievous burden and schoolmasters as mere drones. If the wealth producers—the workingmen, whose only capital is their time—only knew that "we live by our knowledge and die by our ignorance," they would not only hasten to increase their own knowledge, but would make the education of the children their first care. The ideal taxpayer knows these things, is interested in the work of the schools, is pleased at the progress of the pupils and contributes his share of the school money with feelings akin to those of the husbandman who sows seed in the morning and withholds not his hand at evening.

That veracious story-teller, Mark Twain, declares that "In the

first place God made idiots; this was for practice. Then he made school boards." You can believe this or not, but in times past certain school trustees have been haunted with the idea that they had to do with wild animals, criminals, lunatics, or devils, and as a consequence main strength and awkwardness and ugliness was the working rule of these "underpaid and overworked public servants."

School interests would be best conserved by studying them in two ways, viz.: from a neducational, and from a property standpoint; and the idea is boldly advanced, that in the fullness of time the statutes will divide school trustees into two classes to cope with the problems above referred to. This is a day of special qualification for special work, and it is reasonable to expect this idea will prevail to a greater extent as time passes. It is results that are demanded to-day, and it is manifest no other one thing will bring educational results more certainly and speedily than the arrangement here outlined. The ideal school trustee, then, on the one hand, is he who is in sympathy with child life, and is more or less well informed on the philosophy of education. On the other hand, it is he who can look well to the property interests of the district, ever mindful of the idea that the schoolhouse should be a thing of beauty and consequently a joy forever.

The last and chiefest factor to be considered in the evolution of the ideal school is the teacher. In the long and broad evolution of humanity the school teacher is the omnipotent factor. This idea occupied the mind of Lord Brougham, seventy-five years ago, and doubtless inspired his remark, that "he would trust the school-master, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

Were we to search the pages of history for an account of the typical teacher of "ye olden time," Ichabod Crane, of Sleepy Hollow fame, would instantly stand out in bold relief. His adventures as described in Irving's Sketch Book are good reading. Were we looking for an up-to-date teacher, we would have in mind one who is as free as possible from "the mistakes implanted by education," and who knows something of everything, and everything of something. The ideal teacher, we are free to conclude, is one who is sustained with

the idea that knowledge is pleasure, and who teaches passionately and lovingly, as the artist paints, as the prima donna sings, as the orator speaks, or as the fond mother nurses her babe.

For our own purposes we consider life has two phases, viz: school life and world life, and that men are as ciphers and figures, and teachers as artists, or artisans. The aim of school life is to achieve harmonious development of all the human faculties. The boy is to become a complete man, so as to be capable of fulfilling all the ends of life. To achieve this the school ought not to be an artificial center, where there is no communication with life, except through books; it ought to be a small world, real and practical, where the child may find himself in close proximity to nature and reality. Theory is not enough; there must be practice as well. Those two elements should be present in the school, as they are around us. Otherwise the young man is condemned when he leaves the school world to enter a great world entirely new to him, where he loses all his bearings. Of course, this does not apply to the men who are doomed to be ciphers. For them, any school, or no school at all, will do as well. At the first sight the expression "artist" and "artisan" as applied to teachers may not seem happy, but on reflection it will appear quite unique. The foundation of an artist's work is a thought. His real work is turning thoughts into pictures, and education really is mental photography, making pictures on the brain, that most wonderful, sensitive and durable of photographic plates.

Artisans are indispensable to the community. They make many things—hats, coats, houses, wagons, etc., after patterns, and artisan teachers do what some others have done, and there stop. Such teachers use the profession as a makeshift in preparing for something else, or while waiting for someone to come along to bear the burden of support. When the ideal public school shall have been evolved, the calling of the artisan teacher will be gone, and the wooden trustee will no longer be needed. Indeed, in that day every phase of educational work will have been changed.

Here the question most apropos would seem to be: When shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of their coming? The

circumstances under which this question has been propounded render it necessary that the answer thereto be at once comprehensive, rational and intelligent.

This emergency cannot be met better than by quoting Charles Fourier, a French philosopher and scholar, whose career closed about three-quarters of a century ago. Fourier took the position that our race was still in its infancy, as demonstrated by the fact "that nothing that is really true interests, or can be taught to it. That its chief quality of character is its preference of the fantastic over the useful or beautiful, of the amusing and deceptive over the true, and of the teacher who pretends to know what he does not, over the teacher who admits how little he knows. That it is amused with fables and promotes the teachers of myths into crowns and salaries because they feed it taffy." Fourier believed and said, that "10,000 years hence the world will have become a university. Then the government will have been changed from a club into a course of instruction, the reign of force will have passed away before a reign of knowledge and reason, and the education and nurture of the young will be committed to those to whom it brings the most passionate ecstasy, and not to the mercenary, the despotic and the heartless."

The teachers of our country belong to the grandest army ever marshaled under the dome of heaven. When weary of well doing, they should look to the hills, whence cometh their help, and remember that the summit of their labor is in heaven.

R. B. GLASGOW, M. D.

For as far as the beatific vision of blessed souls in heaven is concerned, it is quite compatible with the functions of their glorified bodies, which will always remain organic in their manner.—*Leibnitz*.

Nor am I able to agree with those who have begun to affirm that the soul dies with the body, and that all things are destroyed by death. I am now inclined to be of the opinion of those among the ancients who used to maintain that the souls of men are divine and when they leave the body they return to heaven, and those who are the most virtuous and upright have the most speedy entrance.—*Cicero*.

THE LAW OF CHANGE.

BY ALWYN M. THURBER.

There would be an almost humorous side to our sophistry were we to affirm that things must never change. Yet we see about us every day scores of people who are clinging to their past notions and out-of-date ideas with fidelity worthy of a better cause. Change as we see it is Nature's first and mightiest weapon of progress. Law is universal, and the Author of a universal law must of needs be unchangeable, because change in a deity would imply a lack of supremacy. But it is the manifestation of the law that makes change possible. The order of succession is followed, atoms gather, then scatter, they gather again, new continents are born, new races appear, cycles of history come and go, and man, the actor and philosopher, is the only finite creature who is cognizant of these mighty innovations and able to comprehend that there is order in it all. During the stone age the brute sense of man may have been the best that age afforded; to-day the best things that are filling the thought and moral atmosphere are just resplendent enough with spiritual radiance to promise us more—aye, to give us satisfying proof upon which we can predicate the existence of God!

There is much of comfort in the thought that the old shall drop away and the new be born in its stead. We see the church dogmatist poring over his ritual, repeating the same words his parents before him revered so much, and what a feeling of thankfulness comes over us when we are reminded that even he, in all his direful honesty and manly service to his God, will sometime pass away, to make room for another soul who, perhaps, may never hear of a ritual, and if he be a worshiper may have an entirely different mode of worship! But just here let us ask: Must we indeed be obliged to drop this clay in order to see God? Might we not pass through a succession of rebirths while yet alive, and thus succeed ourselves into the newer life? This short cut to an everyday immortality seems to have been made by our people of recent years. Certain enterprising minds have found

that it is prudent to recognize the divine order of change, and that he who is ready for it gets a decided start of his slower neighbor. Ah, you ask, but can such a person be consistent? Certainly not. His soul is too broad, his wings will not permit him to crawl, and his opinions of yesterday are of no possible use to him to-day. The strictly consistent person is he who squares to-day's acts by yesterday's dealings; to-morrow's exactions must be in strict accordance with to-day's, and in no event must he change—why? because it would be heterodox to presume to revise what custom has manifestly sanctioned! Well, well, there are thinkers who do change, and their countenances beam with honesty from within, and they are just that much nearer God.

A particular air or song is born—it is whistled and played everywhere. It is given before vast audiences, thousands listen in raptures, and the singer thereof is recalled before the footlights repeatedly. A hit has been made, the heart and soul of man have been touched, and the air becomes popular. Six months later should it be sang before the same audience it would be greeted with hisses of disapproval. Has the air changed, or the people? After catechism in our youth did we not saunter home, and, observing a Sabbath breaker, lament the foolhardiness of the fellow, for, would he dare disobey the scriptures did he know of the hot furnaces burning in that region of punishment where every Sabbath breaker is sent? Then we were young—sincere little bigots were we—on a small, very small scale. To-day we have good reason to believe the furnace fires have gone out, and that every man saves himself hourly, if he is prudent, and not that there are special places to go to be burned, or even to be saved.

And now comes a time when, in the course of human events, men's views of war are changing. A potentate of a distant land takes the initiative in a call for a peace conclave, looking to a disarmament of the nations. To be sure, no such radical change as asked could for a moment be expected—not now—for it would be like supposing that a child of tender age could take on and demonstrate the ethics of astronomy. Not now, indeed, and yet the recent gathering at The Hague means that the mind and inclinations

of man are changing, and for the better; that the time will come when we will not be suing for peace, but will have peace *per se*, for war, along with its greed and selfishness, will have been numbered with the follies of the past.

Our habits change. In the thoughtlessness of youth our appetites are indulged more or less freely, but when the effects of this begin to be felt, we slacken our pace and pick our way more carefully. Pity, we say, we had not been more sparing of our vital capital. We dare almost imagine that had we known then what we know now there would have been little need of growing old, or dyspeptic, or tottering in mind. Yes, in our habits do we change most emphatically, often not until we are driven to it, however.

What vast changes have the inventive minds brought about! Yet each succeeding discovery was for its own day and age. Provide an Edison with Galileo's primitive laboratory and would the plan be feasible? It was once the fashion to wear powdered wigs—for what reason the saints inform us!—and a pedestrian without knee-breeches would have been the contempt of his fellows. Has not a decided change taken place in spite of the singularly fixed tastes of our forefathers?—all the outcome of that evolution which time brings about in mysterious ways. Man, we have just said, is the only living creature who is aware that things are changing thus, and that there is a divine order in it all.

If order is heaven's first and only law, then is there not redemption to be found daily and hourly? New demands of civilization require new methods; old ideas—and they were once new, to be sure—are laid aside, and a motor, mayhap, propelled by some unseen power is invented, when, lo! the poor and jaded horse is turned out to grass without a hint of knowledge why. Man alone knows this, and, judging from the past, can predicate still greater improvements for the future. It certainly is a privilege to find ourselves living factors in a day so full of what we might call wonders had we not so recently found out that nothing is really wonderful, because all that is or can be comes under the domain of natural law. A privilege, we say, to know that "the world do move" and that we move with it, and that the alert eye of the progressive man or woman is wide open ready to

catch the first glimmer of truth, from whatever bank of clouds it may dart forth, or however unexpectedly.

It is very interesting to study the face of a person who has grown old in some recluse of thought. A tired look has crept into his eyes, his voice betrays doubt, and the more he depends upon his props, his medicines and his personal God the less of individuality remains in him. His orthodoxy has taught him that he is a sinner *per se*, and therefore subject to the ills of the flesh in orderly rotation. There may recently have come to him the metaphysical healer who, with smiling affront, may have breathed a few words of good cheer into his ears, to the effect that we have the realm of mind to fall back upon, wherein the secret of perpetual youth lurks for him who is wise enough to comprehend it. Our good neighbor may have listened and smiled charitably—he gets his lessons of charity from his bible—but he plods mournfully on by himself, and from habit falls to thinking when it will be time to take that next dose of medicine. That man may never change this side of the grave, for the medicine-taker seldom does change, except to try another advertised remedy when the one he has been taking fails him.

It was once the avowed duty of Christians to hang and burn witches, and persecute their brethren of the neighboring boroughs. Think of the privileges we now enjoy, of worshiping at least as our consciences dictate! Even the agnostic may be an able jurist, a Christian a successful philanthropist, or a Jew a skillful merchant. The tones of the Sabbath bells mingle harmoniously, and the happy man is the one who feels certain he has served God dutifully and well, no matter how much his methods may differ from those about him. Succession is a divine order—divine because it renews and sustains; divine because it opens the way to progress. When it was the writer's privilege to stand upon old Plymouth rock, only to find that even that flinty reminder of other days had cracked asunder and was falling gradually away, a thought came uppermost that perhaps all atoms vibrate, have life and feeling, and that nothing is permanent save mind—the eternal Mind or Oversoul, of which we are all component parts.

Can the healer of to-day, you ask, confront the myriads of super-

ficial and nauseating remedies and drugs without fear of failure? Most assuredly he can. The phases of darkness and error need but to be lived out to permit the birth of a new era. The commonest citizen is now enjoined to be his own healer, to learn the simple laws of mind and morals, that the flaming signs of pills and specifics painted upon the bill boards may fade out in time under the warming rays of a beneficent sun. We can conceive of no service greater than the work of the present-day healer and teacher. The work seems to be the manifest need of the hour. After our emancipation from drugs has been accomplished, there must logically follow a day of enlightenment truly commensurate with all the patient labors put forth in the past. But then as now will still greater changes be imminent, greater strides into the realm of discovery be made, and the living present will teem with the harmony of souls who have recognized the supremacy of Mind as the living God.

ALWYN M. THURBER.

WHO MADE "THE MAN WITH THE HOE"?*

BY A. P. RITTENHOUSE.

The masters, lords, and rulers of the world
 Made not the man who leans upon his hoe;
 He had beginning in the cause that hurled
 Him into immortal being and the woe
 That every living thing must undergo;
 He is the product of heredity;
 It slanted back his forehead, and hung low
 His brutal jaw, and put stolidity
 Upon his soul, and in his brain stupidity.

Heredity's severe and awful laws
 Exemplified in this ignoble shape,
 Receive the sanction of the primal cause,
 And penalties are fixed which none escape,

* Response to Edwin Markham's poem entitled "The Man with the Hoe."

From man the highest, to the lowest ape;
Environment may lend its later aid
To modify somewhat this fearful shape,
And mould it to a slightly higher grade
Through centuries of effort, after it is made.

And, after all, environment is bound
To birth and lineage, as with hooks of steel,
And discipline of kin is often found
In harmony with birth, for woe or weal,
And when this fateful combine sets its seal
Upon a soul for ill, its mortal life
Is surely fixed, and there is no appeal
Which can be heard of God, amidst the strife
Which rages o'er a world where monstrous wrongs are rife.

So such a soul will grovel on the earth,
And gaze upon the ground with vacant eyes,
Unmoved by joy or sorrow, pain or mirth,
His face ne'er lifted to the shining skies,
Where glowing suns and starry worlds arise
And fill the widening distances of space;
To him the stellar glory signifies
The passing of the night, and commonplace
Dim lights hung in the sky, to please the human race.

He may have no capacity to care
For grief or happiness; his heart may know
No thrills of pleasure, or of black despair;
All this may be, and yet his life may flow
In quiet currents, evenly and slow
Into the calmness of the shoreless sea;
Reincarnation will at last bestow
On him the wisdom which will set him free,
And bless him with the touch of immortality.

A. P. RITTENHOUSE.

souls retained, in their descent to bodies, the memory of divine
visions of which they were conscious in the heavens, there would not
be any sensations among men about divinity. But all, indeed, in descend-
ing sink of oblivion, though some more, and others less.—*Pythagoras*.

IDEALS, REALS AND "BEING."

BY PROFESSOR C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

(XXX.)

By the Ideal is to be understood our representation or image of the normally excellent. The Ideal, if truly the Ideal, has something of the Absolute about it; it is independent and demands obedience. The Ideal is also a type or a collective assembling of manifold perfections in active life distributed in or upon many individuals. The Ideal is also a paradigm (*παράδειγμα*) or model, pattern. This latter definition is that of Plato. Cicero tells us that Zeuxis from Heraklea painted his famous Helena from the figures of five of the most beautiful women of Crotona who stood models before him, that he might thus illustrate the Platonic sense of *παράδειγμα* or the Ideal.

Schiller is the modern teacher and representative of the Ideal as defined above. The full meaning of his teachings is evident when it is remembered that he is a pupil of Kant, the great transcendentalist. To Kant the Ideal was the object of pure intuition, the most perfect of every kind of possible beings and the archetype of all phenomena. To him the Ideal is the prototype of all things and the totality of all possible existence. Schiller interprets this philosophy in his poem "The Ideal and Life." He calls the Ideal FORM and sings * thus:

* * * Set free from each restraint of time,
Blissful Nature's playmate, FORM, so bright,
Roams for ever o'er the plains of light,
'Mongst the Deities, herself sublime.

The Ideal belongs to

* * * Yonder blissful realms afar,
Where the forms unsullied are. * * *

And

Free from earthly stain, and ever young,
Blest Perfection's rays among,
There Humanity's fair form is view'd.

* I use Bowring's translation.

I quote Schiller in connection with my present discussion of Plato's teachings on the Ideal, because his conception is so much like the one of Plato. God to Schiller is "a holy will," "the supreme idea," "a purpose sublime" and these thoughts are all included in Plato's term the Good, "Being." It will readily be seen that by the Ideal is not to be understood anything merely subjective, or airy nothings, but the Real. Plato's philosophy used therefore may be called the highest Realism. Nowadays we call it the highest Idealism. So little do terms mean and so imperfect is language.

It was said above that the Ideal was absolute and demanded obedience. Plato expresses this when he speaks of his favorite Idea, the Beautiful, which he loves to identify with the Good. In a short paper like the present it is impossible to give proof quotations from Plato because his language is so peculiar and he rarely teaches exactly the lesson he intends to convey. Platonism is not formal and Plato has no theory of ideas; he has a tendency, however, to speak in a certain way. It is this tendency, which is idealistic, and which it is so difficult to illustrate with short quotations. The following is therefore summaries, but always in Plato's terms. Ideal beauty is without beginning and end, everlasting; without decay and diminution; invariable, immutable and absolute; it is beautiful everywhere; at all times and for all persons, and it is this because it transcends the power of imagination. All phenomena depend upon the Ideal. Plato calls the phenomenal world by various names, viz., the sensible, the invisible, the unbounded, undetermined and measureless, the becoming, the relative and not-being. Plato's most common way of characterizing the relation of things to the Ideal is to call things copies and adumbrations. In many of his dialogues Plato seems to regard the sense world as a purely subjective creation, and he therefore makes the phenomenal entirely dependent upon the Ideal, calling it nothing but ideas in the form of not-Being, or mere appearance. But our actual world is to him also a mingling of the Ideal and the Different or not-Being; ideas go through this world like vowels "being pre-eminently the bond, as it were" (Sophist 81).

As with letters, "some of these do not fit with each other, but others do fit," so the phenomenal and the archetypes. In *Timæus*

Plato conceives the possibility that the phenomenal might offer opposition to the plastic energy of the idea, that "these do not fit with each other." In the Laws he even goes so far as to speak of an evil soul of the world and in the Statesman he intimates the possibility of an evil principle in nature hostile to Divinity. In the Phædon he antagonizes body and soul and even speaks of their relation as malignant. But whatever Plato says about such antagonism and whatever be his justification, if ever anything more than Dialectics, he unequivocally teaches the supreme authority of the Ideal or, as I also called it, above the Real, viz., that Being in itself contains extremes, but extremes as necessary elements in the universal harmony.

* * * In yonder blissful realms afar,
Where the forms* unsullied are,
Sorrow's mournful tempests cease to rave.

The hidden dualism and difficulty of the Platonic Ideal Theory may be done away with if we subscribe to the Aristotelian dictum that it is absurd to affirm "both the existence of forms, and forms too in a condition of separability from things" (Metaphysics, vi. 14.) If Aristotle is right, then Idealism is a confusion of substance with capacity and subversive of itself. Of this I shall treat exhaustively in the following papers on Aristotle's Doctrine of "Being;" at present we are concerned with Plato.

It was said above that the Ideal is the paradigm or model, and it was related how Zeuxis discovered his Ideal by a collective process.† The impressions left on "the capable eye" of Zeuxis caused him to "recollect" that incorporeal Being which is known through conceptions. And it was that conception or mental Ideal which he painted and called Helena. Infinite love begets infinite beauty and infinite beauty reflects itself into the image-making mind, and there it is the great creative principle or the Ideal. Thus the Ideal *becomes* real. The Ideal always *was* the Real, but it assumes Appearance. Thus

* Viz., Ideas.

† The reader must not compare this story with that frivolous Persian one, which relates that in the beginning Allah took a rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, a Dead Sea apple, and a handful of clay, and when he looked at the amalgam—behold, it was Woman!

nsible world becomes to us a symbol, an allegory, etc. What of the beautiful is also true of the good. It must never be forgotten that Plato does not mean illusoriness by appearance. Appearance is as real as its subject. To Plato the visible world does really exist." Walter Pater put it thus:

Austere as he seems, and on well considered principle really is, temperance or austerity, esthetically so winning, is attained only by chastisement, the control, of a variously interested, a richly sensuous nature. Yes, the visible world, so pre-eminently worth eye-seeing at Athens just then, really existed for him: exists still—there's no doubt!—is active still everywhere, when he seems to have turned from it to invisible things."

transcendental and "an emphatic witness to the unseen" as Plato is, he never loses sight of "the many" or "manifoldness;" the necessary opposite in "Being." The reason is that "he is present before and before all things, from first to last, unalterably a presence." Says Walter Pater:

This is the secret of Plato's intimate concern with, his power over the sensible world, the apprehensions of the sensuous faculty: Plato is a lover, a great lover, somewhat after the manner of Dante. In him, as for Dante, in the impassioned glow of his conceptions, material and the spiritual are blent and fused together. While, as with fire and heat, what is spiritual attains the Infinite visibility of the Ideal, what is material, on the other hand, will lose its earthliness in apunty."

The Platonic Ideal, then, is real in whatever sense the term be taken.

If I may be allowed the expression, I should call it "a dream of women." In one moment it is a Conception, in the next a Reality. In both it is an Enthusiasm.

It is not a fact, that most of us miss "Being;" that one group is wholly idealistic and will only recognize the Mental, while the other group is just as onesided realistic and will only recognize what are called facts? Both make the mistake of taking things for what they seem to be. Both forget that Idealism and Realism are after all dialectic terms and nothing in themselves. They are only names of mental imagery and as such useful enough, but never the

whole truth. "Being" is both idealistic and realistic. This can for obvious reasons not be proved; the very tool to be used works either idealistically or realistically and never both ways at the same time. The truth can only be seen immediately, never mediately. It is not Love but the Lover who sees and lives the truth and the Ideal. Love is only a philosophical term, but the Lover is the synthesis, the highest type we know of the plentitude of Being.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

THE MOON'S ECLIPSE.*

TRANSLATION BY L. V. STERN.

Carlyle praised Jean Paul Richter as "a man of wonderful gifts, in whom philosophy and poetry are not only reconciled, but blended into pure essence, into a religion." Our own Longfellow wrote many gracious things in praise of the avowed objects of Jean Paul Richter, which were put forth to "raise the sunken faith in God, virtue, immortality; to warm the human sympathies with glowing words and the fervor of an exuberant imagination, which casts a magic coloring over all subjects. . . . His thoughts are like mummies embalmed in spices and wrapped about with curious envelopes, but within these thoughts are things."

Such tributes from Longfellow and Carlyle may serve to introduce the following quaint conceit:

Upon the lily floors of the Moon dwells the Mother of Mankind, united with all her daughters in tender love. The arched dome of heaven floating high above earth rests there its azure pillars upon the valley snow scattered by the lily-dust. Not a frosty cloud dims the ether space, not a sombre thought casts a shadow on the mild souls assembled there. As rainbow hues flash and blend on the crystalline folds of a cascade, so love and peace smile impartially on all. When in calm nights the earth unfolds in starry lustre the glittering emerald

* Written by Jean Paul Richter.

of her robe, then all those souls who have lived, enjoyed and suffered, gaze in tender yearning and remembrance upon this lustrous isle, where many of their loved ones dwell and their own discarded bodies rest; and when the star Earth appears to draw nearer, their eyelids close, weighted down by tender memories of golden springs, dewy mornings, fragrant evenings passed on earth, of which they dream; and when again their eyelids open they are heavy with the morning dew of joyous tears.

The shadow hand of Eternity is heard to rap at the portal of a new century. A flash of pain cleaves the breast of the Mother of Man. Her beloved daughters, who have not as yet worn the robe of dust, are impelled to pass the ordeal of earth life, when that star's cone-like shadow looms into space, benumbing the ethereal light and their life current.

Tearfully the Mother of Humanity gazes after them when they descend into earth bodies; for not all return to the moon—no, only the pure and stainless! One century after another robs the bereaved mother of a number of her beloved daughters, therefore she beholds in fear and trembling the approach of the emerald globe, when its shadow falls like a curtain between the sovereign light and her abode.

On the dial of Time the hand of Eternity points to the approaching century. The Earth draws near on sable wings. The Mother, oppressed and sorrowful, presses close to her heart all those of her daughters who had not yet borne the cross of life. Weeping she implores them:

“ Oh! ye dear ones, yield not to temptation which leads to sin; remain pure that ye may return! ”

Now inky waves of darkness roll toward the pearly gate of the Moon. A gigantic shadow touches the dial of the century. A thunderbolt strikes the hour! In the darkened sky gleams a comet-sword. A quiver passes through the Milky Way, and a voice is heard:

“ *Tempter of Man, appear!* ”

As these awful words vibrate through the darkness a tremor of anguish seizes the Mother. All the trembling souls weep, even those who had returned purified from the furnace of temptation and experience.

Out of the depth of inky darkness a gigantic serpent uncoils itself, extending from the earth to the moon, hissing: "I will seduce you!" It is the Evil Genius of every century, sent by the ruler of the universe to tempt and harass mankind anew at the first hour of every cycle.

The lily-bells droop; the comet oscillates in glittering circles like a sword in the hands of a judge. The serpent, with soul-killing glance, blood-red crest, foam-flecked tongue and quivering fangs writhes into Eden as of yore, its tail lashing hungrily upon a grave on earth. A terrific earthquake tosses the glittering scales and coils aloft, while the serpent curves between earth and moon her gleaming strands. Alas! it is the evil genius who long ago had seduced the lamenting mother. She would not now lift her tear-wet lashes, but the serpent begins:

"Thou dost pretend not to see the Serpent, Eve! Now I will bait your daughters—your white butterflies; around the pool of sin will I lure them! Behold, sisters, with such things will I enthrall and ensnare you!"

Forthwith the viper eyes reflect manly forms. The gleaming coils glitter like wedding rings. The yellow scales look like golden coins.

"And in exchange for these allurements will I take from you the moon and virtue! Yes, in a net of gay ribbons, in a woof of silken looms will I entangle you! With my golden crest will I lure you, for desire to possess it will be in all of you. In your minds will I instill vanity and with flattery feed all the cravings of your empty hearts. Into manly throats will I crawl to confirm you in your silly conceit by silken words. Into your tongues will I slip to sharpen them with venom; and when disaster and death assail you then will I fasten my fangs deepest in your heart and conscience for having so easily yielded to my allurements. Take eternal leave of them, Eve, thou mother of frailty. It were well for thee that memory does not accompany them."

The unborn souls cower and tremble before the cold, sneering voice that had erstwhile thrown its venomous breath upon the Tree of Life. Even the victorious souls who had reascended after life's pilgrimage, pure as fragrant blossoms, embrace each other, weeping in timid joy

and with tremor of a conquered past. Mary, the best beloved daughter of heaven and earth, and Eve, the Mother of Man, cling to each other in silent embrace, and lifting their tear-stained eyes prayerfully, murmur with fervent words:

“ Oh, all-loving One! take them in thy care and guide them!”

The monster serpent extends its deft tongue like the shears of a crab across the moon, cutting in two the lily-bells, staining their spotless petals, while again he hissed: “ I will tempt them!”

Just then the opaque earth curtain rolls away. The screen of temporary darkness no longer dims the radiance flashing from the Sun's throne. His roseate beams fall upon the brow of a youth who, unseen, has come amid these trembling souls. A golden lily rests upon his heart. A wreath of olives entwined with rosebuds encircles his lofty brow. His flowing robe is blue as the sky. In mild sadness his gaze rests upon these disconsolate souls. Radiant love illuminates his heavenly visage; and when the sun's rays weave a rainbow from the watery threads of the clouds, so their tears are refracted in the light of his glorious eyes. Calmly he says:

“ I will guard and protect them!”

It is the Genius of Religion. Before his majestic glance the coils of the giant serpent shrink and shrivel. They fall upon earth as if petrified by the splendor of these wide-opened eyes, lifted in prayer to the Infinite.

“ Father! I descend with these my sisters into earth life to protect them. Give thou to these ethereal flames a fitting garb. Mold for these tender souls a beautiful warp of clay, a transparent vestment, through which the light of thy Holy Spirit may shine as the gift of immortality; and the spiritual seeds, which are now to be embedded in fleshy soil, array them in beauty, that like flowers they may unfold the fragrance of their lives. Give them a truthful eye, a tender heart. I will tend and guard both. Ere the entanglements of the serpent can touch them, they shall learn to respond to thy name and the name of Virtue. Under my care the buds of promise shall bloom into fruition. To the Sun, among the stars, far above the mountain crests, will I fly for symbols to remind them of thee. The golden lily above my heart shall henceforth mirror the Moon's

silvery radiance, and the rose-wreath above my brow shall remind them of their lily crowns. In the chords of music my voice shall thrill, setting their hearts in tune to harmonies divine. In the cadence of poetry will I whisper of Hope. With parental arms will I enfold them, and their anchor of safety shall be Love in its pure and manifold phases. In trials and temptations I will be within call to uphold by prayer. In suffering and sorrow tears shall bring relief. A sparkling shower will I dash into their eyes, to ease their earthly burdens, and by the aid of such means of consolation, and thy sanction, lift their thoughts to thee and their paradise, the Moon."

"Oh, ye loved ones! ye will listen and heed the voice of your brother! When in the twilight of silence, tender and holy thoughts like your lily-petals flutter about you; when in the dim vista of memories mute yearnings and unuttered aspirations arise, and your souls poise between the Real that on earth will be your Ideal; or, when in the hour of victory over evil, or when that serpent of dust, Self, is overcome, you will hear my voice in your hearts and recognize the sign of my approval. In the midst of strife I will give you courage and endurance, and often lift your weary souls upon a wave of tranquillity and peace.

"After such a brief and active dream, the Angel Liberator, whose name on earth is Death, shall unclasp your earthen fetters. Ye who have heeded my voice, are free to bring back to your Paradise the unsullied flames of your immortal selves, garlanded with glowing colors of knowledge and experience. Even your tears shall glitter as dew in the lily cups of the Moon."

"Oh, tender Mother Eve, gaze not so mournfully at thy unborn daughters. Take leave of them without such poignant sorrow, for but few of your bright flames shall be quenched in the serpent pool of sin!"

The Sun has now resumed his crown of radiance, while the timid souls float toward earth guarded by the pinions of their guide and brother. The ether waves are stirred by the melodious whirr of wings, as these unborn flames draw near the gates of earth. The giant serpent descries an immense curve encircling the planet, as he sinks back upon earth with the hissing rush of a bomb extinguished

in seething waters, in airy convolutions writhing and bending, winding in and out among all countries, its coils and scales glistening like so many evil temptations in the minds of all nations, strangling, absorbing, poisoning their life blood.

But in the starry depths the comet sword still oscillates; harmony and discord alternate until the serpent's head shall be bruised under the heel of woman.

L. V. STERN.

A TECHNICAL ANALYSIS OF THOUGHT AND ITS FACULTIES.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

(*Concluded.*)

This brings us, by a necessary circumlocution, back to the starting point and to the discussion of thought and thought construction *per se*. As shown in article one, thought-substance is a thermal production given off by specific atomic coalition in the structure of the physical brain; but how is this specific coalition induced, and by what technical coalitional process is the thought-substance evolved?

To the first query we reply by means of a determinate virile impact from the intellect produced by a predetermined intention of the will, will being neither more nor less than the measure of the vital energy of the intellect; in other words, its life momentum. To exercise will, is to give scope to this life momentum; to subjugate it, is to abridge the possibilities of intellect proportionately.

Volition is the primary impulse which actuates the intellect in its manifestation of will; technically, it is the electric response of the intellect to the impact of the specific electric current which is drawn upon it by its own desire. Volition is to intellect what impacts of steam are severally to the locomotive; will is what these impacts are consecutively, the gauge of its progress. Intellect is always coherently conscious in volition, and from the moment of its birth into individual being, is dominated by an insatiate zeal for knowledge; it pursues its inclinations with ever-increasing zeal during its entire career, acquiring momentum (will) *pro ratio* with growth. The animus of volition

is always a definite desire on the part of intellect, and the measure of that volition is the volume of the electric current drawn to the execution of that desire. It is to these determinate volitional impulses, which are entirely distinct from the perpetual automatic electric respiration described in article three, that this specific atomic coalition in the brain structure is due.

To the second query we reply, the technical coalitional process by which thought-substance is evolved, is a process of combustion; not such combustion as occurs in the open air, but such as attends all thermal processes underground, notably all fertilizing processes. This is combustion under humid conditions, but humidity dissipates from the fumes when they are exposed to the atmosphere. The brain is nourished organically by assimilations from the blood, but blood in transit leaves a sanguinary deposit along its various channels, an impalpable sediment which must be expunged to maintain the hygienic integrity of the organ; moreover, the constituent cerebral atoms deteriorate continually and must be continually renewed. As new and vigorous atoms are incorporated, old and devitalized atoms are expunged, but their affiliation to their companions is so great that incineration is necessary to eliminate them. These virile currents consume this effete sanguinary deposit, and also the devitalized atoms which, being thus transmuted by heat, are effloresced into the outer mind as thought-substance.

It is thus clear that thinking is of the utmost hygienic value to the brain, and, as it proceeds, the organ is constantly flushed with arterial blood from which fresh atomic supplies are drawn for its renovation. The enthusiastic co-operation of these young and vigorous atoms in the functional work of their fellows sustains the thermal activity. As smoke is given off by fire, these volatile fumes are given off by the brain, and ascend into the outer mind where they are held in temporary suspense by the magnetic attraction of the body. Meanwhile the thought faculties elongate and, with inconceivably rapid movements, condense the fumes into a more compact mass. Much escapes and is ultimately diffused, but enough is preserved for the object in view, and this they manipulate into such forms as the intellect suggests, for back of every thought compacted

into form by the brain faculties is an intelligent conception of that thought on the part of the intellect. These *a priori* conceptions are deduced from object lessons presented before the intellect by those tutelary intelligences, who act as sponsors for the human education of the intellect in question. They are pictorially presented and the intellect copies them experimentally with more or less success according to its individual ability.

Suppose, for instance, the thinker is an inventor and is designing a model for an engine. Part by part his thought faculties mould a miniature engine under the watchful vision of the intellect; part by part they adjust its mechanism; part by part they measure and weigh and experiment until the complete machine is constructed in the mind. It is then pictured upon the inner-mind by the recording faculties, and the model, at once abandoned, soon disintegrates; memory thereafter restores the picture when necessary. Memory is that attribute of the mental vision which looks backward, and its faculties are numerous, but they see only what they themselves have inscribed upon the tablets of the mind. Again, suppose the thinker is a mathematician; his thought faculties execute their calculations in figures upon the surface of the substance at their command, effacing what is erroneous, preserving what is correct, as upon a slate, until a satisfactory result is obtained, when a finished record is made and the work abandoned as before.

Literally, the thought faculties execute intangibly with impalpable substance what the fingers execute tangibly with palpable substance, and by the same *modus operandi*. The hands prove to the physical senses what the thought faculties prove to the intellect, but the artificers of the mind are always pioneers in executive work. True thinking is as arduous to the brain faculties as is manual labor to the hands, and the heart faculties provide such exhilarating support in emotion as is necessary to sustain their endurance. Deprived of this complementary sympathy the brain faculties would succumb.

We have stated in a preceding article that each thought has its corresponding emotion, but the statement needs further elucidation before it can be intelligently accepted. Every nerve that animates the brain has its complementary or companion nerve in the heart.

When one is agitated the other echoes the agitation; what one experiences the other experiences to the minutest detail; one animus actuates both under all circumstances of life. When reason is ardently engaged upon any specific work the corresponding faculty of the heart pursues that work simultaneously, not executively, but sympathetically, with the most enthusiastic affiliative interest.

Technically, the brain and heart are the positive and negative poles for the intellect while it is embodied in the *corpus homo*, and the confluence of their polar currents, via the spinal canal, sustains the intellectual system in a state of polarity. Emotion is always a negative manifestation of the intellect, while thought is always a positive manifestation. Available virile power is the result of this confluence, and is at its maximum when the currents are equilibrated. Thus are brain and heart complementally sustained; thus are thought and emotion inseparable companions.

When emotion is in the ascendant the heart gives off an emotion-substance which is evolved thermally exactly as thought-substance is evolved, and with it the emotion faculties construct emotion forms in the cardiac mind by methods identical with those employed by the brain faculties, in which work the brain faculties manifest a corresponding sympathetic interest. These cardiac operations are recorded in the interstices of the heart by the memorizing cardiac faculties, precisely as in the brain.

PAUL AVENEL.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

—Tennyson.

Angelico's little cell was as one of the houses of heaven, prepared for him by his Master. "Was not the Val d'Arno, with its olive wood in white blossoms, like Paradise to the poor monk? Was not Christ always with him? Would he breathe or see, but that Christ breathed beside him, and looked into his eyes? Under every cypress avenue the angels walked. They had sung with him at sweet Vesper and matin time. His eyes were blinded by their wings in the sunset when it sank behind the hills of Luni." In Angelico you have the entirely spiritual mind, wholly versed in the heavenly world, incapable of conceiving any wickedness or vileness whatever.—*Ruskin*.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE METAPHYSICAL ASPECTS OF COURAGE.

The relation of courage and its kindred qualities to the general features of life, as outlined by metaphysical philosophy, is a practical question that frequently arises in the minds of those who are striving to adjust their lives to the higher plan. The question usually arises through consideration of the physical phases of courage and its apparent shortcomings on that plane, together with the seeming difficulties of adjustment of the idea, courage, to the peaceful and harmonious qualities of metaphysical thought and feeling.

Must we cultivate aggressiveness in order to obtain our rights in this life? Is it necessary to fight in order to live? Is he who does not so maintain his rights a coward, and he who invariably meets a blow with a stronger one and a wrong with a greater wrong, a hero?

These are serious questions, because they involve the expansion of the moral nature as well as a just estimation of the sense powers. In this, as in other questions of material life, the definite laws involved in the operations of the mind must be considered. Aggressive action, whether offensive or defensive, is made operative through physical means and seeks to overcome force with force. But the mind must act before the body can move, and is invariably the aggressor. It is always the mind that takes offense, and that forms the purpose to act against another, although the action is levied against the body, and the physical result is subservient to the mind in all respects.

The natural operation of the mind, in its processes of thought, is through the forming of mental pictures of the ideas with which it

deals. No mind can, for any purpose, operate entirely independent of other minds, because the picture formed in one mind reflects to others, and the reflections become images there, again passing to others, in the same manner as an object reflects in the mirror, and that reflection, in turn, becomes an image to another mirror and is reflected there as clearly as though from the original object.

Every personal thought has a form, which causes it to become an image to the sensitive plate of the understanding of another mind. The reflection in the material mirror, of course, will be like the object from which it reflects. If we place a snake before the mirror, there will be no possible excuse for us to expect to view a turtle-dove in the reflection. The law is precisely the same with the reflective operations of the mind. Whatever the thought indulged, its resulting image and all of its repeated reflections will bear the same character and incite the same sort of action.

In order to perform an aggressive act we must first think an aggressive thought; to avenge a fancied wrong, we must first picture in mind a revengeful action. The picture formed will reflect to every mind with which we come in intellectual contact, and the influence produced upon others by the operator, will be entirely in the direction of the thought formed by the original intention in the mind of the thinker.

Thus, every act of revenge, no matter what its colorings in the line of so-called righteous indignation, will call forth more of the same element from all minds sharing that grade of understanding; and, in the same way as the smell of burned gunpowder incites the animal instincts to battle, the revengeful influence will incite weak minds to more indulgence of self-will. Therefore, every attempt to control others by physical power, applied in an aggressive attitude, or to defend one's supposed rights through the exercise of animal will, demanding, though it may, the strongest demonstration of physical courage, thwarts its own purpose; because, it produces another crop of the same element of action, which must react upon the originator, in a just fulfilment of the natural law. The senses give no evidence of this procedure, and the mind, while occupied with sense affairs, does not suspect it. When the results are met, in experience, they are

usually attributed to other causes, or to chance; or they may be considered fresh cause for more action of a similar order. And so the wheel goes around; like produces like; and if we would receive the right result, in harmonious action from others, we must learn the lesson of the law, and stand firm in our resolve to follow its guidance, having the courage of our convictions.

It requires more genuine courage to refuse the evidence of sense and resist the promptings of self-will to avenge the fancied wrong and give to another his seeming due, in material measure; or to take the part of another for a similar purpose; or to magnanimously withhold from carrying out a self-purpose that promises gain in worldly possession, than it does, in the blindness of passion, to face the supposed physical danger, in what the world sometimes applauds as heroism.

The fortitude of the soul, under seemingly insurmountable difficulties, can never be understood by the sense-mind; it rests upon realization of principles, and is the responsive action of the real man. It is pure courage, for which we would bespeak a deeper cultivation, because it develops the metaphysical powers of the mind, and produces the true metal required for the highest type of manhood.

THE ESOTERICISM OF A POEM.*

Were we all graduates from the school of psychological law, the recent coming into prominence of Edwin Markham, the poet, would seem to us but a logical incident in the annals of literature. A poet who can turn the heads of a reading public so effectually is called a genius. But, according to the most advanced thought, personal greatness is not recognized as something which can be reckoned upon as most enduring. It is the world, which is rudely awakened from a mere sleep of the senses, that marvels, praises and condemns, and lavishly patronizes the offerings of him who holds the keys to the inner sanctuary, while the genius himself may be deaf to either praise or condemnation. To the person who is keenly conscious of the real, comes this understanding: that the pen which wrote "The Man with the Hoe" was guided more by an inner illumination than by reason; more

* "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems," by Edwin Markham. Cloth, pp. 134. Price, \$1.00. New York, Doubleday & McClure Company.

by a love for mankind than by any desire to reproduce or even idealize the artist Millet's hardy son of toil. Millet painted the picture much as the poem was written. It was an inspiration. The poet's word-painting is equally rare. When we come to know that at the hour the artist put away his brush and palette there existed in the future thought-supply a few poetic lines that would help to make his picture still more famous, can we fail to marvel at the exact workings of the law of cause and effect? of the close sympathy between human thought and feeling?

The poem is certainly a direful arraignment of the supposedly unambitious man; yet is this man not human like the rest of us? In all the discussion now going on, it is left to our uncertain imagination to presuppose just how much soul the mere rustic may have acquired. One critic, aggrieved that his fellow-man should be dubbed "a brother to the ox," calls down imprecations upon the head of the poet, now gray with, perhaps, many vicissitudes of life. Another thinker sees greatness and fidelity in every line of the poem, for he finds his own exact sentiments voiced therein; while the poet, because of the breadth of vision opening before him, may feel that he has but half done his work, even now. And, incidentally, let us recollect that the poor creature of the dust, who may get no higher than his pipe and mug of beer, is all this time blissfully ignorant that so much as a line of poetry has been written about him. What is to be done? It will never do to try to arouse him to the idealisms of Plato or "the swing of Pleiades." No, his place is in the field, doing a work which his learned contemporaries will never care to do.

But man's most interesting study is man, and the one about whom Mr. Markham wrote is still a creature of God. In the bosom of every free-born citizen lies an unspoken criticism ready to be flashed forth when a thought is evolved clothed in a garb that is seemingly new. The person to provoke that criticism is as sure to be born as the sun is to rise to-morrow.

However, it is not for us to try to place an exact estimate upon the poem thus variously praised and condemned. We cannot conceive of an honest thought, an impression or a study of any kind which is put forth by a gifted mind that has not its work to do. A few sentences may mark the coming of a new era, or the revival of a forgotten cult. Have we not proof that realistic poetry is as essential at this moment as any other commodity of the thought world? We will quote the poem in full, for the convenience of our readers:

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MILLET'S WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTING.

God made man in his own image.
In the image of God made He him.—*Genesis*.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this,—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed,—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul,—
More fraught with menace to the universe.
What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.
O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
 How will the Future reckon with this Man?
 How answer his brute question in that hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings,—
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is,—
 When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
 After the silence of the centuries?

Let the wise ponder, the critics scan with argus eyes, or the admirer smile with secret indulgence, yet there is still ample proof that Mr. Markham's genius is such as shall place him above the average writers of his day. This alone is but another indication that the world is growing better, and the discriminating public more able to recognize that which comes to us frankly stated and honestly conceived.

It is a subject for very sober consideration when a noted minister, like Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago, turns his searchlight upon Christian Science. When Mr. Hillis was called to fill Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit in Brooklyn, Dr. Gunsaulus was chosen to fill Mr. Hillis' place in Chicago. He resigned the pastorate of one of the wealthiest churches in that city, and is now preaching to vast audiences in Music Hall, the "cradle of liberty" of the West. At the recent convention of the Illinois Congregational Association, Dr. Gunsaulus delivered an address of a rather startling nature. Not startling or new as the times now are, but a little out of the ordinary for a Congregational divine to preach. His battery was turned toward Mrs. Eddy, and this is what he said in regard to Christian Science :

The tide of interest in that truth to-day after the dreamy wastes of materialism, is proof to me that at the center of the world's thought the Holy Spirit abides, and He works with the old energy that has oftentimes reinvigorated the world. . . . It would be well for all the other clergymen of the country who have been shooting off their popguns at Christian Science, as well as for the members of the Illinois Congregational Association, to lay aside their old, musty, man-made creeds and the voluminous, pious, but stupid commentaries thereon, long enough to make a thorough investigation of Christian Science and see what there is in it—to see whether mental healing is all a delusion or not? By so doing, they very probably would conclude that the new philosophy has been misnamed—that mental healing is no more Christian Science than it is Atheistic Science—and that if there is anything to it, it is simply the utilization of a natural law which the world has not heretofore known anything about—but they would certainly be forced to the conclusion that mental healing is a fact—at least this is the opinion to which every thorough and candid investigator has been forced, of whom we have any knowledge, be he Christian or infidel. . . .

But even if Mrs. Eddy's teachings do contain some absurdities, or apparent absurdities, yet the good church member who will divest himself of bigotry and of all preconceived opinions which he has been led to adopt without the same positive evidence that he would require as to other matters, and who will make a candid investigation of Mrs. Eddy's philosophy, will be compelled to admit that, after all, it contains fewer absurdities—less to insult the intelligence, and certainly far less to shock the feelings of a humane and justice-loving individual—than does the creed of any other denomination in existence.

In his article printed in the *Fortnightly Review*, called "The Dying of Death," Mr. Joseph Jacobs claims to have made a timely, if not an encouraging discovery; and, if the trend of civilized thought goes on as he says it is going on, Death will not only have died altogether, but be quite forgotten by the generations to come. Mr. Jacobs says:

"The Church in all its sections is devoting its attention more and more to this life than any other. Death is regarded no longer as a King of Terrors, but rather as a kindly nurse who puts us to bed when our day's work is done. The fear of death is being replaced by the joy of life. The flames of Hell are sinking low, and even Heaven has but poor attractions for the modern man. Full life here and now is the demand; what may come after is left to take care of itself.

. . . . The hurry-scurry of modern life leaves no one time to meditate among the tombs. The increased number of interests lowers the intensity of any single one, and prevents us from being able to concentrate our attention on the subject, which, if it is to be thought about at all, makes a demand upon our whole thought. We have so much to think about we cannot think much about anything. . . . The most significant of all, however, is the attitude of the Church in all its branches. The old idea of the clergyman was of the man who prepared us for another life. This is being gradually changed to a conception of him as a social regenerator."

This writer may be, and we think is, shrewdly right in his conjectures; but when he infers in another part of his article, that an indifference of death implies a decay of belief in existence after death, we feel prompted to offer a criticism. It certainly holds good that the many schools of metaphysical thought springing up in all quarters of the globe stimulate every known tendency to a belief in a future life. With some the faith amounts to a positive knowledge; there is no death for such. With others the belief is quickened to such a degree that there comes a glow upon the face, health in the veins, and a tone of mellowness in the voice. Mr. Jacobs' thoughts are purely inductive and spoken from the standpoint of reason wholly. The metaphysician might supplement his alleged discovery with many others equally significant.

Looking from the center of the circle outwardly, the assembling of the great Peace Conference at The Hague has a significance little dreamed of by the masses. That the Conference was called at all is a fact worth pondering upon. Would the event have been possible at any other period in history? Certainly not. The growth of ideas is the same as the growth of the plant—you can hurry neither. But, when the time comes for the word of action, it is gross and dangerous neglect to loiter and heed not the summons. In a very apt way has the *London Review of Reviews* presented the facts to its readers. Among other things it says:

Apart from the intrinsic usefulness of the work which is being done by the Peace Conference, there is one aspect of its proceedings which deserves special mention. Far more important than anything which men do, is the evidence which their deeds from time to time afford that there is behind them, and over them, and working through them, a Power that is mightier and wiser than they. The extraordinary manner in which the Conference has been led, by a way it knew not of, to evolve a High Court of Justice among the nations is calculated to confirm the faith of the doubting in the reality of the "stream of tendency not ourselves which makes for righteousness." . . . But the provisions for regulating war, or for rendering its sufferings less acute, are trivial compared with the measures taken to diminish the danger of the outbreak of war, and to provide for the administration of a system of international law. If twelve months ago any one had predicted that the representatives of all the Governments would be employed for two months in elaborating a court and Code for the universal establishment of a system of arbitration among nations, he would have been derided as the idlest of dreamers. But this strange thing is coming to pass before our eyes. And the strangest part of it all is that the very men who have been employed as instruments in the building of this temple of international justice did not know when they arrived at The Hague what task they were to be engaged in. The Master Builder, in His wisdom, did not unfold to His artificers the plan on which they were to build. They came imagining that they were to do one thing; they remained to do another. One of the most powerful of the potentates represented was known to be frankly opposed to the idea of arbitration; yet this composite, heterogeneous conglomerate of representatives from all nations near and far, moved as if by some constraining impulse, has done the very thing which the most sanguine optimists among us would have declared to be far beyond the reach of this generation.

In *The Star of Hope*, a paper published by the convicts in Sing Sing prison, has appeared an article signed "Clinton, 3,489," which is a plea to the public on behalf of the discharged criminal. Is there not a unique semblance of esotericism in a publication thus given to the public? We have heard much about prisons and prison reforms from

ld at large, but ought not a message which comes from the f a penal institution, and written by a convict at that, have a weight of significance? Literally the world fights, writes, and reasons upon the circumference, and so we have a popu-osophy to steady our leanings. But here has come a convict asks a word for the criminal so-called who has just been released ison. Bantlings in humanitarianism have put forth philan-pleas for the ex-convict, but shall we neglect to listen when rit himself tells us why the convict sins again to get sent back n? Even the cop (policeman) spots him, the business man m, and the only gate left open is to steal again, for, we are d, "the horror of prison life has gone; what little pride he l has been crushed, and he knows that good treatment is to be by good conduct." Are there not volumes in this?

in a few years past the eye of intellectual research has been tly turned towards India, with a greater or less success in deter-the exact status of the Hindu mind. Dr. Fairbairn's recent n the *Contemporary Review*, under the title of "Race and i in India," contains much in regard to the writer's late obser-among the Hindu thinkers. He says:

wo things I most expected to find in India were serious difference in ical ideas and considerable agreement in the critical methods of i scholars. But the exact opposite was the case; there was more agree-netaphysics than in the methods of literary or in the results of historical

gard to "the most characteristic and inexorable of all Hindu he says:

could conceive matter without its mechanical properties and could con-s a sort of metaphysical entity, an infinite homogeneous mass, capable, osing its identity, of throwing off atoms, or conscious centres of force, hich should be incapable of destruction but capable of absorption into whence it had come—we should have an approximate idea of ultimate the Hindu conceives it. But the peculiarity of his idea does not lie so what we may term its noumenal as in its phenomenal form: the con-oms that undergo ceaseless transformations according to a law which i actions at once constitute and administer. For the extraordinary and istic note of the Hindu mind is that it conceives its absolute Being as n space and time under the form of an absolute and self-governing lism. Brahma stands at the beginning of phenomenal or individual , the impersonal source of all personal being; and he stands also at the impersonal bosom, as it were, which receives the depersonalized; but

what lies between is no concern of his, or rather of its, only of the detached or individuated atoms. Their acts are the providence which governs, and their successive states are the creations of their own wills. They issued into individual being without any choice of their own; but only by their own choice, or by repeated choices maintained through many forms of individual existence, can they return to impersonal existence in the source whence they came.

The year 1900 ushers in a New Cycle. From 1890 to 1900 marks the ending of a Great Cycle, at the close of which the sun passes into a new constellation in the zodiac. This occurs once in about 2160 years, and has always a great effect on the solar system. At such a time the planets are in conjunction, a position which always exerts a great influence over the earth. When last the sun entered a new constellation, according to the correct chronology, Jesus was born. Really the Christian Era began 160 years later than our reckoning; that is, what we call the year 160 of the Christian Era was really the initial year. According to Hindu chronology, when the sun, preceding the birth of Christ, entered a new constellation, Krishna was born. Some of the students of esoteric affairs insist that the year 1900 will find a new incarnation of the Logos, a new manifestation of God upon the earth, who will do as much for humanity as Jesus did in his day. Those who know, tell us that every 2160 years there is a new Buddha or Christ born, who arouses the world to a higher life, gives to the people the knowledge which for centuries has been confined to the few.

When a Cycle comes to an end there are always changes and convulsions in the spiritual atmosphere, in which the physical world sympathizes. When we have learned something of the cosmogony of the universe, of the independence of all parts, we can easily understand that there will necessarily be great physical disturbances when psychic changes are impending. Since spirit is the noumenon of which matter is the phenomenon, it follows that the first effect of the end of the Cycle is on the spiritual side of things, quickly followed by changes in the material world. The latter we can plainly see and feel; but they must be preceded by spiritual convulsion, since first what is above and next what is below; first what is within and next what is without.—*The Light of the East.*

Death does not annihilate Life, it does but shatter the shrine or tenement in which, for the time being, Life dwells. Life, liberated by Death, rejoins the Life-energy of the Universe, and is free to animate new forms. Thus in the organic world is maintained the equipoise of Life and Death.—“*Life's Mystery*,” by Wm. Wilsey Martin.

THROUGH NATURE TO GOD.

THROUGH NATURE TO GOD. By John Fiske. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1899.

Prof. Fiske's volume is an attempt to "justify the ways of God to man." In his first essay, "The Mystery of Evil," this is especially apparent. The essay is supplementary to an earlier one on "The Idea of God," and its main argument is that evil is a necessity. He lays great stress upon these words in the mouth of Satan: "Your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." We cannot have good without evil because consciousness is conditioned by it. Incessant changes make conscious life:

"It is only by virtue of endless procession of fleeting phases of consciousness that the human soul exists at all. It is thus that we are made. Why we should have been made thus is a question aiming so far beyond our ken that it is idle to ask it. . . . It is an undeniable fact that we cannot know anything whatever except as contrasted with something else. The contrast may be bold and sharp, or it may dwindle into a slight discrimination, but it must be there. If the figures on your canvas are indistinguishable from the background, there is surely no picture to be seen. Some element of unlikeness, some germ of antagonism, some chance for discrimination, is essential to every act of knowing. I might have illustrated this point concretely without all the foregoing explanation, but I have aimed at paying the respect due to its vast importance. I have wished to show how the fact that we cannot know anything whatever except as contrasted with something else is a fact that is deeply rooted in the innermost structure of the human mind. It is not a superficial but a fundamental truth, that if there were no color but red it would be exactly the same thing as if there were no color at all. In a world of unqualified redness our state of mind with regard to color would be precisely like our state of mind in the present world with regard to the pressure of the atmosphere if we were always to stay in one place. We are always bearing up against the burden of this deep aerial ocean, nearly fifteen pounds upon every square inch of our bodies; but until we can get a chance to discriminate, as by climbing a mountain, we are quite unconscious of this heavy pressure. In the same way, if we knew but one color we should know no color.

"We are thus brought to a striking conclusion, the essential soundness of which cannot be gainsaid. In a happy world there must be sorrow and pain, and in a moral world the knowledge of evil is indispensable. The stern necessity for this has been proved to inhere in the innermost constitution of the human soul. It is part and parcel of the universe. To him who is disposed to cavil at the world which God has in such wise created we may fairly put the question, whether the prospect of escape from its ills would ever induce him to put off this human consciousness and accept in exchange some form of existence unknown and inconceivable. The alternative is clear; on the one hand a world with sin

and suffering, on the other hand an unthinkable world in which conscious life does not involve contrast."

There can be no doubt about Prof. Fiske's standpoint and argument. But what is it worth? The simplest analysis of the quotations shows him to regard evil as an essential in life; and one of the main reasons for its necessity, according to him, is that without it we should not *know*. Admitting evil as a necessity leads to a suicidal dualism, and to limit consciousness to knowledge is fatal. Knowledge is not and cannot be shown to be the essence of consciousness. Knowledge is an effect and something secondary. The essence of consciousness is self-realization, and that is a mystery far beyond the grasp of knowledge and is in full development long before the mind attains even the rudiments of knowledge. It would seem that Prof. Fiske had realized the difficulties of his position, because in the last chapter of "The Mystery of Evil" he treats of the "relativity of evil," yet asserts that it is "profoundly real." This is what he says:

As we survey the course of this wonderful evolution, it begins to become manifest that moral evil is simply the characteristic of the lower state of living as looked at from the higher state. Its existence is purely relative, yet it is profoundly real, and in a process of perpetual spiritual evolution its presence in some hideous form throughout a long series of upward stages is indispensable. Its absence would mean stagnation, quiescence, unprogressiveness. For the moment we exercise conscious choice between one course of action and another, we recognize the difference between better and worse, we foreshadow the whole grand contrast between good and bad. In the process of spiritual evolution, therefore, evil must needs be present. But the nature of evolution also requires that it should be evanescent. In the higher stages that which is worse than the best need no longer be positively bad. After the nature of that which the upward-striving soul abhors has been forever impressed upon it, amid the long vicissitudes of its pilgrimage through the dark realms of sin and expiation, it is at length equipped for its final sojourn

"In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love."

From the general analogies furnished in the process of evolution, we are entitled to hope that, as it approaches its goal and man comes nearer to God, the fact of evil will lapse into a mere memory, in which the shadowed past shall serve as a background for the realized glory of the present.

Thus we have arrived at the goal of my argument.

How evil can be both "profoundly real" and "evanescent" is difficult to see. It is indeed the devil's conundrum of knowing "both and." If that be the solution of the problem of good and evil, then that kind of knowledge is not worth having. There is no rest in it.

Prof. Fiske is teaching the strict Calvinistic doctrine of the Supra-

lapsarians: *o felix culpa Adami*, a self-condemnatory doctrine. The Supralapsarians taught that it was decreed that men should apostatize and that from this apostasy some should be recovered and others reprobated. Of course he avoids the horrible Calvinistic formulation and gives us the doctrine under the form of evolution, but one feels distinctly that the spirit of the argument is "to justify the ways of God to man." How much simpler would the whole discussion have been if Prof. Fiske had not attributed so much essentiality to evil and merely shown it as amorphous states or conditions? Being in diremption reveals shades which final man at the moment is not able to atone. But when he takes the synthetic view of existence he readily harmonizes all so-called antagonisms or evils. The learned author ought to have handled the subject differently, and that he could have done so appears from the second essay, "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-sacrifice." In this he comes to the conclusion that the cosmic process exists purely for the sake of moral ends. He lays too much stress altogether upon struggle. It is true enough that character, as now understood, requires struggle for its development. But we can conceive of a state without struggle and of character as a result of a natural growth. Prof. Fiske seems not to know this. He recognizes only the work-a-day character, but knows not the mystic life of Being, Bliss and Knowledge. That life is certainly not a result of a *felix culpa*, a happy fall; it grows serenely in silence and solitude. Let one learn obedience to the "cosmic process" and he shall grow to that life as the lilies of the field. That is the mystic way and thus does the mystic reach "through nature to God." Prof. Fiske will be ready to recognize the truth of this. None knows better than he the purpose and use of adjustments. Hear him:

So as we look back over the marvellous life-history of our planet, even from the dull time when there was no life more exalted than that of *conferva scum* on the surface of a pool, through ages innumerable until the present time when Man is learning how to decipher Nature's secrets, we look back over an infinitely slow series of minute adjustments, gradually and laboriously increasing the points of contact between the inner Life and the World environing. Step by step in the upward advance toward Humanity the environment has enlarged. The world of the fresh-water alga was its tiny pool during its brief term of existence; the world of civilized man comprehends the stellar universe during countless æons of time. Every stage of enlargement has had reference to actual existences outside. The eye was developed in response to the outward existence of radiant light, the ear in response to the outward existence of acoustic vibrations, the mother's love came in response to the infant's needs, fidelity and honor were slowly developed as the nascent social life required them; every-

where the internal adjustment has been brought about so as to harmonize with some actually existing external fact. Such has been Nature's method, such is the deepest law of life that science has been able to detect.

And what is this adaptation, this adjustment, or if I may say so, the object of all this "wooing"? Is it not yoga, union, religion?

"The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle—"
Why not Thou with the Beloved?

C. H. A. B.

HYPNOTISM.

HYPNOTISM AND ITS APPLICATION TO PRACTICAL MEDICINE. By Otto Georg Wetterstrand. Authorized translation from the German Edition by Henrik G. Petersen. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. 1897.

Hudson, the author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," said in an article on the danger lines in hypnotism, printed in *The Hypnotic Magazine*, that all the manifold benefits of hypnotism can be obtained by perfectly normal means, without the necessity of producing an unpleasant hallucination, with its consequent shock to the nervous system, by simply following the lines of truth when making a suggestion for any beneficent purpose whatever. This statement is of the highest value, coming as it does from such an author and bearing upon its face the same stamp as all the experience of mental healers, that mind and truth are the greatest factors for good in this world. It is not denied that from hypnotism may be obtained "manifold benefits," but it is denied that hypnotism has a universal element in it, as far as cures go. Wetterstrand admits its limitations, and his introduction gives as net result that it is only the purely subjective mind which is amenable to suggestive control. Positive minds, or, as he defines them, people who possess too great a tendency to scepticism and criticism, are less impressionable. The same is the case with morbid imaginations, feeble minds and irresolute persons. He tells us an interesting story which illustrates this:

I remember, for instance, a clerk, whom, on a certain occasion, I found it impossible to hypnotize even in spite of his being a good somnambulist and although, previously, I had made him sleep very easily. The reason for this was

that his mind was so vividly impressed by the one thought of being late at his office that this idea prevented my suggestion from taking effect.

Age is one of the most important factors in hypnotism, and proves also that minds of rational thought are unapproachable. Wetterstrand tells us that:

All children from three or four to fifteen years are, without exception, susceptible. Up to the age of thirty the susceptibility is particularly great, and then it diminishes, without, however, disappearing entirely. Very aged persons also are hypnotizable.

Here, then, it is admitted that the "magical 31" is not to be controlled. As all students of the mystic life and "those who know" are aware, a man at the age of thirty and thereafter is self-conscious and self-realized. Men at the extremes of life may be hypnotized. In the Conclusion the author summarizes his work thus:

If asked which diseases are most adapted to treatment by suggestive therapeutics the answer is, functional nervous diseases. The method has won its greatest triumphs in this direction. It would hardly occur to any physician to treat pneumonia, typhus, cerebral tumors, etc., in this way. . . . Functional nervous diseases represent a majority of cases occurring in daily practice, and, as before said, suggestive therapeutics finds here a gratifying field for usefulness. . . . It would further serve in a number of peculiar psychic conditions, which, with de Jong, we may call functional psychic neuroses. In all diseases where the will has been enfeebled, and where it is important to strengthen it, the psychic treatment possesses great advantages.

It is difficult to see how a method which is purely physical can effect great and lasting results. A temporary relief is a benefit, just as much as a dam hastily thrown up which prevents a threatened inundation. But relief is not the ultimate of the healing art. Cure is wanted; a radical change in the action of those life forces which have been perverted; that is the Salvation the Healer is to bring. And that involves Mind, both in the healer and the patient. Mechanical methods and indifference cannot reach deep enough. Wetterstrand admits that the great need of the day is a psycho-therapy, and admits also the great limitations of suggestive therapeutics, but he does not seem to know that his "science" has approached the subject from the wrong end. It is not enough for him to say (page 117) that "the mind also has something to do with the human organism"; it has everything to do with it, and in the last analysis is the end and the beginning of the organism.

The book before us contains a bibliography which the reader would expect should carry the subject as far as the date of publication, but it does not. Wetterstrand's preface is dated October, 1890. The

translator's preface is dated January, 1897. The bibliography contains on its five closely printed pages only six books dated 1890 and one dated 1891 (only a 3d ed.), no later but all earlier dates. A large number of the works catalogued relate only indirectly to the subject of hypnotism, and several were written entirely without regard to it. The American translation ought to have had a thoroughly revised and up-to-date bibliography, and, as the literature is so abundant, it ought to contain works only on "Hypnotism and its application to practical medicine," which is the title and subject of the book.

C. H. A. B.

THE NEW BIRTH.

You crossed the threshold and the door swung to.
 All we had said about the life that side
 Came back to me. The knowledge came to you
 Of what life really is beyond the tide.
 I envy you. You woke to find the earth
 Had passed away ; and now you understand
 Why I must wait me here to know the truth
 Of birth and life in yon strange land.

CLAIRE K. ALDEN.

THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

The fifth regular meeting of The School of Philosophy was held in Metaphysical Hall, September 18th, at the usual hour. The powers of the mind and soul were discussed in a general way, and some interesting remarks were made by the president, with regard to the use of the faculties of both mind and soul in education, some results of experiments being given as illustrations. The relation of Astrology to Intuition was also considered and a possible tendency of astrological views toward fatalism was partially discussed.

The next regular meeting will be held Monday, October 2d, at 8.30 P. M., at 456 Fifth Avenue.

BOOK REVIEWS.

DESCRIPTIVE MENTALITY FROM THE HEAD, FACE AND HAND.

By Holmes W. Merton. David McKay, publisher, Philadelphia. Cloth, \$1.50.

Physiognomy and Palmistry have received much attention from students during the past few years, and to Prof. Merton's admirably arranged books on these subjects is this largely due. In *Descriptive Mentality* special attention is paid to the art of reading the face and hand, through the aid of nearly six hundred illustrations. The author's aim seems to be to teach his readers physiognomy and palmistry, and not merely to print a biography of well-known faces without even an analysis of the features. The book is equally well adapted to giving recreative enjoyment to those who do not care to make these arts a serious study. Some very original and interesting statements are made concerning the Line of Marriage, Fate and Destiny as shown in the hand. The work treats each feature of the face and line of the hand as having groups of faculty signs that appear strong or weak in proportion to the mental impulses that govern them.

THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF OLD AGE. By Eleanor Kirk.

Stiff paper. 50 cents. Published by the author, 696 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn.

"There is nothing beautiful about old age," begins this well-known writer, who, as usual, aims point-blank at us with her prompt views of ethical law as applied to common life. No, there certainly is no beauty in old age unless the eyes gleam and sparkle, the countenance glows, and the heart back of these pulsates with warm and vigorous love. But "old age," such as the writer doubtless seeks to discourse upon, means those symptoms in gait, manner and voice which incline us to believe that somehow the spirit of the person has flown, leaving deep lines and crowfeet upon cheek and temple. No beauty in this, surely. What a struggle in this particular day to preserve the seemliness of youth! We have been warned against negative and undesirable conditions, and have been belabored to "think good thoughts," love our neighbors as ourselves, and a thousand other trite and worthy things, yet there are those who will dote upon the thought—really, they speak it right out in meeting—that they are growing old; why? because another blessed year has come and gone, another mile post has been passed, and the grave is a little nearer than it was!

Of Eleanor Kirk's versatile, often ingenious style in giving her advice but little need be said; it commends itself perforce. And a pity 'tis that there are not more books written in the A, B, C's. The field is broad, and the people who do grow wilfully old are many. What is needed is to get that habit reversed, to acquire a natural texture to the skin and an elasticity in the step, all of which will attest that the soul of the person has been awakened. The book should be upon every sitting-room table ready for easy and constant reference.

VEDĀNTA PHILOSOPHY: Lectures by the Swāmi Vivekānanda on Rāja Yoga and Other Subjects. (Enlarged edition.) Pages, 381. Cloth, \$1.50. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

The success of the former editions of this work seems to have warranted a larger and more comprehensive exposition of the teachings of Swāmi Vivekānanda. In the text are embraced his lectures on Rāja Yoga, those on Bhakti-Yoga and Parā-Bhakti, or Supreme Devotion; and at the close of the volume we find a very complete glossary of Hindu terms, making the book a

classic for the future readers of Hindu lore. Of Vivekânanda's views upon thought and its attainments much is already known. To suffice upon this occasion we will quote from his lesson on Prâna. After giving an extended explanation of Prâna and its methods of control, he says:

"This Prâna is the vital force in every being, and the finest and highest action of Prâna is thought. This thought, again, as we see, is not all. There is also a sort of thought which we call instinct, or unconscious thought, the lowest plane of action. If a mosquito stings us, without thinking, our hand will strike it, automatically, instinctively. This is one expression of thought. All reflex actions of the body belong to this plane of thought. There is then a still higher plane of thought, the conscious. I reason, I judge, I think, I see the pros and cons of certain things; yet that is not all. We know that reason is limited. There is only a certain extent to which reason can go; beyond that it cannot reach. The circle within which it runs is very, very limited indeed. Yet, at the same time, we find facts rush into this circle. Like the coming of comets certain things are coming into this circle, and it is certain they come from outside the limit, although our reason cannot go beyond. The causes of the phenomena protruding themselves in this small limit are outside of this limit."

OUR FALL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

By reference to our advertising pages this month, it will be seen that some special inducements have been offered to the patrons of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE. The pen offered as a premium, is personally known to us as being the most convenient article of the kind ever produced. Men of prominence have used it and cheerfully recommend it, which fact has stimulated us in adopting it as our premium.

Alwyn M. Thurber's new story, "Nothing Ever Happens," will begin in our next number, and no reader can afford to miss the opening chapters. The fourteen numbers of the magazine, beginning with the November, 1899, issue and the Fountain Pen will be supplied to new subscribers upon the payment of \$3.00 in advance. Present subscribers, who renew, will be entitled to the Pen as a premium, at the combination price. We trust readers will call the attention of their friends to this offer, that the usefulness and influence of the work may be greatly enhanced during the coming year.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is kept on news stands everywhere. In case your newsdealer fails to supply it, you will confer a favor by at once notifying the publishers at the home office.

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THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 5.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHURGY.

THE NATURE AND USE OF THE MIND.*

BY PROF. ELMER GATES.

In this paper I have thought it well to call attention to the **importance** of a study of the Science of Mind (Psychology), for the **purpose** of learning how to more efficiently use the mind (Psychurgy).

The word "Mind," as I have herein used it, signifies the totality **of** the phenomena of Consciousness and includes all that can feel, **remember**, or adapt acts to ends; and, therefore, it properly includes **all** of the phenomena of the Intellect, such as sensations, images, **concepts**, ideas, thoughts, reasonings, introspection, etc. It includes **all** of the activities of the systemic and organic feelings and of the **tender**, æsthetic, moral, logical and religious emotions. It includes **the** whole subject of volition and will; and it includes a study of **all** of the vital and subconscious processes connected with the exercise **of** these functions. It includes the affections, tastes, habits, **knowledge**, conduct and civilization. Whatever thing can feel and **adapt** acts to ends has mind; and therefore, the study of the mind **includes** feeling, memory, and adaptive activity. Psychology, **therefore**, includes the study, by scientific methods, of our own minds and **of** the minds of all living organisms, so that we may judge from the **acts** regarding anatomy, physiological activities, habits, environment,

* Read at the first anniversary of The Metropolitan Independent Church.

etc., what mind IS, and so that we may learn by a study of minds what organisms ARE.

The definition which I have herein made of the mind is the one I have found most consistent with the general study and practice of Psychurgy, or the Art of Mentation; but the philosophic import of this definition, that mentality includes and is synonymous with vitality, constitutes no necessary part of the science of mind as I desire to teach it, or of the psychurgic art. But it will be necessary for the reader to remember that the meaning which I have herein given to the word "mind" includes all there is of consciousness, together with the functionally associated subconscious processes of the organism; that is, it includes within its scope the psychologic characteristics of the cellular activities. The organs of the body are composed of cells, and these cells can feel stimuli and perform adaptive activities, and as only mind can feel and adapt, it follows that what characterizes the life of a cell is its mind-capacities. If a cell cannot feel and perform adaptive actions, it is dead. I do not attempt to philosophize upon the subject; I prefer to await further knowledge of the mind. It matters not, as far as an understanding of the principles of the art of using the mind are concerned, whether mind includes all there is of vitality or not; or whether there is Mind *and* Matter; or *Spirit*, Mind and Matter; or whether Mind, like number, dimension, motion, and persistence, is a property inseparable from matter; or whether there is an energy that manifests as Matter, Mind, Motion, etc. These questions I do not attempt to decide, but the fact remains that it is the mind-like capacity of the cell that constitutes its life, and that it is out of these mind-like functionings of the cells of the body and brain that the conscious processes of the human mind arise; or, if you prefer a different philosophical implication, you may say that it is the judgment-properties of the matter of the body becoming dynamically evolved and accentuated as compared with the space-properties, motion-properties, number-properties, and time-properties of the matter of the body.

Some people have supposed that there is in us a higher kind of intelligence than mental; such, for example, as that of the "soul:"

and that, therefore, psychology does not include within its survey all of the phenomena of life. To see the incompleteness of this belief, it will suffice to say, without at present committing myself to either the materialistic or spiritualistic hypotheses, that if the soul has not, or is not, a Mind, then it cannot feel, nor remember, nor know, nor adapt acts to ends. To maintain this position is equivalent to saying that the soul is inanimate. If that which has been called "soul," "spirit," etc., can feel, remember, know, adapt acts to purposive ends, etc., then the scope of psychology includes all such phenomena. Science has experimented upon the mind, but it has not yet, in the same manner, experimented upon the soul, if by "soul" is meant something different from mind. I doubt if it ever pays to theorize or express opinions upon this, or upon any other subject, or to discuss matters in advance of scientific evidence; but it will serve to illustrate my point of view if I may be allowed to say that if there are orders of existence higher than man (and there is no reason why the Universe in its infinite possibilities should not contain them), then, no matter how much higher and greater than man's conception these forms may be, and no matter in what unknown states and conditions they may exist, if they can feel and know and act, they must have minds, and thereby they will fall within the survey of psychology. And furthermore, if there is embodied in the whole Cosmic Universe a Supreme Mind in some manner analogous to the way in which mind is embodied in the human organism (and I say it with deep and genuine reverence), then, in studying the phenomena of mind you will, to that extent, become acquainted with the kind of power that lies at the head of Cosmos.

I say, that if there is purposive intelligence at the head of the Universe, and if that which has been called God or the Supreme Being can know, or adapt acts to ends, or if that which has been called the Creator can be conscious, then It must *have* Mind or *be* Mind, and in that case, to learn the laws of consciousness is to learn something about that which rules the whole Cosmic Event throughout all space and duration. Your mind must be, in its own nature, similar unto that cosmic condition in the Universe out of which it came, or of which it is an eternal part

Your mind cannot be in fundamental antagonism and contradiction to the cosmic order out of which it was generated and from which it has directly inherited all of its characteristics; and, therefore, to introspectively and scientifically know the nature and laws of your own mind is to know directly that much of what is the most interesting, mysterious, wonderful, and perhaps the most all-pervading and potent force in the Universe. It is to know in your own consciousness and as consciousness the power that rules life and is life in all worlds and times. If "that, than which there can be nothing greater," has the power to know or to have a purpose, then that power must be due to Mind; and in that case, to the extent that you know the mind, just to that extent you know the Universe ontologically. Or if, for the sake of still further illustrating a point of view, we assume the opposite belief and contend that there is in the Universe no being higher than man, and that death ends the individual life, then it still follows that the chief subject of study must be the mind, for it is the mind that constitutes the man and is his only guide through life.

From the psychurgic standpoint all sciences should be studied as subdivisions of psychology, and that fact has been to many a puzzling feature. I have often been asked, "Why do you devote so much time and give such prominence to the experimental study of chemistry, physics, botany, zoology, mathematics, history, and the other sciences, when your laboratories are devoted to psychology?" "Why do you study music, metallurgy, microscopy, photography, electricity, and the arts generally, when your work is psychological?" The popular idea is that these subjects have no connection with the study of psychology. The reason why the sciences constitute such a prominent feature in the study of the science of the mind is, that we must study the products of mental activity in order to understand the mental functions which produce these products. It must be obvious that the most wonderful, useful and notable products of the mind's action are these very sciences. Not only are the sciences discovered and known by means of the mind-activities, and by no other way, but each science is a particular mode of mental functioning and comprises a particular kind of mental content. Hence, the sciences offer the

best fields for the study of the mind through its products, modes and contents. In order to adapt acts to ends—in order that such a thing as conduct may be possible—the mind must know. It must have a knowledge about the things on which and in the presence of which it acts, as well as a knowledge of the thing (the mind) that does the acting. Without such a knowledge of things outside of the body no adaptive action whatsoever could take place. Now, such a knowledge of things, no matter how meagre, must be a knowledge about some of the natural groups of objects in the universe around us, such as the starry-group (Astronomy), or the plant-group (Botany), or the animal-group (Zoology), or the substance-group (Chemistry), and so on; that is, a normal mind must contain correct knowledge of each taxonomic group of phenomena, and only to the extent that it does possess such knowledge can normal and safe conduct be possible.

The intimate and direct relation of the sciences to the study of the mind must be obvious to any one who will reflect upon this aspect of the subject. In like manner the arts represent what the mind has done in applying knowledge to human uses. It is not enough to discover by means of the intellect a new truth; it is not even enough to feel the beauty and possible utility of such a discovery; the mental process is not completed until that truth which you know, and that beauty which you feel, have been rendered concrete and available for human uses by conation, or by that act or series of acts which applies this knowledge and feeling to the good of the human race. The industrial and fine arts represent the utilitarian and æsthetic deeds of the mind and the methods by which the mind applies knowledge and feeling. And in the practical study of these arts we come in closest and completest touch with the mind's modes of working. The sciences and arts, are, therefore, from this point of view, properly, subdivisions of the science of psychology.

If it is the mind that creates and discovers every science and art, and if it is the mind alone which can apply such knowledge to an amelioration of the conditions of life; if it is the mind that builds every house, writes every book, and paints every picture; if it is the mind that suffers and enjoys; then it follows that a knowledge of how to regulate the functions of the mind so as to achieve results more

economical and more truthful, will rank first in importance in the knowledge to which the human race has been paying attention.

It will be impossible to describe this Art in the short space assigned me. I will very briefly describe the first step, which consists, among other things, in the complete inductive mastery of some one science by the psychurgic method. First of all, each one of the nine kinds of sensory functionings, such as touch, pressure, warmth, cold, muscular feeling, taste, smell, seeing and hearing, are trained for several months, until the sensitiveness and accuracy have been increased from five to ten times! * These senses are the instruments of observation by which all knowledge is acquired. † If a person had been born without any of the senses he could never have known of the existence of a single object, and knowledge and conduct would have been impossible to him.

After this training of the senses the pupil should be taken into a building wherein have been placed, in classific groups, every object and piece of apparatus known to some one science, so that every phenomenon of that science might be shown to him, in taxonomic order. The second step consists in giving the pupil correct images of every object belonging to that science; then in causing the pupil to classify these images into naturally-related groups, for the purpose of forming concepts of such groups. The next step consists in experimentally discovering the relations which exist in nature between the objects for which the pupil has concepts; and thus arise ideas. The pupil is then taught how to discover truths common to two or more such ideas, and thus arise thoughts of the first order or laws of the first degree of generalization. The generalization of thoughts of the first order produces thoughts of the second order, where most sciences end.

In thus acquiring psychologic data belonging to any science the pupil avoids learning any theories, hypotheses or speculations! He learns the science by first-hand observation and acquires the sum total

* I have proof of this.

† Knowledge of physical objects and their relations, rather, we should say. "Subjects" and "Principles" are matters of knowledge, but are not recognizable by the senses.—ED.

of the knowledge relating to that group of phenomena. By this means he observes that there are no other kinds of knowledge about phenomena than the sensations, images, concepts, ideas and thoughts which he may inductively derive from a study of such objects. This puts normal content in the mind. The pupil is next taught conceptual reasoning, and ideative reasoning, and thinking reasoning; and then made to introspect all of these processes while they are taking place; this finishes the intellectual acquisition of that science. (The concomitant emotional or moral training and the concomitant volitional training I will not now describe.)

Having mastered this science, the pupil then re-images each one of the images belonging to that science, and thus causes certain parts of the brain to grow stronger and increases the imaging speed from five to ten times.* He then re-conceptuates the concepts, re-ideates the ideas, re-thinks the thoughts, and this increases the speed and the accuracy of each of these functions. He practices the three kinds of reasoning and introspection, and thus learns for the first time in the history of education to use each one of the intellectual functions independently of the others. He increases the speed of his mental activity from five to ten times. He likewise increases the accuracy of the processes. He wastes no time in theory and hypothesis. Each incorrect image, each false idea, misleads the whole mentative functioning and vitiates every conclusion that may be formed. Having thus mastered the normal content of one science, having acquired skill in using each one of the intellectual processes, the pupil is then taught to apply this knowledge and skill to the art of invention and discovery, according to methods that cannot now be described.

The object of this mentative art is to discover Truth and apply it to the betterment of life. This is the whole process and scope of evolution, and it involves the getting of more mind at each step. The getting of less mind would not be evolution; hence, every act which gives us more mind is right, and every act which gives us less mind is wrong. There is no other kind of knowledge about the universe than just such a knowledge as I have described. A knowledge of one science, however, does not suffice. Each one of the

* I have proof of this.

natural sciences must thus be learned, to make up a perfectly normal mind.

My plea is for the study of the sciences according to this method, so that by basing our mental operations upon verified truth, without an admixture of speculation, we may the more certainly achieve more and more truth. And it is in the Religion of Truth that I have perfect confidence ; I have but little confidence in theory, and speculation, and philosophy. Generally their postulates have been wholly or partly wrong. But Truth itself would be of no value were it not for the mind which may learn to apply this truth. Hence, progress resolves itself into a question of the amount of mind which we have, and into ways of using the mind. Psychology has pointed out the feasibility of an art of promoting and regulating the use of the mind in discovery, in invention, and in right living, and the development of this art, which I have called Psychurgy, shows that we can systematize the hitherto undirected mental functions of talent and genius, and reduce to scientific rule the haphazard efforts of the mind in discovering Truth. Investigators and thinkers have hitherto violated almost every bodily, environmental and psychologic condition conducive to the best mental functioning, and for some unaccountable reason the human race has studied almost every subject except how best to use that mind which makes all such studies possible. There is a correct way of acquiring scientific data ; there is a correct way of regulating bodily and environmental conditions so as to conserve organic energy and promote mental functioning ; and the development of such an art of Mentation is destined to exert an important influence upon any individual life and through that upon the life of the race.

You did not create your own consciousness ; you did not form the nature and capacities of your own mind ; it had its own immanent nature when you first became aware of consciousness, and out of it has grown the total sum of your experiences and possibilities. The wonder of consciousness taking place within us according to its own eternal laws, and in obedience to its own cosmical nature, may well profoundly amaze and astound us. It is an ever-present mystery and wonder towards which our aspirations may lead us to an increas-

ing knowledge, not only of the mind, but of the things in the presence of which it exists.

I regard Mind with as much reverence as I have ever regarded the infinite Cosmic Universe out of which all mind is born. With overwhelming awe I meditate upon the star-studded expanse, with systems of worlds floating therein, and doubtless filled with life—systems of worlds that in presence of Eternity come and go like bubbles upon the stream, but it is with still deeper awe and reverence that I turn to that Awareness in me which is conscious of every passing conscious state ; which observes critically, and with absolute justice, the phenomena of mind as they are imperfectly and partially exhibited to me in my consciousness; and I feel that if there be an intelligent purpose or Consciousness at the head of that which has eternally filled unlimited space, then to the extent that I learn the truth about mind, to that extent I become acquainted with the Power that is regnant in nature. Whatever of purpose or plan there is in the whole or in any part of the universe, must be due to mind, and whatever you and I may achieve for self or others must be due to the activity of the mind functioning in us; and this mind which takes place in us, and of which we become aware, is as much a cosmical process as is the flow of the tides or the evolution of the universe. A knowledge of your own mind and how best to use it is your only possible guide, for what can never come to your consciousness can never be a part of you or for you. Mind is the path to the goal of all possibilities. This is the age of the apotheosis of Mind.

ELMER GATES.

I am of the opinion that there is nothing of any kind so beautiful but there is something still more beautiful, of which this is the mere image and expression—as a portrait is from a person's face—a something which can neither be perceived by the eyes, the ears, nor any of the senses; we comprehend it merely in the thoughts of our minds.—*Cicero*.

His mind penetrated to the immortal gods, though far remote in heaven, and what nature denied to his visual orbs he was able to overtake by his mind's eye in the depth of his breast.—*Ovid*.

THE MEMORY OF PAST BIRTHS.*

III.

HOW TO REMEMBER.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S. †

We compared the enigma of forgotten births to a magic lantern show, where the picture can only be seen when all other lights are cut off; we saw that though the light from the image on the screen, carrying every detail of color and form, may even enter the eyes of the spectators, and paint on their retinas just the same picture as before, yet they will see absolutely nothing, nor have any proof that there is anything to see, until that light shines alone, unbroken by any other ray.

This simile carries the very spirit of the Eastern sacred books, and brings us to a cardinal point in all their teaching: a point constantly mistaken or overlooked. They hold this teaching, and the view suggested by this simile, not only in regard to the single power of recovered memory, but for the whole range of the divine powers of the soul, for all of man's immortal heritage. For the sacred books never teach what they are often thought to teach, that divine and occult powers are some abnormal outgrowth, to be painfully acquired by the personal man while still wearing the vesture, and still bound by the straitened limits, of his personality; something to be used by him as adornments and conveniences of his mortal life—a mere embroidery to his three-score years and ten.

They do not hold that the high gifts of magic are to be used chiefly to astonish and entertain the friends of the magician, nor to help him to make a material success of his present life. The true inner teaching of the East is so different from this, so much higher than this, that its would-be interpreters have often failed to grasp it altogether, and have fallen into one grotesque mistake after another, as a result of this failure.

We must try to gain some firm hold of this first great principle,

* Continued from page 14. † Bengal Civil Service, Retired.

or all our further studies will be in vain. We must first try to understand and constantly keep in mind that the Eastern doctrine teaches that the soul of every man is already perfect, and perfectly endowed with all its infinite powers, being one with all other souls in the highest life; so that no growth is possible for the Infinite; nor any gain thinkable for that which is the limitless all. What we can do is, not to add to the powers of our souls, but to come to some perception, dim and vague at the first, of the tremendous powers our souls already possess. We are not the patrons of the soul and all its magical powers, to develop this, and call out that, as the humor takes us, and at last to turn the whole into a means of complacent self-glorification. We are rather humble beneficiaries of the divine Life; quite unable to save our souls which need no saving; yet by great good fortune not debarred from the possibility that our souls may save us.

The soul of each of us, through its own inherent and divine nature, already stands above the ocean of birth and death, above time and space, above pain and sorrow. These things, and the whole material world which seems so real to us, are not necessary and real, but rather accidents and flaws in the real Life; they are not the light, but rather the clouds and vapors which reveal the light, by cutting it off, by breaking its even flow, by absorbing this quality and that, and thereby showing the remainder as other than the pure, unbroken ray.

With our low and material habit of thought, we are accustomed to hold, and will in most cases very confidently assert, that without time and space and matter there would be no real life, but rather a thin abstraction, an unthinkable void, a beatitude little distinguishable from extinction. These thoughts, and the illusions they deify, are the very outer rays of our simile, which keep us from opening our eyes to the revelation. While we are attuned only to that coarser vibration, to those lower sounds and grosser colors, we shall never catch a glimpse of the finer light from beyond the heavens, nor any echo of the music of the spheres.

We shall best understand the matter, perhaps, by laying theory aside, and seeing in what way we do, in fact, rid ourselves of the

bonds of time and space, of the dull burden of matter; then we shall see more clearly whether that deliverance is a loss or a gain; a weakening, or the beginning of strength.

Space is the first and grossest illusion; the deadly fear of separation is its true moral expression, its real value in the science of life. It is the belief that so many miles of land or sea, so many dead yards of mountain or of rock, must of necessity cut off all intercourse even between souls in perfect union and accord; so that out of sight is really out of mind; or, even worse, absence is presence of regret and the sense of loss. And the black and deadly shadow of this illusion, its supreme hold on the heart of man, is Death; that fearful shadow of final separation, for which there is no hope, no cure, no pity, nor any possibility of warding off the swiftly approaching and inexorable doom.

That is what we get from the seeming reality of space; and no human heart endowed with intelligence and feeling will hold that it is a great and excellent boon. And now for what we gain by our first victory over this illusion: it is not that we are robbed of space, shut out from it, and barred within a world where no space is, but rather that we come into possession of space, into mastery over it, so that our souls can feel, and our wills can act, not only where our bodies are, but also wherever we have a link of unity and communion, in the heart of a friend. It is not mere nearness in space that makes kinship. Friendship is not so cheap as that. It is, rather a direct and immediate intuition of oneness, a glow and enthusiasm of love; the present sense of another living soul felt directly by the soul in us, and only interpreted, but never generated, by the outer senses. And with our first victory over the illusion of space comes the knowledge that this direct and intuitive touch of soul with soul, of will with will, of heart with heart, this sense of another living being at one with us, is not weakened or barred by space, but is as strong and vital, as immediately present to us, whether a mile, a hundred, or ten thousand, divide heart from heart.

The truth is this: For the psychical life there is no space; space is purely and solely material. In the psychic world, separation comes through difference of quality, difference of vibration, difference

of love, and not through difference of place. Therefore where there is union, there is immediate presence and contact, even though bodies be held apart by untraveled leagues of ocean. As soon as our imaginations cease to be filled with the image of our animal bodies, and are more rightly occupied with a sense of our human selves, we begin to live in the psychical world, and thereby we begin to conquer space. And for all mankind, this beginning has been made ages ago, so that any simple animal life, pure as the animals live it, has long been impossible for man. But our psychic being is so disordered, so chaotic, so full of dark images and evil imaginings, that we possess ample psychic powers without knowing we possess them; and great misery and sorrow are our reward.

Animals know neither the misery nor the sorrow of the human heart; even these are testimonies to our divinity. They are in truth the shadows of our powers; the shadows they, in their august coming, cast before them. For we feel the misery of separation because the voice in us says there should be no separation; and the discrepancy between intuition and fact is our sorrow. But the fact is a mere material shadow, cast into the psychic world, where it has no true right, nor proper place; and only our corrupt animal life leads to our obsession by these ghosts and phantoms of the long past material world.

The conquest of animalism, the inheritance of true human feeling, brings with it the awakened sense of other human lives, the splendid intuition of other present souls. If we are true to that, setting the soul in others higher than the animal in ourselves, and living rather for the soul, we soon have our reward. Though hills and valleys intervene, they do not intervene between soul and soul; nor in any degree weaken the immediate, conscious, and living touch of one with another. We are rewarded for our faith by inheriting a larger life which space cannot touch; which death itself no longer threatens. But we must find the souls of our friends now, if we would hold them to us hereafter. We must never be content with a mere acquaintance with their bodies; much less with those images of them we build up for our own prejudices and desires, making all men in our own likeness. And this power to feel another soul, as it lives in

itself, and not merely as it ministers to us, is the beginning of all wisdom, the first step in all true illumination. With that most excellent gift, we can in time learn all secrets. Without it, the tongues of men and angels, all knowledge and all mysteries avail us nothing.

This is the first victory over space, over the dullness and brute resistance of the material world. It is the divine power of seeing and feeling souls, by immediate intuition. That power, like the rest, is not designed merely as a convenience and adornment of our material life; it is rather the open door to a life which shall in time wither up the last veil and vestige of the material world altogether. We can inherit this vision of soul and soul, not by some miraculous unfolding to be painfully acquired, but by the far greater miracle, which has been from the beginning, in virtue of which all souls are forever one. For all souls are but doorways into the Eternal, and each doorway gives entry to the whole mansion of the Most High.

Therefore true soul-vision is to give us the realization in the beginning, of the vivid and intimate life of the rare souls with whom we already have perfect kinship and communion; but in the end, it is to give us a realization of the life of all other souls without exception or abatement in any regard, whether it be with the chiefest sinner or the brightest saint. Not all pure souls only, but all souls, whether high or low, gifted or groping in outer darkness, are one with the Supreme, and therefore one with us. And for the realization of this one vital truth all sins and crimes will be forgiven; while the spotless saint who lacks it is as one of the damned. This is the divine and everlasting law. This is life's morality, whatever may be the morality of the sects.

That is what is meant by the victory over space. It is a victory over the whole brute world of darkness, which is enslaved to space, and the entry into a divine and miraculous life, where each soul may be infinitely enriched by inheriting the life of all other souls as enlargements of his own; gaining the universal without losing individuality; not exiled from space, or shut into some heaven beyond the confines of the wholesome and living universe; not overcoming space in any way like that, but rather overcoming space by

possessing all of it; by gaining the power to conquer separation, to work anywhere in space where lives a soul of man.

This is the true victory over space, as the Eastern Wisdom teaches it. It is no loss nor diminution, but an infinite gain. And the victory over time, which brings as one of its first fruits the memory of past births, and with this knowledge of the past, a knowledge of the future also, is a victory of kindred nature.

Once more we shall set aside all theories as to what time is, and whether it exists in itself or is a shadow of the mind; we shall let theory rest, and paint rather the steps by which the victory over the time-spirit is in fact won. The means of the victory are the same; a slow rising above the tyranny of our sensual natures—of that in us which demands unceasing sensation, endless stimulus, whether it be the lust of the flesh or the lust of the eyes. The essence of the lust of sensation is always the same; it is a demand for fulness of life, for the sense of vivid being, not through any inherent energy or activity in ourselves, but from impressions made from without; from sensations made on our nerves by the material world. And we gradually attach the idea of one and another sensation to this or that part of our bodies, till our imaginations are full of the sense of palate or ears or liver, or whatever organ we rely on for our outward excitement. It is this clogging of the imagination with coarse bodily and material images which enchains the soul within the body and hinders it from soaring to its own proper and divine world; it is this slavery to bodily images which makes us serfs of space, in which our bodies must take their place among the rocks and trees and all other things in the material world.

In much the same way are we made slaves of time. The lust of sensation lies under a curse, the outcome of a law everywhere operative in the material world. It is this: a stimulus of a certain character produces its maximum effect at the first impression, and with every recurrence loses force. It therefore follows, with all the insistence of physical law, that we must either increase the stimulus, to get an equally strong sensation, or, if we are limited to a certain measure of sensation, we must be prepared to see the effect weakened with every repetition. So that we shall have at last one of two things:

either the numbness of total insensibility, or a series of constantly strengthened doses, which will finally shatter the physical frame altogether. There is no third alternative. The hospitals are full of proofs of this law, which should be written in golden letters over the threshold of every temple of man.

Thus it befalls that we come under the dominion of time. For it is only a question of time when any given sensation will either wear itself out or wear us out. And the final wearing out is death. Half of mankind go through the later years of their lives as mere living sermons on decrepitude; on the deadening and dulling which comes from the lust of sensation. All mankind preach the final sermon by their deaths, a sermon far more impressive in its silence than the doleful message of mortuary services, and the word of the sermon is this: if we identify our thoughts, desires and affections with the body of matter, subject to dissolution, we too must die.

Change is the law everywhere through the material world; all things once brought together must again be separated; all things separated will one day be brought together. The mountains have been heaved up from the ocean depths; they are once more worn down by fine water drops and carried by the rivers to pave the ocean bed. So it is with all matter. Change everywhere; and time is nothing but the record of gradual change. Therefore all that is subject to change is subject to time. Time is not a benefit or reward we are shorn of when we reach beatitude; it is a doom, under which we and all things lie.

And we conquer time by turning back within ourselves from the lust of sensation; from servitude to material things, subject to death; but our first advance inward does not lift us altogether above time, though it lifts us above space. From sensation we turn to emotion; from the physical we turn to the psychic body, and try to find our life there. And this is in truth a wonderful gain, for with the transference of our imagination to the psychical body we triumph over space, that is, over the doom of separation. Emotion and thought, feeling and imagination, do not fill space; they are not subject to space, nor can space intercept or check them. And when we once break down the walls of selfishness and aloofness, we can

touch with our emotions the lives and wills of others, and in our turn become recipient of theirs. Yet emotion comes under time's sway. It is under a law as imperious as that which dooms sensation, yet of different character.

For emotion is of such nature that, like sensation, it soon numbs the soul, and the soul will no longer feel the same excitement or stimulus from the same intensity of emotional impression. Its remedy is alternation. To one emotion succeeds another, of opposite character; to hope succeeds fear; to fear, hope. To sorrow succeeds joy; to joy, sorrow. Such is the law. And this succession, like all change, is a form of the time-illusion; it is in virtue of time that succession is possible. Therefore the soul, when it first sought contrasted emotions, built itself the garment of time, to receive them in. So that, even when we rise above animalism to human life, we are still time's slaves. We must rise yet further, to be free.

Above sensation we enter the life of emotion; above emotion we enter the life of the will, creative, immortal, divine. At last we have a form of life coming from within, and therefore coming under neither doom. It is not dependent on successive impressions from without, therefore it is not under the doom of ever weakened stimulus from successive sensations. It is not dependent on alternation, as emotion is, therefore it is not, like emotion, subject to time. Nor is it under the doom of continually weakening effect, which emotions share with the grossest forms of sensations, and which is also a part of their inheritance in time's curse.

The creative will finds its life not in reception from without, but in activity from within. It draws its energies from an immortal source, since the will in us is at one with the infinite Life, and is, in very truth, our doorway to Life, and that life eternal. In the will we live; in sensation or emotion we die. The law is fixed and certain. The Eastern teaching of the will is this: there is for every man a genius, a divine power, an individual embodiment of the infinite Life, which stands above and behind his personal life, and is united with the personal life by all his best and highest powers and intuitions, but most of all by the will. The mission of every man is to embody the life of his genius in himself; to rise into the life of

his genius, and thereby to become immortal. His genius will command him to work, and to work in three ways. The first of these is the subjection of the material world, through the will in him, as expressed in his physical powers. And all the arts and sciences are nothing but this: the subjection of Nature to the will in us, in subordination to an intuition of power or an inspiration of beauty. We take earthly materials, colored clays, ochres, resins, oils. and mastering their character and qualities, we mold them by our wills into pictures embodying the human soul, and the beauty it beholds. And so we are destined to conquer all nature, and mold all to the divine uses of the will.

The second work of the will is infinitely more difficult than all sciences and arts put together. It is the true adjustment by our wills of the balance between ourselves and all other selves: the arrangement of relations of power and joy between all living souls, such that, though all be different, yet all shall be perfected in the One. That is our second task; and we need only to listen to the promptings of the will, in every human relation, to find the true and divine adjustment in every case. But in this task, there is no room for cowards. Much now deemed of lasting and universal validity will be condemned by the will; and we must have something of the spirit of revolutionaries, if we would undertake to make all things new. The fruit of the first work of the will is a perfect mastery of science and art. The perfect mastery of the far greater art and science of human life is the second fruit. There is yet a third.

After all has been said of Nature's beauty, of the wonderful powers and miracles that lie hid in her every part, there remains this to say: all these beauties and powers are but weak copies, dim and vague reminders, leading us back from Nature to the infinite Soul. There is where our heart's hope dwells. And so with mankind, with our other selves. When the last word is spoken, what is it in them which draws and delights us? What, in fine, is it which makes any communion and common consciousness at all possible? It is the presence of the common soul, in us as in them and all things. We are at the last driven back from individuals to their source, the one Soul, wherein all are one. And the union of our separate selves with that

immortal and infinite All is the last and highest task set us by our wills. In the will is our peace. This is the door of immortality and power, not some dim survival beyond the grave, in a vague and shadowy heaven, but a present sense of our life immortal, here and now; something more certain and nearer to us than the shining of the sun or the beating of our own hearts.

Therefore the victory of the will, the determination to live in will and work, and no longer to live in emotion, raises us above both space and time; or, to speak more truly, lifts us above the awful fear of separation, the ever-present dread of death. This is the shutting off of all outer lights, which alone makes possible the visible shining of the inner light. When darkness has come, when we have passed into the silence where enter neither sensation nor emotion, we shall grow receptive of the finer light, and, as our eyes grow accustomed to that truer radiance, we shall slowly perceive the measure and character of our newly inherited powers.

This is the essence of all the great religions of the East, and, if this thought be kept in mind, it will be easy to understand them all; really to comprehend and grasp the splendid thought of Liberation which inspires them all. This is the doctrine of the Mysteries, old as humanity, old as life itself; for this is the teaching of the Life. It is the realization by the will, of the present immortal in us; the victory over time and space is the reward carrying with it an endless extension of our powers.

As we rise above time, we first break away from the sense of uncertainty, of the separation of our life into single days, any one of which, it seems, may be our last. For this separated and broken sense of life we substitute a sense of our life as a whole, a necessarily continuous being, whose length depends not on a fortunate escape from accident and sickness, but on an inner necessity and law. We grow into a sense that our life is a whole, a single unity, not a mere collection of fragments; and we come to understand that the life of this whole is inviolable. This is the dawn of immortality, the knowledge that we are not subject to the caprice of Death.

As the light grows, our knowledge and power grow with it. We come into a sense of our lives as outside time's sway altogether, as

subject to death rather from a false association of thought, from false imagination, than from real necessity; and with that thought comes the sense of a future conquest of death, final, triumphant, complete. We gain a grasp of our separate lives as no longer separate, but as only the days in our longer divine year, with the nights of rest between; and the long vistas before us light up, with definite conquests to be gained, definite tasks to be performed, definite powers to be won.

And with this lifting of the veil from the future comes a like unveiling of the past. It draws in, comes closer to us; the vast tracts of desert oblivion that divided us from our dead lives begin to shrivel up and disappear, and the very remote becomes near and familiar. As the images of bodily sensations remembered and desired, the coarse brute pictures which made up so much of life, begin to lose their insistence, the finer images of our longer life flash out upon us from the darkness with sudden brightness and color; pictures perfect in life and motion, carrying with them images of form and voices and names, which fill us with a strange sense of our own identity therein; a knowledge that these remote and unfamiliar things have befallen us.

Thus returns to us the memory of past births. And there are to-day, as there have always been, many who remember. One need only ask, to find men and women who have a clear and definite vision of things that befell them in other lives. I have known many who could tell, and were ready to tell, the right inquirer. Let me give details of some of these. One remembered clearly a temple ceremony in a shrine hollowed out between the paws of some great beast, telling even the form of the landscape and color of the sky as he had seen them, when looking back through the door. He described, without knowing it, a scene in ancient Egypt, for the shrine is cut out between the paws of the Egyptian Sphinx—a shrine of which he knew nothing, remembering only the clear picture, but having no sense of where it was. He also had a quite clear vision of a hillside in India, a memory belonging to yet another life; and his description here was equally vivid and true.

Yet another spoke of many lives remembered, one including a

scene in a temple in inner China, where a ceremony of the Mysteries was being performed. He had a clear sense of his own place in the temple, of the words spoken, of the ritual carried out. And he also had definite memory of two other births, with details of names and places, vivid as if they had happened yesterday.

A third remembered places and names, down to minute and often bizarre and unexpected details, of seven consecutive births. And all of these were in a continent other than that in which the present personality was born. One birth, the place of which was remembered with especial accuracy, had been verified as to local color and circumstance by the man himself; another had fallen in a land he had never visited, but local details of which were familiar to me.

Let these three cases stand, taken at random from many. They show that it is with the memory of past births as it was a generation ago with apparitions; it is impossible to raise the subject in a general audience, without finding some one who remembers something; and whoever goes further, and asks among the students of mysticism and occult philosophy, will soon meet with quite definite and clearly marked memories, in such abundance as to bring the matter outside the region of doubt or conjecture, altogether.

A moment's consideration will show that it is exactly among the mystics that we should seek, though there are often startling exceptions to this rule. For the mystics are those who have begun to overcome the coarser vibrations of life; to struggle against the tyranny of sensation; to live from the will, rather than from material things. And this, as we saw, is the necessary condition. For only thus does a man blend his consciousness with the consciousness of the body of will, the causal body, which is immortal. And, as we saw, it is in this immortal body, and here alone, that the pictures of past births inhere.

Therefore to inherit this, as to inherit all the divine powers of the Soul, there is only one way; to become one with the Soul, and with its nature; to enter into the pure and vivid life of the will; to live from within, by inherent and divine energy, and not from outer sensations. And this is the very essence and heart of the Eastern teaching. "When all desires that dwell in the heart are let go, the

mortal becomes immortal, and enters the eternal; knowing all things, he becomes the all." This from the Upanishads. And Buddhism, at the other end of the long pedigree of Indian wisdom, teaches the same thing:

"If a disciple, or disciples, should frame this wish: 'Let me call to mind many previous states of existence, to wit, one birth, two births, three births, four births, five births, ten births, twenty births, thirty births, forty births, fifty births, one hundred births, one thousand births, one hundred thousand births, many destructions of a world-cycle, many renovations of a world-cycle, many destructions and many renovations of a world-cycle, so as to say: I lived in such a place, had such a name, was of such a family, of such a class, had such maintenance, experienced such happiness and such miseries, had such a length of life. Then I passed from that existence and was reborn in such a place. There also I had such a name, was of such a family, of such a class, had such maintenance, experienced such happiness and such miseries, had such a length of life. Then I passed from that existence and was reborn in this existence'—thus let us call to mind many former states of existence, and let me specifically characterize them, 'then must he be perfect in the precepts, bring his thoughts to a state of quietness, practice diligently the trances, attain to insight, and be much alone.'"

Between the extreme brevity of the Upanishad and the absolute completeness of detail in the Buddhist Sutra the whole Eastern doctrine is given here. But to appreciate fully the moral and spiritual meaning of the last sentences we should have to go deeper into Buddhism, and there we should find that the requirements set down here cover the very thing we have spoken of: the raising of the mind above sensuality, which imprisons the imagination in the animal body, and above selfishness, which imprisons feeling in the personal self; for both these limitations are barriers to real life, and only with our entrance into real life can we begin to inherit the powers of our divinity—and among them the memory of former births, which belongs not to the mortal, but to the immortal man.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(To be continued.)

THE WEDDING OF THE GRACES.

AN ALLEGORY.

Many years ago, in the wonderful land of Peace, reigned King Wisdom and gentle Queen Patience. Three daughters were born to them, and were named Faith, Hope and Charity. At their birth attended the powerful fairies, Purity, Beauty, Knowledge and Health, so that the maidens were blessed beyond mortal ken. And when they approached womanhood they grew wondrously fair to look upon, and the fame of their beauty spread far and wide. Did any one ask which of the maidens was most fair? He who was asked would shake his head in doubt, and perchance make answer that the yellow-haired princess Hope was the most dearly loved among the people; but whose beauty was greatest, 'twere hard to tell.

And so time passed on, and the three princesses were woman-grown. Many suitors had the maidens, but none found favor in their eyes. Faith, the eldest, was a stately maiden, with grave, clear eyes of gray, before whom men bowed in reverent adoration, but to whom none dared offer the innermost love of their hearts. She loved to listen to the discourse of the wise men of her father's court, and when any a glittering Creed and well-favored Dogma came to woo, but she said she nay to them. Beloved of every one in the land was the radiant, winsome Hope—Hope, who had caught the gleam of sunshine in her hair, and the blue of summer skies in her laughing eyes. To her envied he who won for his own the dainty maid! Youngest of the sisters was Charity, a slender, lissome maiden, with dark eyes of wondrous beauty, and hair like a moonless night in the forest. Yet her demeanor was the maiden shy and silent, so that it often happened that strangers passed her by to render homage to her sisters.

Now there lived in a far-off country beyond the seas three powerful princes, and when the fame of the maidens' beauty reached their ears they would fain see for themselves if reports spake truly. These princes were brothers. Truth, was named the oldest, he with the

silver-sprinkled hair, whose piercing eye had read the secrets of the stars and unravelled the mystery of ages, who could look deep into the hearts of men and read their most secret thoughts. Before him quailed falsehood and dishonor and deceit, for Truth is mighty. Twin brothers were Love and Grief, bound together with bonds of deepest affection, and seldom were they separated, yet their subjects regarded them not with equal favor. Love was a merry, self-willed lad, with mischief gleaming in his bonny eyes, and laughter ever ready on his lips. Many were the mad, merry pranks he played, and did these ever cause bright eyes to grow dim with tears? In his domain Love reigned supreme; in every home was he a welcome guest. Not so Grief. The faces which brightened with joy at the coming of Love would sadden at his approach. Little wonder, then, if that darkly beautiful face grew cold and stern, when his subjects, whose welfare and happiness were ever near his heart, trembled and turned away in fear, because, in their blindness, they could not understand him.

So the three, Truth, Love and Grief, went a-wooing, and right royally were they received in the land of Peace. There were merry-makings and festivals and songs and music and laughter. The sun shone, the brook murmured, and the birds sang, for does not all the world love a lover? .

One condition did King Wisdom make: that one moon should wax and wane before the princes made known their choice. Then the court and the people should be assembled together, and before them all should it be solemnly declared. So the days passed, and the courtiers whispered together and wondered much how the princes would choose. Did they see Hope gaily tossing her garland of roses to Love, they would look knowingly at one another, and often Grief and Charity were seen walking together 'neath the rustling trees, listening to the merry carol of the birds, while Truth and Faith were deep in learned discourse. Was it thus the princes would choose? The people wondered.

At last the appointed day came, and the people assembled on the green as they were bidden. On the white thrones were seated the princesses, Faith in the centre, wearing a crown of diamonds, while

a diadem of pearls encircled the brow of Hope; but gentle Charity had put aside her gems and twined a garland of lilies in her dark tresses. The king has greeted his loyal subjects. He turns to the three princes, who are standing beside him, and desires them to make their choice known to the people. There is a moment of breathless silence—not a sound is heard save the birds' song and the wind's song among the rustling leaves. Then Truth steps forward and kneels before the throne of Faith, and thus he speaks: "They call me mighty and omnipotent, yet in thy presence doth Truth grow humble, for well he knows that for him life, might, and right dwell in thy starry eyes. Wilt thou accept Truth, oh Faith, now and forevermore?" And the maiden, rising, put her hand in Truth's. Faith hath chosen.

Hand in hand come forward the twin brothers, Love and Grief. Love approaching the throne of Charity with a world of pleading in his bonny eyes, and with hands outstretched thus speaks: "Shy, sweet Charity, put thy hand in mine, and together will we wander down the path of life, scattering happiness and joy, and making glad the hearts of mortals." And Charity, standing by Love's side, her hand in his, is a sight so wondrously fair that men bow their heads in silent adoration.

And Grief, his dark, sad face transfigured with love, thus woos Hope: "Men call me cruel and stern, and think it not seemly that I should woo for my bride, Hope, the radiant maiden. They know not that the love of Grief is deathless and endureth forever. Thou alone, sweet Hope, can cheer my dreary life, and restore to me the love of my subjects." And the maiden gently places her hand on his bowed head. Hope, too, hath chosen.

And the princes returned to their own country, and their subjects rejoiced at the wisdom of their choice. By the side of Truth is ever star-eyed Faith, whether on the throne or in the lowly cottage. And hand in hand with Grief walks radiant Hope. At his approach men no longer tremble and grow pale, for well they know that though Grief enters first, Hope is sure to follow in his footsteps, and at her loving glance spring up anew the flowers of joy and happiness.

And Love and Charity—ah, blessed Love and Charity—truly they

make blessed the hearts of men. Where they dwell there is neither sorrow nor suffering, and envy and hatred and malice fly at their approach. They are never separated—these two—for Charity cannot exist without Love, and “Love without Charity availeth nothing.”

SIGNA SETTER STROM.

MENTAL HEALING VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

BY JOSEPH L. HASBROUCKE.

The primary conclusion of a large body of Christian people who have never studied mental healing, and of some metaphysicians who have never experienced that power which so dwelt in the martyr Stephen that his face was like the face of an angel, is, that the underlying principles of mental healing are opposed to those of Christianity; that the two have nothing in common, and that one who believes in the one must necessarily be shut out from communion with the other. From the standpoint of the Christian church this view receives greater emphasis from the fact that many men of independent views, who have long ago dissolved connection with the church and are ready to learn and to tell some new thing, have embraced Christian Science and Mental Healing with great devotion; and, so easily prejudiced are we against those who oppose what we think has been proved to be right, that we quickly decide against any doctrine or thing to which these misguided ones profess adherence.

On the other hand, it must be emphatically asserted that none can judge with exactness concerning any system or thing which relates to the spiritual, unless he has had a personal experience therein. A member of a Christian church is not necessarily a Christian. A Christian is not ordinarily a perfect man, and his profession of Christianity is not in any wise a profession of goodness; it is simply an expression of an intention to adopt the principles which governed Christ's life on earth. The fact that his mistakes are many proves one of two things: viz., either that he is beset by

natural evil tendencies while he recognizes the highest and best in the spiritual, or else that he was deceived in supposing that the heart-union between himself and the Christ had taken place. In general, concerning those who profess Christianity, but fall short of what the world considers the perfect Christian life, it is safe to conclude that most professors of Christianity grieve more deeply than their detractors over their own mistakes, and that without the Christian's lamp, even in its feeble shining, their way had been far more crooked than it is. And also, that the detractors of Christianity would doubtless exhibit equal failures and perhaps even more than those whom they so rigidly criticize.

The Christian who believes that no good for him can be found within the fold of the metaphysician makes a cardinal mistake because of ignorance. From without the fold he beholds many followers of the new doctrine who disregard the customs which he believes essential and depend upon means which he considers dangerous for health and happiness.

A highly spiritual young Christian girl, for years a sufferer from apparently incurable disease, was with great difficulty induced to accept the services of a metaphysical healer. Her prejudice was great and she feared that a cure, if accomplished by such means, would in some way alienate her from the faith which she loved. During the first treatment, as she sat in the quiet room at some distance from the absorbed metaphysician, in silence that was to her full of reproaches, a piano string suddenly snapped, producing a sharp, explosive sound, which, in her oversensitive condition, startled the young girl. She sprang up hastily, exclaiming, "I knew all the time that it was the work of the devil," and no persuasions could induce her to continue the treatment, providentially interrupted, as she believed.

It is a somewhat common error of clergymen in the pulpit, to denounce, with emphasis, the system of mental healing. The denunciation is absurd because it is based upon ignorance. Even as the clergyman could not affirm that Christianity was powerless to affect the inner life of a man of depraved tastes and vicious habits, while he (as yet) had not experienced the power of Christianity in

his own heart, so, until he has had practical experience of the power and methods of metaphysical healing, has studied its teachings, absorbed something of its spirit, he is in no position to declare that it is unworthy of credence. And precisely as the clergyman can listen, unmoved, to the statement of an unconverted man who asserts that Christianity has lost its power and that it is a mere system of groundless belief in the power of a man long ago dead, an impostor, perhaps, and can remain unmoved because he knows by the experience of his own time that the reasoner may seem to conquer him in argument but cannot move his feet from the rock on which they have long been planted, or disturb that hidden peace which the world cannot give or take away, just so the metaphysician hears the clergyman, the good Methodist brother who has been cavorting in public on a horse of straw, for example, argue and labor to prove the non-existence of mental healing, which he has tested so many times that disbelief is not in his power.

The metaphysician understands, perfectly, that a man who approaches any system of spiritual belief with the desire to discern its weakness, not to profit by its advantages, who is by nature narrow and prejudiced and incapable of receiving lofty spiritual truths, is not likely to come forth from the investigation with a fair idea of that which he has seemed to study. And he understands, also, something that no clergyman or man of any sort who has given superficial attention to the topic can possibly know; viz., that the system of Metaphysical Healing is not a subject for the casual study of a few days, or even weeks. He would not expect to gain a theological seminary diploma by studying for a month, even. He realizes that certain topics require time for assimilation, after they are superficially understood; that definitions, postulates and axioms must be understood before one can advance in study; and he would hardly have the conceit to say to the clergyman, "Yes, yes, my good sir, I have been looking into your system of theology for the past week and feel competent to decide upon its merits. I know all about it, and although I have never experienced religion as you term it, I am prepared to hold it up to the ridicule of the world."

The clergyman, believing that he understands the subject of mental healing from the beginning, we will say, boldly preaches against it, and in the pulpit and in conversation endeavors to heap reproach on everything connected with the system. But perhaps there comes a day, as there came in the life of a clergyman not long ago, when a little idolized child lay tossing on its sick-bed under the scourge of a dreaded epidemic. "No hope" was the verdict of all the regular physicians in counsel, and the pale father saw the life, dearer than his own, fast ebbing out on the tideless sea. With hope in all present means gone, a friend of the family proposed a metaphysical healer, and the agonized father, more liberal than some of his class, who prefer death at the hands of a regular physician to life by another way, courteously received the new practitioner and submitted the child to his care in the face of the incredulous physicians. In less than an hour the change for the better began, and to-day the child lives in perfect health. Later, the child's mother was healed of a chronic infirmity, and no amount of argument can convince her or the husband that metaphysical healing is a humbug. You may attempt to prove to them by all the laws of logic that the tenets lack sufficient foundation, that drugs afford the only relief to pain, that a man who has not given years of study to the variations and conditions of the human body cannot by any possibility heal disease; but in the home of that clergyman certain facts laugh all your theories to scorn. The metaphysician came and saved the person's life, and he is doing it every day in the track of medical practitioners who fail.

The clergyman who denounces mental healing and pronounces its tenets hostile to those of Christianity should learn that the book oftenest quoted by the metaphysician is the Bible. I hold that no fair-minded man can say that a single essential principle of the religion taught in the Bible is hostile to a single essential principle of mental healing as taught by its best exponents. Qualifications are doubtless necessary on both sides: the Bible is doubtless misinterpreted by some, and assuredly the science of metaphysical healing is wofully misinterpreted by many. Not all metaphysicians believe in the inspiration of the Bible as taught by the church, and, in

common with many church members, dissent from the common belief long established in many historical and narrative portions. But the main truths, the essentials of the Christian religion as based upon the Bible, cannot be construed as antagonistic to the essential truths taught by the metaphysical healer of disease. From cover to cover of the sacred volume the spiritual is exalted over the material. "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." "Blessed are the poor in heart,"—the meek, the merciful, and the peacemakers. Not blessed are those rich in this world's goods, in houses and lands or even in intellectual power.

The leading of Christ's apostles was invariably in line with the spiritual, as is that of the metaphysician. "Though I speak with the tongues of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass." Love hopeth, endureth, beareth all things; rejoiceth not in iniquity but in the truth. Now abideth faith, hope, love. Nothing else in the world abideth. "All these shall vanish away like smoke, but my righteousness never faileth." "As strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts." It is "the meek and quiet spirit" that is of great price, not costly possessions or great store of worldly wisdom.

The only Bible characters held up for our example are those who lived above the earthly, and, to some extent at least, strove after the spiritual. Like human beings in all ages of the world, many of these men had faults, and these as well as their virtues are recorded for our admonition. But the only qualifications held up for our admiration and example are those which relate to spirit. Everywhere the human side, the material, is placed beneath the higher, the divine, the spiritual. The metaphysician may say that the church has wandered far from these lofty ideals, and that Christianity as now practiced is far removed from the practice taught in the Bible, and to this we can only say, so much the worse for the church. Pure Christianity is taught in the Bible, a system of pure spiritual living, of preparation for that life in which nothing of the material will be

mingled. If the professor of Christianity exalts the material, lives for sense and sense pleasures and forgets the noble estate to which he is called, he is distinctly told that the carnal mind is at enmity against God, and "they that are in the flesh cannot please God," for God is spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

The fact that many Christians fail to live always as seeing "Him who is invisible," and place the things of this world higher than Christ places them, proves nothing against Christianity. The metaphysician believes that all men are brothers, children alike of one Divine, made in his image, after his likeness; but he holds to the same privilege which the non-believer in metaphysical theory takes, viz., to formulate his own theories and regulate his own actions. The metaphysician is often reproached by the church member because he fails to observe one day in seven as a Sabbath of rest; but he believes that one should live the spiritual life each day of the seven—so also does the Christian. He believes that no difference is necessary between days, and is prone to fall back on the ancient condemnation of men who save all their religion for Sundays. The day was never designed simply as a day of abstaining from the ordinary week-day duties, though even in this respect the constitution of man has repeatedly proved its usefulness and necessity, but as a day in which, relegating to forgetfulness those necessary employments of the week, man may have uninterrupted hours for worship and communion with the spiritual, the divine, whose reality the metaphysician believes to be the only reality. Rest and worship are enjoined, for one day in seven, quite as much by the law of every man's spiritual and physical nature as by the law of the Decalogue; and the statement sometimes made by metaphysical students, that they are not profited by what they hear from the Christian pulpit on the Sabbath, is not an argument in favor of non-church-going. It is obviously not pleasant to hear those theories which one's experience has proved true derided by the ignorant; and it is quite true that many, ignorant of the principles on which metaphysical healing is founded, do publicly condemn it.

The clergyman makes a great mistake when he attacks any

doctrine of which he knows less than some of his congregation, and in these days congregations are few in which one may not find some in whom the power of disease has been vanquished by metaphysical means. That one who has been healed mentally, contradicts every adverse statement made by the clergyman against metaphysical healing, and each time the offense is repeated his confidence and interest in the clergyman are, of necessity, somewhat weakened. The metaphysical student naturally avoids the church in which the principles which he knows to be in accordance with pure Christianity are openly denounced, and for this the clergyman is guilty of driving from the doors of his church many who might partake with profit of the services of the house of God.

It must not be overlooked that the cardinal principle of Christianity, viz., the doctrine of the Atonement, is not understood by the metaphysician in the same light as by the church member; and since the doctrine is radical some metaphysicians believe that therein lies an objection to the union of metaphysical and Christian beliefs. The grounds of difference between the two extremes are not so wide as at first appears. The metaphysician believes in the divine nature of Christ, but he also believes that every man is a partaker of the divine nature, and that as man was made in the image and likeness of God, he is spirit, and his mightiest aims spiritual. He does not seek to degrade the mission of Christ, or detract from his high spiritual nature, but he reaches down and brings man up to a higher, even a spiritual plane of existence, that to which he was created and from which he has fallen. The death and sufferings of Christ, considered in their highest significance, were not physical in such sense as to be applied to the physical needs of man, but mental and spiritual, and for the spiritual needs of man who had fallen from his high estate. Man, the real man, the spiritual, could only be led back to recognize his spiritual sonship by the guidance of a spirit purer and higher than his own.

All of Christ's announcements to the people covered the spiritual blessings, not the physical, which he brought them. "Labor not for the meat that perisheth," etc.—J. 6-27. The believer in Christianity, and the metaphysician, will some day discover that on this as in other

matters their beliefs differ mainly if not wholly in the use of terms; but the understanding will not be possible until the day when each shall be willing to study, with an unprejudiced mind, the statements and tenets of the other.

Healing the sick and relieving the sorrowful is in the divine line of working. The two great departments of Christ's mission were healing and teaching. Healing often preceded teaching. The metaphysician has this divine procedure for his own mission. The uninformed Christian who has never investigated metaphysical truth, as applied to the art of healing, fails perhaps to realize the blessedness of the daily labors wrought by a mental healer. He does not realize into how many darkened lives light has been brought, and in how many instances a purer spiritual life has been inspired. If mental healing is some day revealed to him by personal experience and study, and he finds his eyes opened to the spiritual life possible to him as to all men, and discovers in his Bible that all spiritual truth has been illuminated by the new light, and finds himself free from the dominance of sin and fear and his present and future living seen in their real spiritual light, then, and only then, does he realize how contracted and selfish and bigoted have been his judgments of the theory of metaphysical healing.

The religion of Christ is the highest truth—the truth concerning God, the creator, and man, the created. Pure spiritual truth cannot work save in lines of health and helpfulness and for the best interests of man. The results of the metaphysician's practice and teaching are shown to be good, and therefore cannot result from untruth or falsity. The tree is known by its fruit, and the metaphysical tree of knowledge must of necessity bear good fruit. If its nature is as yet misunderstood, if the church and the metaphysical schools are for a time at variance, the truth is sure to shine out brightly some day and reveal to each the fact that by different roads, perhaps, all are coming to the same knowledge of Truth, and Truth is always one.

JOSEPH L. HASBROUCKE.

The Idealist is the true Realist grasping the substance and not the shadow.—*Alcott*.

THE PHANTASIES OF SLEEP.

Why do we deign to struggle in our dreams?
 Should not our mortal eyes when closed in sleep
 Shut out all sense of that which morbid seems?
 Yes, why, indeed, does mind such vigil keep?
 Much more than when awake we often feel
 The iron hand of some unique mischance—
 Some vivid joy, some impulse weirdly real,
 Or weight of dread or crushing circumstance.

'Gainst these we struggle, heart to heart, and weep,
 Or gaze with joy upon th' imagined scene,
 Till, coming back to life from out our sleep
 We marvel at the void that lies between.
 Why do we bend our wills with throbbing heat
 To gain some end as dear as life, 'twould seem?
 Why strive the more the greater odds we meet,
 As if 'twere real indeed, and not a dream?

Is't not the same intense desire to feel,
 To know and overcome, and higher climb
 That fills our dreams with shadows strangely real?
 That tempts the brain to images sublime?
 For instinct, reason, soul and spirit seem
 To blend in one ecstatic plan of love,
 When deep in sleep we dare to woo with dream
 A message from the Oversoul above.

Wise he, forsooth! who knows th' unconscious drift
 Of mind—what things are real and what are not.
 To be awake in spirit is a gift;
 To be asleep in peace an humble lot.
 This true, must not one instinct rule it all?
 One latent wish to live, to feel, to know?
 However grand yon mighty waterfall,
 Life's deepest truths are in the undertow.

ALWYN M. THURBER.

For, in the language of Heraclitus, the virtuous soul is pure and unmixed light, springing from the body as a flash of lightning darts from the cloud.—*Plutarch*.

ATOMIC VIBRATION.*

BY DR. THOMAS WILSON TOPHAM.

The movements of the atoms and molecules present a never-ending object of interest to the thoughtful mind, and a study of the ceaseless vibration of these minute particles of matter cannot fail to be helpful to every student of nature who is seeking for a brighter life through a knowledge of her laws.

The object of these papers is to give the general reader a comprehensive idea of their subjects without loading them with words and technicalities that frequently leave the mind bewildered. While our argument concerning this hidden force is necessarily condensed, and while the phenomena it manifests are concealed far beneath the surface things, we hope to make it plain that there is a law that pervades matter and keeps its smallest particles in a ceaseless oscillating motion; and that it is the vibration of its atoms which gives each substance the peculiar character which it possesses.

Atomic vibration is the basic law of matter, and the subject forms another link in the chain of our conclusions, that God is everywhere, in everything. It gives us another evidence of the intimate relationship that exists between the Creator and created matter; between the Infinite wisdom that establishes the law of vibration, and the wisdom by which we may understand its workings. It also shows that Infinite wisdom is so far reaching in all of its provisions for life upon the earth, that it extends to even giving inorganic matter an inherent force that is all its own; and later we expect to know that it is only through the operation of this law of atomic motion, that it is possible for matter to organize and have life. The more we comprehend these basic laws of our material existence, established for our welfare, the nearer God comes to us; and through the workings of his immutable laws, we may the more readily recognize his presence. The law of vibration has been called the law of life; but were we

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to accept this statement, we should deify the law instead of its Creator. Life is not a constituent of matter, and never can become such. Matter is but the vehicle for the manifestation of life; and it is essential to understand that atomic vibration is not the law of life, but the law of matter. While terrific force may be developed by many of the complex combinations of matter, it still remains blind and unintelligent.

The chemist tells us that there are seventy-four different kinds of matter, called primordial elements, that go to make up this world; and that each differs essentially from every other one, some being gases, some liquids, and some solids. These different varieties of matter are composed of atoms so small that they have never been seen, separately, even by the aid of the most powerful microscope. They are supposed to be spherical in form and are continually in motion, oscillating within their respective orbits. The extent of these orbits and the area of the interspaces differ in each element; and it is this difference which determines the rapidity and force with which the atoms move.

While we have never seen the atoms, we know they exist, because the atoms of one material unite in definite proportions with those of another, and form what is called the molecule, which is the smallest particle of organic matter. As an illustration: two atoms of hydrogen gas unite with one of oxygen gas, and form water; its chemical formula is $H_2 O$. These proportions are constant and never vary. The same is true of every other substance, although some atoms unite on more than one proportion. Whatever the proportion of an atomic union may be, it is fixed and definite. The number of vibrations that belong to the molecule of each substance is always the same, following a definite law that is constant, operating the same in every combination of atoms and only to be changed by some extraneous influence, such as the application of heat. In this union each atom carries with it its own number of vibrations, which are increased or modified according to the character of the substance with which it unites, thus forming another and usually higher vibration. Those atoms which are the nearest homogeneous are the least active, because the orbits in which they move are confined in smaller areas.

In consequence of the limited movements of their atoms these substances are always cold.

Heat is produced by any process that enlarges the interspaces and gives the molecule greater freedom. As molecules are endowed with inherent force, which is circumscribed only by the area in which they are confined, the enlargement of this area causes friction which evolves heat. The same is true of light: when, from any cause, the molecules of any substance vibrate with sufficient rapidity, light is produced, the character of the light depending upon the number of vibrations. While we may have a low degree of heat without light, and of light without heat, they are usually associated together, their relation depending upon the character of the molecules set in motion.

Reflected light is another illustration of this vibratory force of the atom. All light rebounds when the substance upon which it strikes cannot absorb it; that is, when the light rays cannot pass into or through it. In other words, when the force of the vibratory atom cannot penetrate a surface, because they are so nearly homogeneous, it rebounds, and becomes a reflected light. The action of these vibrations of light and the amount of resistance presented by different surfaces produce what we know as color. The number of vibrations peculiar to each substance, determines the amount of light vibrations that it will receive or absorb; and it is this absorption which determines its color. When a surface is of such a nature, as to absorb all surrounding vibrations, it assumes the color we know as white, which is not regarded as a color, but as the absence of color. If the surface fails to absorb any of the light rays, it is known as black. Between these two extremes we have every conceivable shade of color, all depending upon this wonderful law of vibration and the facility with which each surface absorbs the vibrations of light. By some writers it has been said that the law of vibration is responsible for the production of sound, and that there is a relationship between color and sound, depending upon the number of vibrations; that is, a certain number of vibrations is supposed to produce color, and another certain number to produce sound. This is merely a popular fallacy. The law of vibration deals wholly and entirely with the atom and the molecule; the first is the smallest particle of the primordial element,

the second is the smallest particle of organic matter. Neither one possesses form, as conceived by the senses, except in the aggregate. While matter may vibrate and oscillate in every conceivable manner and produce very appreciable sound, still it does not come under the real laws of vibration, for these deal only with the atom and the molecule. External violence sets the molecules of the atmosphere in motion, and produces all the different sounds, from the hum of insects to the cannon's roar. This is but the agitation of matter in bulk, while light, heat, color, electricity, magnetism, and a number of other phenomena in nature are produced by the vibration of the atoms and molecules. This distinction is what we wish to make clear, because there is a tendency on the part of some scientists to extend the law of vibration to the phenomena produced by matter in form, but which is manifestly too gross to come under the head of atomic vibration. Sound does not affect the organic structure of any substance, except as it may be done mechanically. We find that the natural vibration of a substance can be changed by external means, both by the use of mechanical devices, and by the higher vibrations of other substances. For example: sunlight gives brightness of hue to some substances, but its continued action soon causes the color to fade because of the overpowering force of the light rays, which force is but another and more powerful vibration of atoms.

It has been said that the sun is the source of all vibrations, because of its power to give life to both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. While we are willing to concede that the vibratory action of the sunlight gives all matter a greater activity, it cannot be the sole cause of vibration, because we find matter vibrating with a force that is all its own, increased and enhanced by the action of the sunlight or any other influence that will enlarge the field within which its atoms or molecules move. We also find that there is a continuous effort on the part of the higher vibrations of organic matter to seek the lower; and, while it may change the lower by amalgamation, the inherent tendency is toward the natural or normal vibration of the element to which it belongs. In other words, the tendency of organic matter is always toward its native element; disintegration and decay mark every step of its downward journey. The workings

of this particular phase of the law of vibration produces what is known as the law of attraction and repulsion.

In this natural tendency of the higher vibrations to seek the lower, and so to establish an equilibrium, we find each substance attracting one that favors the equality of its own vibrations, and repelling another because it does not; the ultimate is always downward, even though it may seem otherwise. In the sun's rays, which draw the water upward, and in the strength of the magnet, which seems to be toward cohesion, we find assurance that the attractive powers manifested are simply nature's efforts to return to the primordial element, and the natural vibration of its atoms. This is why we die; this is why the blossom withers, and why there is no stability in matter. This is the cause of the seemingly ceaseless conflict between the life-giving force of the spirit and the powers of disintegration and decay. This is the inherent law of matter, and upon its operations depend whatever of force that is contained within itself. In this ceaseless evolution, that causes the atom to coalesce and organize and finally to return to its native element, is the sum-total of its inherent power. The wonderful phenomena manifested in its ramifications, during this process of evolution, have ever been a subject of interest to man; the pleasant, the beautiful, and the terrible have ever engaged his attention, while the how, and the why, have too frequently been left to the field of speculation or relegated to the unknowable. Only when we look beyond the particular phenomenon manifested, do we see the design underlying the evolution of matter.

In so regulating the laws of nature that she is ever subservient to the needs of the body, we may see the beneficent hand of the Almighty. Nature strews man's pathway with flowers and his table with plenty; and when, at last, he is through with this life, she quietly and faithfully returns his body to its native element.

In this brief statement of the law of atomic vibration we have been compelled to leave out many phases of interest that crowd for expression; but, the principal object of this paper we hope to have attained: that of establishing the status of matter on its true basis, so that in our search for a brighter life here and hereafter, we may not

confound the force of matter with the life and power of the spirit. We believe it is through a knowledge of the laws of both spirit and matter and a strict adherence to them, that we can expect to attain the best that can come to us, both in this life and the next. We trust that when we are through with the salutary lessons incident to our lives here amid changing matter, the developing influences for good will be but a pleasant memory, with an abiding faith in the loving kindness of the Almighty's designs for our ultimate good, in that realm where time is not and things do not change.

T. W. TOPHAM, M. D.

NIGHT WHISPERERS.

BY MRS. MAUD DUNKLEY.

The tarn lay still. Its cradle, gloomy, melancholy, and dull, sunk deeply at the base of mountains weird and awful in the majesty of might and solitude. Sluggish and dreamless was the water's sleep beneath the chill bleak twilight sky; gray shadows, phantom-like, stole over the ground; the lingering light of day gleamed fainter with expiring life; the wind moaned piteously and sighed as with reluctant will he swept with fitful gusts the bleak moorside and mount-locked tarn, and rustled with his mournful breath the rushes 'round the wild duck's nest. Closer pressed the loving bosom of the mother bird upon her sleeping brood of young, and, calling in wonder to her mate who lay as boat at anchor on the sleepy surface of the tarn, she said:

"Why moans the wind? What seeks he in his night's bleak wanderings? Why sighs he so? His voice is lonesome, sad."

"I know not; ask him, when again he comes, what sorrow is it that he carries on his wings."

"I will, when he descends the mountain heights and sweeps with his breath the surface of the mere; he is too heartlone to do us mischief or to give us pain."

Once more the mountain hollows echoed with a sigh, once more the surface of the tarn was crumpled into rippling waves, and once more did the rushes bow before the sad night breeze.

“Stay, stay!” the wild duck cried. “Why moanest thou thus, O wind? what sorrow dost thou bear upon thy widespread wings? Say, for I feel for thee; thy trouble must be great, or thou couldst not steep the silent night so deep with tearless sighs. What mighty woe is thine?”

“What woe is mine?” the wind with plaintive wail replied. “What woe is mine? Ah me! a woe so great that steeps my being in agony supreme. A woe that must find vent, and pour itself in Nature’s deepest, choicest solitudes, there to receive the balm of blest relief, there to unburden and discharge some of its overladen and suppressed despair. What woe is mine? The great woe of the Universe, the sorrows of a struggling world! The lonely moor, the mountain solitude, and even the vast immensity of ocean’s might, all, all have heard my cry. They take my woe and answer back again, till we are spent, exhausted, calmed—calmed by the soothing magic of a voiceless sympathy, a force supremely vast and wonderful that bids us wail and wail and find relief. Such is my sorrow, O tender-hearted bird, and such the reason why I moan.”

“Ah! great indeed is thy sorrow. The voice of earth art thou, and bearest in thy sigh the utterance of a universe. But wind, O wind of night, one question more is there that I would ask: Earth has its sorrow, true; but has it then no joy? So beautiful it is, so manifold and wonderful! Joy surely there must be; nor grief alone hid in its deepest hollows and ravines. The brightness of the morning sun, the golden warmth and glory of the day, the joy of being and the love of life, and light of love that beats within our wild-fowl breast—are these as naught? And is it in our world, our narrow world alone, that joy and gladness only then are found?”

“Joy? joy? There is no joy. The hollow shadow named joy endureth not. Joy! joy! what is it? Happiness, delight, but passing fancies of an hour, shadows that melt and fade away in ungrasped and unapproached nothingness and gloom. No; wail on, poor Earth! swept with the throes of deep affliction and despair.”

“No joy! no joy!——”

“Nay, the night-wind erreth,” spake a star, his faint voice trembling from above; “his wailing makes him sore. I am above

the wind, and from another sphere behold the earth and all things on her bosom. Unprejudiced I behold and judge most differently, O wind! The sorrows of the earth are in thy voice, 'tis true; and also anger when the Universe doth rise and shake with tempests in her rage; but love is there, and joy, and pure delight. For when with gentle touch ye fan the flowery mead, or flap with joy the white sail at the mast, or rustle with a sweet delight the leafy foliage of the sun-kissed trees, then, then the joy and love and life break forth from the awakened sod, and cry with many voices to the wind of heaven! Created life re-lives, humanity shakes off the trammels of a dust-worn life and breathes, and cries rejoicing, 'This is Spring!' Nay, joy then is on earth, in every form, in every land; and every tongue doth give it forth, proclaims it unto heaven. Sorrow and joy go hand in hand, go side by side, for what is sorrow but the shadow-form of Joy; one, in the great pervading, all absorbing soul of Harmony? Seek it, O wind! and fear to pass it by. 'Tis there around thee; bear it on thy wings. Then even thy midnight voices will have a triumphant sweetness in their melancholy all their own. Bear it then with thee on thy wings, and whisper o'er the lives and through the souls of earth's great progeny the magic word of Joy! Bid them cherish it, seek to make it theirs—not the mere semblance of a joy, but Joy, pure, undefiled and innocent; the joy within the reach of all, the joy created, nourished, bedded in each tiny living germ. Capacity for love, the power of true delight, teach thou then this, and not the nurture of a self-afflicted grief to darken with a cloud each life. Teach this instead, and whisper of a soul-created Love, a soul-created Joy!"

The pale star ceased; the wind, corrected, sank to rest and moaned no more; the wild duck's heart grew glad, as the gray dawn broke, and warm rays of yellow light streamed forth above the mountain tops and gilded with golden glory the still surface of the silent mere. Day broke, earth threw aside her sombre shroud; the heron greeted the golden morn; the wild duck's brood awoke, and led by their tender mother, soon dotted the awakening bosom of the mountain tarn lying bathed in the brilliant blushes of the day.

MAUD DUNKLEY.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE RIGHT TO LIVE OR DIE.

Setting aside for the present the implied right to live, the agitation now going on regarding a person's right to die has called out some widely differing views from eminent people. Judge Baldwin not long since gave it as his opinion that a doctor having a patient afflicted with a hopeless complaint, has a right, and his manifest duty is, to relieve him of his affliction by helping him out of the world—kindly and humanely, of course—such action to be in reasonable accord with the progressive science of the hour. At a meeting of the American Social Science Association, recently held at Saratoga, the learned Judge read a paper giving his views upon the subject *in extenso*. His devotion to what he considers a principle, has of course given rise to many adverse opinions as well as words of approval; and, looking at the question in the light of materialism, some very plausible reasons are given why life should not be prolonged a day, or two days, or a week after all hope has fled. It does not seem to be denied that medical men are able to prolong life at will, and, *per contra*, to cut it off at will. Some of the best informed ones tell us that the patient in his agony of suffering longs to go, but relatives cling to the expiring breath and beseech the men of medicine to do all in their power to keep up a little longer, at least a semblance of life.

Judging from a purely metaphysical standpoint, which of the two err most, the beseeching relative or the learned physician who assumes a momentary dictatorship over human life? It is stated by those who champion the early death release, that the patient's right to go ought to be respected first of all; that in our singular anxiety to turn aside the inevitable we make a mistake, by inflicting more suffering upon the loved one. It is a fact known to metaphysicians that several

strong minds gathered about an expiring patient can and do prevent the spirit's timely release by a combined psychological mind action. Moreover, that self-willed and grief-stricken people frequently inflict intense suffering upon the soul that is struggling to get away from the tenement which it has outgrown. Suggest this to the medical practitioner, and he will tell you he still has more faith in the hypodermic injection than in any supposed effect of one mind over another. And so *he* has; his training and education have been wholly in this direction. But, whether the physician or the metaphysician is right, or whether they are both right, what an experience must it be to the departing one at the moment when all should seem gloriously real and comforting! Were every one to die of old age, very little of this misery of death would be known. It is the premature cutting off of life by habit, by beliefs in drugs and opiates, by accident, by too high living and mental worry, that make the messenger seem grim to us when he comes into our homes. Then it is that the worldly mind implores the man of medicine for just a few more hours of loved companionship which it is so hard to surrender—all the result of a morbid sentiment made worse by old beliefs and ungrounded fears. It is apparent that the exact solution of the problem now before the doctors and jurists must be found in a study which transcends the school of physics or materialism. The right to force death or the right to force life cannot be delegated to any one person or set of persons. Life is an inherent gift of nature and is eternal; and it will be looked upon with greater respect and a truer philosophy when the world lives less in the outer and more in the inner realm of being.

The exhaustive works of M. Bloch, on "The Future of Wars," and which are now complete, give some rather startling figures in proof that open-armed strife between nations will hereafter be impossible. War between two great powers, he thinks, will hereafter be out of the question, because the machinery necessary to be employed has become so monstrous that before the strife would be fairly commenced one-half of the participants would be killed. A war between a triple and dual alliance, for example, would engage 10,000,000 men. Aside from the difficulty of handling so vast an army, they could not be fed, while £4,000,000 would be required every day for maintenance, making a year's war cost £1,460,000,000. Could any nation, asks M. Bloch,

stand the strain? Even could the food for such an army be secured, it would be impossible to distribute it. "The outward and visible sign of the end of war," he says, "was the introduction of the magazine rifle." Thus, by becoming a monstrosity in itself and a science too terrible to contemplate, war is defeating its own ends and fails to find lives, money and support enough to satisfy its vast and unholy greed. This is the final result of all action based upon materiality and selfishness.

Already has the popular religious world begun to give us forecasts of a coming theology. *The Interior* (Presb.) informs its readers that all the signs indicate the beginning of a new epoch, and that, as in secular history, the new tendencies of the times have been materially advanced by some great man—a Copernicus, a Luther, a Bacon or a Darwin—so now we may expect the appearance soon or later of some great modern religious interpreter and prophet, who shall harmonize the new spirit of religion with the new life and ideals of men. He "must be a man of great intellect and of great love for God and for his fellow men—a great head and a great heart. . . . It is possible, however, that he may come and go without observation." Let us see; must we necessarily expect any single person to bring a needed effulgence into the era now about to begin? Why not hail the epoch as one not of personality, but of universality—a saviour to be found in the heart of every loyal man or woman—and eliminate the pages of hero-worship as belonging to a beleagured past?

Since the announcement made in our last number, of the intended beginning of a serial story, developments have made it seem best not to issue it as we hoped to be able to do at this time; therefore it has been withdrawn. Any one who may have subscribed to this periodical because of the anticipated story, and therefore desires a refund of the money paid, will receive it by applying to the publishers. It is expected that the story announced will be issued soon in another way, and when ready we shall take pleasure in notifying our readers of its source.

The Attorney-General of Illinois has rendered a decision that when a patient is treated by mental and spiritual methods, and no medicine is used, no legal offense is committed.

In the case of Kinter and Saunders, the United States Federal Court has decided not to indict—finding that such cases do not come under the statutes of the Federal law.

MEDICAL MONOPOLY THROUGH LEGISLATION.

The Governor of Colorado vetoed the Medical Bill passed at the last session of the Legislature, giving in his veto message some potent thoughts for American citizens to digest. In part his message was as follows:

“The proposed Medical Law establishes a Medical Council and State Board of Medical Examiners; provides for the examination and licensing of practitioners, with various penalties for the violation of its requirements. Its enacting clause is preceded by a preamble that the public safety is endangered by incompetent physicians and surgeons, and due regard to the public health and the preservation of human life demands that none but competent physicians and surgeons shall be allowed to practice their profession in the State.

“It is proposed by law to limit the practice of medicine and surgery to three schools, each to have equal representation upon the Medical Council and the State Board of Medical Examiners. To the board and council all applications for license must be made, and through them all permits must come. They are also endowed with power to revoke licenses or certificates, and thereby admit and exclude physicians to and from the practice of their profession as the requirements of the law have or have not in the judgment of their members been complied with. If, in their opinion, an applicant ‘has been guilty of conduct likely to deceive or defraud the public,’ he shall not be admitted even to an examination. When examinations are made they are to be identical as to all subjects save materia medica and therapeutics. Questions concerning the latter ‘shall be in harmony with the teachings of the school or system of medicine to which the applicant belongs.’ It seems to be conceded from this circumstance that the public health may be protected by three different systems of materia medica and therapeutics, although the advocates of each have heretofore denied the virtues of all the others save their own.

“After the tenth day of August, 1899, any person who, not having complied with the requirements of the act, shall continue to practice, or who shall thereafter begin or offer to practice medicine and surgery shall be criminally proceeded against and punished. Any person shall be regarded as such practitioner who shall publicly or privately act as a physician by prescribing or giving drugs or performing surgical operations for any person having any bodily injury, deformity or disease, or who shall use the word ‘Dr.’ ‘Doctor,’ ‘Surgeon,’ ‘M. D.’ or ‘M. B.’ in connection with his or her name. This sweeping inhibition embraces within its range everything from doctors of divinity to veterinary surgeons, and the use of an ordinary appellation by either is transformed into a grave misdemeanor.

“The public health is also guarded against peril from physicians from abroad who may be consulted, or may practice across the border, but who cannot endanger life by establishing an office or a meeting place for patients in Colorado. Medical attaches of the army and navy and medical examiners of relief depart-

ments of railroad companies may be tolerated within the strict line of their official duties, and dentists will not be interfered with so long as they confine themselves to the teeth. Service in cases of emergency are harmless, provided they are gratuitous, and family remedies are recognized as compatible with the public health and the preservation of human life.

“A decided majority of the medical profession, including a large number of personal and political friends, have urgently requested the approval of the measure. I am persuaded that they sincerely believe it to be essential to the public welfare and designed to subserve the objects set forth in its title. It is not without reluctance, therefore, that the conclusions I have reached concerning its merits make it impossible to comply with their desires. With every consideration for their judgment and their sincerity, I regard the bill as unjust oppression and obnoxious to the general welfare.

“1. Whatever may be the design of the bill it will not protect the public health. If statistics are to be relied on the death rate in Colorado is as low as it ever was, and lower than in some of the States which have enacted measures of legislation similar to this. The department of surgery excepted, medicine is not a science. It is a series of experiments more or less successful, and will become a science when the laws of health and disease are fully ascertained and understood. This can be done, not by arresting the progress of experiment, and binding men down to hard and fast rules of treatment, but by giving free rein to the man who departs from the beaten highway and discovers hidden methods and remedies by the wayside. It is through these means that the public health is promoted and thereby protected that the members of the medical profession are enabled to minister with success to human ailments and bodily suffering. Nearly every advance in the treatment of diseases, in the methods of their detection, and in the prevention of their occurrence, has been made by physicians in disregard of the regulations of the order; and the great body of their brethren after denouncing and enduring, have ultimately accepted the unquestionable results of these researches and discoveries, and made them respectable by adding them to the category of the recognized and the regular. But for this the leech, the lancet and pill box would still be the regulators of the public health, and licenses to practice would be confined to those, and those only, who used them. This is but to say that medical progress in general has not been made by, but notwithstanding the great body of its professors.

“It is true that conservatism may be safer than experiment when a human life is at stake. It is true that empiricism is apt to be more dangerous than reliance upon old and well-tried methods. But these are not infallible, and were themselves the result of initial tests. Our ancestors were not wiser than we, and we may improve upon their efforts only by going beyond them. It is true that charlatans, loud in pretense and reckless in the application of remedies, abound, and that they take advantage of the afflicted by giving assurance to their hopes, only to rob them of health and substance, but this is only saying that bad men abound in all professions. Legislation cannot destroy them. They will exist so long as human kind remains unchanged. They will receive license under laws

like this, and carry on their trade whether they shall be admitted or excluded from the circle of the elect. We must not judge all who do not subscribe to the articles of the orthodox by the few who transgress the ordinary rules of honesty and decency. We do not deprive men of the right to carry arms because a few commit murder, nor deny ourselves the benefits of electric appliances because a citizen occasionally comes in contact with an exposed circuit. The sum of all experiment is progress, and the public health is benefited precisely as sanitary laws are observed, investigation of disease and remedies are promoted and men and women left free to select their own physicians.

“The title of the bill, as it relates to the public, is a misnomer. This is a common subterfuge; all measures designed to promote a specific interest or protect an existing evil are ostensibly labeled ‘for the benefit of the people.’ The fact that people do not seek the protection, ask for the benefit, nor suspect the existence of the alleged danger, is wholly immaterial.

“It might be contended that this bill will regulate but not prevent the development of medical investigation. This is undoubtedly true; but investigation, to be beneficial, must be unfettered. Innovation and experiment will always languish when held in thrall by the censorship of a powerful commission founded upon a rigid and exacting statute.

“2. The bill invests the council and the board with autocratic and oppressive authority. The first shall, by order of not less than seven members of the second, deprive practitioners of their certificates and the right to continue their business. They may do this whenever, in their opinion, ‘a physician shall be guilty of practices or conduct likely to deceive or defraud the public.’ What these practices may be, the board alone may determine, and its decision seems to be final. An advertisement, criticism of the board or one or more of its members, the application of an unusual remedy, testifying against the defendant in an action for malpractice, challenging the infallibility of something hoary with age and crowned with failure, these, and similar deeds, might well be cited as sufficient to set in motion the machinery of the star chamber. A land like ours, which founds its policy upon justice, should tolerate no such tyranny as this, and I will not believe that any profession needs such aid, either for its protection or its support. If men may be thus subjected to correction or punishment, if their livelihood can be made to depend upon such oppressive conditions, the independence of the individual must disappear, and servitude in its worst form will inevitably follow. If the public health cannot be protected otherwise it were well to leave it to its fate; for disease is at least preferable to the unrestricted power of punishment and confiscation.

“3. The true intent and purpose of the bill is to restrict the profession of medicine to the three schools therein mentioned and then limit the number of practitioners to suit the judgment of the composite board. People desiring medical or surgical service may employ its licentiates or die without the consolations of the healer. This is but to say that a medical trust is to be established which shall regulate demand and supply by absolute control of the product which forms its basis, the general assembly furnishing the appliances whereby the trust shall become effectual.

"The integrity and usefulness of every profession must be guaranteed to society, which may establish standards for the members thereof and for the observance of which its sanction should be given. Beyond this each profession takes care of itself and legislative interference is tyranny, open or disguised. There may be, and doubtless are, more physicians than the public requirements justify, just as in the law there are more attorneys than are warranted by the demands of litigants. In the one case, as in the other, the hard pressure of adverse fortune frequently impels the individual practitioner to a line of conduct utterly wrong and unprofessional. The excessive and objectionable membership is caused partly by industrial conditions which force thousands of young men into the professions because they have nowhere else to go and partly by the encouragement which the professions give through the establishment of medical and law schools in luxuriant profusion, to which marvelous advantages the attention of young men and women are invited, and who are ground through the various departments of technical learning with electrical speed. Equipped with certificates, these medical and legal fledglings go forth to conquer an unsuspecting world. The deluge has become alarming, but the waters will not abate by legal enactment. Every industrial combination increases the army of the unemployed, and at the same time erects a barrier to their re-employment. This army, like an incoming tide, has overwhelmed the professions. It will continue to rise in spite of legislation until its causes have been swept away.

"Not until the flood recedes will normal conditions again assert themselves. Existing laws enacted at the instance and for the benefit of the medical profession, together with those concerning malpractice, are ample for all practical purposes.

"4. The details of the proposed law are *restrictive, oppressive and unjust*. No physician, however learned, reputable and zealous, can practice his profession without enlisting in one of the three recognized schools. No individual discovering some potent remedy, and desiring to profit by his discovery, may prepare and vend it without passing the ordeal of board and council. Even then he cannot proclaim the glad tidings of his sovereign remedy through the press to those who need it without incurring the penalties of expulsion and imprisonment. No druggist in an emergency may administer relief to human kind without going to jail unless he does it gratuitously, and even then he must be sure that the emergency exists. An individual living away from the centres of life and far distant from a licensed physician cannot afford to be sick or meet with an accident, for none save the anointed may safely be his Good Samaritan. He may bleed to death for lack of immediate surgical attention or expire for the want of that medical care which the unlicensed might easily give. Nevertheless, the giving of it becomes an offence that the public may be protected. Midwives may ply their necessary vocations, but they must not prescribe any save family remedies under pain of fine and imprisonment. It is difficult to conceive of a medical bill more drastic and far-reaching in its provisions than this.

"It is a legitimate criticism of this bill that it is the offspring of a union between the allopathic, homeopathic and eclectic schools of medicine, into whose custody the health of the public is to be unconditionally delivered. Each in its

own circle is given immunity as against the other two, but the condition is that the fusion or triple alliance must stand as a unit against all others.

"No one will believe that this union would have been made had it not been essential to the passage of the bill. If the allopath is to be believed, the homeopath is a charlatan and the eclectic is a fraud. If the homeopath is to be credited, he has saved society from the narrow dogmatism of allopathic ignorance, and if the eclectic is heard he tells us that he has garnered to himself the wisdom of all schools and nothing but the husks remain. Neither deems it consistent with professional ethics to confer or consult with the other, and each believes his own to be the one branch of medical science worthy of the cause. Homeopathy fought its way to recognition against the bitter and implacable antagonism of the regular school, established itself in the face of bitter abuse, ridicule, persecution and invective. Its disciples suffered all the pains that hatred, contumely and authority could inflict upon it. A bill like this a half century ago would have sent them in shoals to the common jail and branded them with the outlawry of society. They now unite with their hereditary and still unreconciled adversaries to deny to others the claim they have so successfully vindicated for themselves and to assist them in the effort to extinguish all forms of healing save their own. Such conduct may be just; it cannot be generous.

"It may be that the public health is promoted by such a union. It may be that each school has become convinced of the virtues of its present associates, and that among them is the alpha and omega of medical and surgical lore. Society, however, does not forget, and it may, therefore, be pardoned if it sees in this fusion of the schools something beyond the philanthropic desire to protect the public health.

"5. The fundamental vice of the bill is that it denies absolutely to the individual the right to select his own physician. This is a right of conscience, as that which enables the citizen to worship God as he may desire. It is indeed the same right manifesting itself in a parallel direction. It is a part of the law of the land, and no civil power is strong enough to deprive the citizen of its exercise. He may indeed select a healer of doubtful reputation or conceded incompetence, but that is his affair, just as much as is his choice of minister or attorney. His action may prove injurious, possibly fatal to himself or some member of his family. It is better so than to delegate to any tribunal the power to say 'thou shalt not employ this man,' or 'thou shalt not employ this one.' That this bill produces such a result indirectly makes it the more objectionable. It is not the outspoken and aggressive assault upon individual liberty that men should fear, but the indirect and resultant blow that is masked and falls unexpectedly.

"The bill, like all kindred forms of paternalism, assumes that the citizen cannot take care of himself. The State must lead him as a little child lest he fall into trouble unawares. He must be guided and chided, limited here and licensed there, for his own protection. Such a system, born of the union of church and state, crumbles into ashes in the crucible of experience. It cannot

lourish though disguised in the garments of an alleged public necessity. The privilege of choosing one's own physician is a positive essential to the public health. Confidence of the patient in the healer does more to restore him than all the drugs that ever medicined man. Give the sick physicians of the greatest ability, without that trust which links one to the other, their acts are apt to fail them. Give the sick physicians of mean capacity, if the bond of sympathy exist between them, its influence will find expression through the remedies suggested. Yet this bill assumes to thrust the coarse machinery of the criminal law into one of the most sacred relations of human life, to drag the chosen physician, if unlicensed, from the sick room to the prison cell and to substitute for him one who, however exalted and honorable, may not command the confidence or secure the sympathy of his patient.

"These comments are not extreme, for it must be remembered that those who believe in and patronize the various arts of healing that are ostracised by his bill form a very large part of every community. Nor are they confined to the ignorant and superstitious portions of society. They number in their ranks thousands of the most refined, intelligent and conscientious people. They recognize in many modern forms of relief to the sufferers a religious or spiritual element that appeals to their best and tenderest sympathies. They recognize a subtle psychic force in mental healing, a power to overcome disease by the operation of mind and personal influence which no argument can shake or ridicule disturb. Others, equally intelligent and discerning, put their faith in the osteopath, the magnetic healer, the hydropathist, etc. The benefits they claim and the cures they narrate are not imaginary. Shall the government enact by statute that these people shall no longer enjoy their beliefs or put them into daily practice? Shall it officially declare these people to be criminally wrong and the three schools legally right? By what authority does it so declare?

"A distinguished physician of Massachusetts has recently declared with great force that 'the commonwealth has no right to a medical opinion and should not dare to take sides in medical controversy.' It would be as consistent to take sides in the theological or philosophical discussion. The one would be condemned by all men; the other is equally foreign to the province of government. It may regulate but cannot prohibit the calling of the citizens; it may prevent the commission of wrongs, but cannot deprive the individual of the right to choose his own advisers.

"I do not condone the fact that unprincipled and designing scoundrels attend on the hopes and fears of the invalid who, longing for health, is prone to rely on all who promise to secure its return. I fully share with the medical profession the contempt which it feels for these creatures, who can be extirpated neither by medical bills nor criminal statutes. The latter has, nevertheless, provided penalties against them the enforcement of which largely rests with public sentiment. I am not convinced, however, that they are as numerous nor as deadly as many profess to believe, nor can I admit the proposition that their destruction is more important to society than the preservation of some of its most valued rights.

"I am aware of the contention that this bill does not apply to all who publicly or privately prescribe drug treatments, or who shall call themselves doctors. This is not true. It applies to them all within its radius. And as the council and board are not to be presumed that either will be inclined in favor toward those who question the orthodoxy of the medical profession."

"The medical profession is a noble one. It has done much to alleviate suffering and to prolong life. Its ranks are filled with men of high ambitions and spotless character, who have given and are giving development of its mission and the uplifting of humanity. Its pages are luminous with great names and its conservative conservatism has doubtless saved it from the complete annihilation which also retarded the progress of its evolution. Many of us have withheld my signature to this bill because they felt that the enforcement of its provisions must result in failure of public sentiment against the schools responsible for its existence."

"For the reasons above outlined I return this bill without executive approval."

LEGALITY OF ABSENT MENTAL

Not long ago a certain institution, giving "treatments" to sick applicants, was investigated by the authorities on a charge of fraud. The results disclosed that sixty-seven per cent. of those who came there for themselves cured or much benefited, thirty per cent. received some relief, and only three per cent. were in need of "treatments."

These voluntary statements of patients are a challenge to the medical profession thinking. Whatever we may say of the results—produce these results—and as educated men explain them on rational grounds—the fact remains that in their judgment, benefited is the principle which should engage our attention; for it is these sane men, who will pronounce final judgment on our time for action to pass, while we regard them as the lofty tribunal of superior knowledge.

Laws to punish so-called quacks will not punish them and throw a halo of martyrdom around them successful enough without it. It is better to have power—for power of a certain kind they certainly

from the mysticism and error in which it is shrouded, fuse it with the knowledge already obtained from the superior education and broader culture of the true physician, and use it as an added weapon to combat disease.—*Dr. J. J. Lawrence, in The Medical Brief.*

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SOUTH LANCASTER, Mass., September 30, 1899.

Mr. Leander Edmund Whipple:

DEAR SIR.—I have just read in your magazine for September your very kind notice of the effort some of us are making to direct public attention to vivisection and to expose its hideous processes. I know now why I was led to tell Mr. Emory to be sure to forward me THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE for September. Had I not done so I probably would not have seen the article, and so I would not have had the pleasure of thanking you for it, which I assure you now do most heartily, not only for myself, but for those who are laboring with me to bring to the light the dark secrets of the vivisectioning room. I am sure that you will be glad to know that my appeal for aid in the directing of our 10,000 envelopes has been entirely successful, and we are now very busy preparing literature to put in them for distribution during the coming winter. Again thanking you very heartily, believe me

Respectfully yours,

SARAH LEGGETT EMORY.

THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

REPORT OF MEETINGS.

The regular meeting for October 2nd was held at Metaphysical Hall at the usual hour.

The President, Mr. Floyd B. Wilson, read a paper entitled "Unfoldment" which received marked attention. After the reading, the subject was thrown open for general consideration and an interesting as well as instructive discussion followed.

The paper will be reproduced in an early number of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

The meeting for October 16th was held at the usual place and hour. The subject of Suggestion was presented by Dr. Simpson and discussed at considerable length. Dr. Topham then read extracts from his paper on "Vibrations" which appears in the columns of this Magazine this month.

The next meeting will be held the first Monday in November.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE,

Corresponding Secretary.

MAGIC, DIVINATION AND DEMONOLOGY.

MAGIC, DIVINATION, AND DEMONOLOGY AMONG THE HEBREWS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS; including an examination of Biblical references and of the Biblical terms. By T. Witton Davies. London, James Clarke & Co. Leipzig, M. Spirgatis. [1898.]

Dr. Witton Davies wrote this treatise for the degree of Doctor in Philosophy and attained the degree at Leipzig in 1897. But aside from its philological purpose and its philosophical bearings the book has a general interest, especially for our readers.

The book opens with the declaration that magic, divination, necromancy, and demonology are so closely connected in their character and history, that it is impossible to lay down lines between them which are fixed and exclusive. Whatever objections we may make to this, our author's definitions are so new and unusual that we will hear them without further comment. What is magic?

"Magic may be briefly defined as an attempt on man's part to have intercourse with spiritual and supernatural beings, and to influence them for his benefit. It rests upon the belief so prevalent in low civilizations, that the powers in the world on which human well-being depends are controlled by spiritual agents, and that these agents are to be conciliated and made friends of by words, acts, and so forth, which are thought to please them. There is in this something analogous to religious worship and prayer. . . . All magic is incipient religion. . . . Magic may be described as a low kind of religion in which the ethical element is either subordinated or sacrificed to other and inferior elements. Incantations are prayers, only that the main stress is laid on the mode of utterance. . . . In the mythology of the Vedas it is hard, if not impossible, to distinguish between magical acts and sacrifices. . . ."

What is divination, according to our author?

"Divination may be provisionally defined as the attempt on man's part to obtain from the spiritual world supernormal or superhuman knowledge. This knowledge relates for the most part to the future, but it may also have to do with things in the present, such as where some hidden treasure is to be found. . . . When, as among the Israelites, divination co-existed with monotheism, or at any rate with monolatry, to use Shades' word, the modes of divination were but methods of consulting deity. The O. T. prophet, under such circumstances, differs from the diviner mainly in this, that he makes his appeal direct to God, without the employment of such means as heathen soothsayers used. . . ."

To this is added later in the book the following:

"Dr. E. B. Tylor and Dr. F. B. Jevons make a distinction between divination due to supernatural agency and such as is not, but may be called

natural. All divination, however, conforms to the definition given above. If the changes through which the lock of a person's hair passes indicate the varying conditions of the person whose lock it is, this is due to the belief actual or implied, that some superior power deigns to make the former phenomena significant of the latter. Or if, to adduce Tylor's instance, a tree planted at the birth of a child is held by its flourishing or otherwise to reveal the course of the child's life; it is because some superior intelligence is pleased by the vicissitudes of the tree to tell the tale of the human life. 'Omens,' says W. Robertson Smith, 'are not blind tokens; the animals know what they tell to man.' It is exceedingly difficult, if indeed possible, to indicate the boundary line between divination and prophecy. In both the same general principle obtains—intercourse on the part of man with the spiritual world in order to obtain special knowledge."

What is Necromancy?

"Necromancy is a part of divination and not a thing distinct in itself. Its peculiar mark is, that the information desired is sought from the ghosts of deceased persons. . . . Indeed, the word itself denotes literally divination (*μαντεία*) by consulting the dead (*νεκρός*)."

What is Demonology?

"The etymology of the word demonology is no safe guide as to what the word itself means, for the Greek *δαίμων* denotes a supernatural being that stands midway between gods and men. He may be good or bad. . . . We commonly understand by demonology the belief which is a part of advanced animism—that there exist evil spirits which are more or less responsible for the misfortunes which assail men."

So much for the definitions of the words which stand for the subjects of this book. On the origin of these beliefs, Dr. Davies says:

"All the beliefs which have been noticed take their rise in the primitive and instinctive impulse of human beings to interpret what they see outside of themselves in terms of their own personality. The earliest knowledge which man acquires is that of himself as a living, conscious, thinking being. In a vague way he may be said to perceive the outer world as reflected in his thought before he rises to the conception of himself as standing apart from it. But surely the first *object* he knows is himself. This knowledge obtained, all other things are interpreted in its light, just as colored glass makes what is seen through it have the same color as itself. As man, in the wildness of unrestrained imagination, looks forth upon rivers and stars, he pictures them as living just as he is living. Have they not many marks of life and personality? Trees and plants stand up and apart from their environment; they also appear to eat and drink, and they produce fruit and beget offspring. . . . Man is guided by his own experience. At an early period, before there were words to suggest it, he must have come to feel that he is not the *body*; that, on the contrary, his truer self owns and controls the body. In other words, soul is differentiated from body. This twofold view of himself is almost unthinkingly applied to other

things believed to be living. The word 'animism' is used to express these primordial beliefs of man."

The theory animism, first propounded by Dr. E. B. Tylor, in 1867, is so well accepted everywhere, that it may well be said to be the best explanation of primitive religions. Its main rival is Herbert Spencer's theory of ancestor worship. But it would seem that this latter theory could be shown to be a later development of the former. However, the animistic theory does not explain all magic. Our author is aware of it and quotes Dr. Tylor as saying, that—

"There is a kind of magic which makes no appeal to the spirit world, and which indeed makes no acknowledgment of the existence of spiritual beings. The magician, on this theory, professes to have discovered the secret laws of the universe. By strong efforts of will; by traditional formulæ or rites; in short, by all the instrumentalities of magic, he causes and cures disease, inflicts misfortune or confers happiness, summons death or prevents his coming.

"With an equal ignoring of spirit or God, the astrologer infers the future of human beings from the planets under which they are born. . . ."

But, though the author quotes this form of magic without animism or supernaturalism from Tylor and refers to Lyall on the same subject, he declares that these authors have gone wrong and asserts boldly that all methods adopted in magic proceed upon the assumption that there are spiritual beings who manage the world upon regular principles. Before advancing an opinion on the subject, the reader shall hear more about magic without animism. Prof. C. P. Tiele, an authority as high as Tylor, if not higher, describes this form as Polyzoïsm. Our author ignores Tiele on this point, but we refer our readers to Tiele's Gifford Lectures of 1896 (*Elements of the Science of Religion: vol. I., Morphological*) in which they will find a full exposition of this subject, which is as Tiele calls it the lowest form of Nature-religion. Polyzoïsm is a low form of All-Alivism and sees in the world no spirits but natural forces, viz. it is an abstract view, an impersonal aspect of the world. To Tiele it is a lower form of animism, while Spiritism is a higher one. Polyzoïsm, as Tiele also points out, corresponds to what in philosophy is called Hylozoism, the doctrine that life and matter are inseparable or, as the doctrine also is stated, that the ultimate particles of matter are each and all possessed of life. The doctrine is stated by the Stoics to be that the universe is alive, is an animated being. Fetishism is a polyzoïstic idea. *Feitiço*, the Portuguese word, is derived from the mediæval Latin *factitius*, "endowed with magic power." The Portuguese seeing the Negros ascribing special magic virtues to certain objects and expecting blessings from them correctly called such objects Fetishes. The objects

were spirits or gods in the eyes of the Negros. If we adopt the Polyoïstic theory as an explanation of magic, we have gained one point, viz., we are rid of the spiritualistic view. It gives us a view in the direction of "the One," monism, and frees us from phenomenalism. Spiritualism carries us into "the Many" and we are lost. By adopting Polyoïsm we substitute "forces" for "spirits" and that is a gain in the process of reasoning, though not a final or satisfactory explanation. "Forces," a theory of forces leads into phenomenalism too. As Monism helped us to clear Scylla, so Science helps us past Charybdis. Science has shown that "forces" are nothing *per se*; that they are only intellectual aspects of Energy. The term is no more used as a scientific definition; it does not denote either matter or energy. It is not a term for anything objective, yet, even some scientific men still cling to the notion of force as something objective. They use it as Tait does (in "Properties of Matter") for "brevity's sake" and as an accommodation to popular thinking. In the physical universe there are but two classes of things, matter and energy. We reject then all "explanations" of magic and its forms. Magic is a wisdom and a life which cannot be reduced to a logical formula.

Beyond logical formulas lies the subliminal self, the subconscious mind. It is in that we are to seek for magic and its explanation. Its attributes are commonly taken for spirits, forces, or other similar conscious mentalities; its will is phenomenalized and its wisdom personified. Modern science calls it Energy and misses its self-consciousness and self-determinedness. It is that Protean transformation which can be both centre and circumference, both unity and variety, both father and mother, both Ego and Non-Ego. It is not known by logical processes, but it is said that "he rightly knows the world, who in the world does right."

Only the One is much, and little is the throng.

Nay, the One is not much,—it is itself the All.

But, we have anticipated and entered upon a criticism of the author's theory. We must hear more from him.

About sympathetic magic he says, that it has always existed and it exists at the present time. It depends for its success largely upon the association of ideas. Its underlying assumption is that to produce any result you have but to imitate it. To burn or otherwise injure anything belonging to a person is to affect its owner in a similiar way. To destroy a portrait is to ruin the individual. The Zulu lover expects to soften and win the heart of his adored one by chewing and softening a piece of wood.

Even this form of magic Dr. Davies says :

“Could not, at the start, be anything other than a symbolic prayer to the spirit or spirits having authority in these matters.”

About magic as related to religion he says that it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between the two. He holds that in most, if not in all positive religions, there are traces or survivals of magic and that in the more advanced development of magic we have the beginnings of religion. Polytheism is the natural outgrowth of animism, and among monotheistic peoples, nay, among Christians, magical charms, amulets, etc., are very common.

Dr. Davies gives a rather evasive answer to the question:

“ ‘Is magic prior to and a stepping-stone to religion? Or, is it a step backward from religion; a corruption of religion, etc.?’ He says:

The true state of the case appears to be this—

(1) Magic, as the non-ethical attempt of man to influence the supernatural, may be said to accompany all grades of religion. Christianity itself, in all its actual forms, is more or less influenced by it.

(2) Since magic is a low form of religion, it may either precede the full realization of religion or it may follow upon this last, and so be, in that case, a degeneration, a going back from a religion.”

It has often been pointed out that magic is science in the making. Dr. Davies does not like to admit it. He contends, and with some show of reason, that the comparison of magic with early medical science, in order to prove it an elementary medicine, is not quite fair, because incantations, plants and amulets, etc., used as power wherewith to cast out devils, etc., had a religious significance, and that alone. He quotes Willmann, Stark, Wellhausen, W. Robertson Smith and others as proof.

The balance of this small book deals with the special Hebrew aspect of magic, divination and demonology. We are compelled to pass by these details, however interesting they are, and close with a few words on magic in general.

Has this author any idea of magic as understood to-day? It does not seem so. He is not above mere scholasticism. It has not dawned upon him that he is dealing with the vulgar notions of magic and is ignorant of that life of union with the Divine which lies afar and remote from the mere observer. The forms he refers to are only the degenerate and last stages of a science and a divine life of an antiquity far removed from the ages of the O. T. When they were known, that science and life were already lost. He makes another serious blunder in not distinguishing between the magic that belongs to a state of mind

bound up in Necessity and the other which is Freedom. The magic powers of the two are radically different. He is dealing with magic as if it were a mere literary play-toy, and, at times it is referred to as a despicable feature of the human mind and heart. He has neither received the kiss of Egeria nor sipped the dew of Hybla. He is not a Master.

C. H. A. B.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

LONDON, Sept. 20, 1899.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

SIR.—My attention has been called to a thoughtful and instructive article on this momentous subject in *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE*, from the pen of your able contributor, Dr. Alexander Wilder. For several years, owing to the number of cases of premature burial reported in the press, the subject has attracted much attention in England, and three years ago The London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial was founded with the following objects:

1. The prevention of premature burial.
2. The diffusion of knowledge regarding the predisposing causes of the various forms of suspended animation or death counterfeits.
3. The maintenance in London of an office for the publication of literature, and as a centre of information and agitation.

Numerous meetings have been held at which resolutions have been passed and subsequently published in the principal journals in the United Kingdom, with the object of directing public attention to the danger of living burial, under the existing laws of death certification, and in the absence of any obligation on the part of the attendant doctor to verify by careful examination the actual disease of the person supposed to be dead. It has been admitted by the Home Secretary in Parliament, that over 1,100 persons are buried annually in England and Wales without medical examination, or death certificate of any description, and Scotland and Ireland are much worse off in this respect. In 1897, a comprehensive treatise was published by Messrs. Swan & Sonnenschein, London, entitled "Premature Burial and How it May Be Prevented," by William Tebb, F. R. G. S., and Col. Edward Perry Vollum, M. D. This volume has excited much public interest, and has been widely and favorably reviewed in the press. The *Spectator* says: "An attempt to show that very great dangers exist from our neglect of basing the decision that death has taken place upon any symptom but the absolute one of putrefaction, has just been made in a very interesting book, entitled 'Premature Burial.' To do this a very great

number of cases of premature burial have been collected and set forth. We are shown that these cases in fact occurred, because men are apt to count as signs of death some that are not absolute, and which may only indicate suspended animation. From this the writers argue, and we think justly, that there should be a change of the law as regards death certification, and as to the treatment of bodies before interment." The *New York Herald* remarks: "There is something about the mere idea of being buried alive which causes one to shudder, and when specialists affirm that the number of cases of premature burial are numbered by thousands the question becomes one which appeals to the sympathy and coöperation of the community at large." The *Medical Times and Hospital Gazette* observes: "Tracing out the important subject from its origin our authors lay great stress on the paucity of modern knowledge respecting the phenomena of trance or catalepsy, the prevalence of which, while universally admitted in theory, seems almost ignored in practice. The various tests in use in different countries, their respective laws as to burial, death certification, etc., are all passed in review here. . . . We agree with its implication that from an overworked and not over-practical Parliament little amelioration is at present to be hoped for, but that assuredly private initiative in these days of philanthropic associations ought to supplement this. And no better step can be taken in that direction than by promoting the circulation, and careful perusal of the most able work we have yet encountered on this all-important subject."

Since the formation of the London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, thousands of letters have appeared in the press on the subject of Premature Burial, in response to which numerous applications have been made for literature bearing on the subject from correspondents anxiously interested, owing in many cases to narrow escapes from living sepulture in their own families or those of others. Among the publications widely and gratuitously distributed by the Association may be mentioned: "A Plan for Forming Associations for the Prevention of the Burial of Persons Alive," by an Army Surgeon; "How the State May Prevent Premature Burial"; "The Absolute Signs of Death, and the Prevention of Premature Burial," by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, F. R. S.; "Premature Burial and Its Prevention," an illustrated leaflet, giving an account of the ingenious mechanical contrivance for preventing living burial, invented by Count Karnice-Karnicki, chamberlain to the Russian Emperor; "Premature Burial, and How it May Be Prevented," by William Tebb, F. R. G. S., a controversial pamphlet in reply to a criti-

cism in the *Medical Press* by Dr. David Walsh; "In Dread of Premature Burial," from Cassell's *Saturday Journal*; and a reprint of an instructive article from the *Spectator*. Other publications to be had of the Association are: "Premature Burial," by Franz Hartmann, M. D., and "The Perils of Premature Burial," by your correspondent, Professor Alex. Wilder, M. D. A bill has been drafted by a well-known barrister-at-law connected with the Association, for early presentation to Parliament, with a view of procuring the adoption of greater precautions in the practice of death certification, and of rendering death verification obligatory. When one considers the uncertainty of the so-called signs of death, and the many narrow escapes from premature burial published from time to time in the press, and communicated privately to the Association, to say nothing of the cases of actual burial alive, it is matter for surprise that precautions have not been taken in all civilized countries long before this for the prevention of the most horrible fate that could possibly befall a human creature.

Yours respectfully, JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.
42 Stibbington street, London, N. W., England.

Liquefied air used in conjunction with an electric furnace, will, it is said, shortly be made use of for the cremation of bodies. A cemetery near Nyack, N. Y., has been purchased, so it is alleged, by a syndicate who propose to locate there a crematory to utilize this latest product of science. Its promoters say that liquefied air will remove the chief objection held by many to cremation—the long time taken in the process of incineration.—*Electricity*.

Life is the bond between Man and the Vegetable Kingdom. It is the bond of kinship amongst all Organisms. *Life is One. One Unity.* There are not varieties in kind—as Plant life, Fish life, Insect life, Animal life. There is in the Universe but one Life pulsating through organic things. Life is a vital entity, and not a mere condition of Matter. It persistently seeks the germ. It is universal. Like Matter, it is indestructible; and like Force, it is never lost.

Are our serene moments mere foretastes of heavenly joys vouchsafed to us as a consolation? or simply a transient realization of what might be the whole tenor of our lives. . . . Sometimes we are clarified and calmed healthy, not by an opiate, but by some unconscious obedience to the all-just laws, so that we become like a still lake of purest crystal, and, without an effort, our depths revealed to ourselves.—*Thoreau*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A SHORT VIEW OF GREAT QUESTIONS. By Orlando J. Smith. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents. The Brandur Company, New York.

In this age of rapid transit, of books without number, and of excessive thirst for knowledge but with scarce time to think and digest all that is flashed before us, we occasionally hit upon an author who can write a book with a sermon, or several sermons, perhaps, on every page. In the volume bearing the above title we have, indeed, a timely and comprehensive view of great questions, of interest to both believer and unbeliever. The vexing question of Heredity, of the survival of the fittest, the transmigration of souls, and many other profound questions are ably treated and published between two covers containing only 75 pages of legible print. That man has arisen in common with the denizens of other planets to his high estate through long and numberless reincarnations, is stated in language most convincing. That he is destined to go on forever, not a shadow of doubt is entertained. No obsolete dogmas are attacked, but the essence of everyday truths is put before us in sentences sufficiently brief and striking to entitle the work to the name of text-book, especially for the convenience of those who have not the time nor opportunity for exhaustive research. The book, miniature in form, is invaluable as a pocket book for ready use upon all occasions.

A CONQUEST OF POVERTY. By Helen Wilmans. Paper, 50 cents. The International Scientific Association, Publishers, Sea Breeze, Fla.

In this book the author has given us some very palpable truths, which the most ordinary mind need not fail to appropriate. The narrative of her life, made eventful by a determined conquest over poverty, is told in a way that people with similar experiences will readily understand. We are told that opulence is the heritage of all, in fact, and that poverty—believed in and therefore participated in—is not a fact, only so far as a cringing will permits it. Hoarding wealth proves that we have more faith in money than in ourselves, more desire that mammon shall rule than that we as divine entities shall become our own masters. The greatest pity is, that the very people whom these teachings would most benefit are the indifferent ones, who remain in their self-chosen states blissfully unconscious that we have even stretched forth a helping hand for the betterment of their condition. So, however, in all advance movements. But books have missions, and missions find listeners in time, after the call to a better understanding has been kept before the people long enough.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE EVOLUTION OF GENERAL IDEAS. By Th. Ribot, Professor in the College de France. Authorized translation. Cloth, \$1.25. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

SOLOMON AND SOLOMONIC LITERATURE. By Moncure Daniel Conway. Cloth, \$1.50. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

DISCOURSE ON METHOD. By René Descartes. Veitch's Translation. July number The Religion of Science Library. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

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The Times

(LONDON)

"THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA" AT HALF PRICE

On the 23rd of March 1898, *The Times* clandestinely announced that it had made arrangements with Messrs. A & C. Black, the publishers of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, by which a special edition of that work was printed for *The Times*. The sets thus obtained were offered by *The Times* at a discount of over one-half from the regular price. In this way the original edition of the greatest of reference libraries, hitherto

obtainable only by the wealthy, was brought within the reach of all. For exactly one year this offer of *The Times* remained open to the British public. When it was withdrawn, March 22nd, 1899, the enterprise had proven such a success, and the number of sets of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA

BRITANNICA purchased was so great, that the printers and binders of Great Britain had been left far behind. The printing and binding of books consequent upon the sale far exceeded any that had ever been given before in when in the world. Over 500,000 volumes of the great work had actually been purchased.

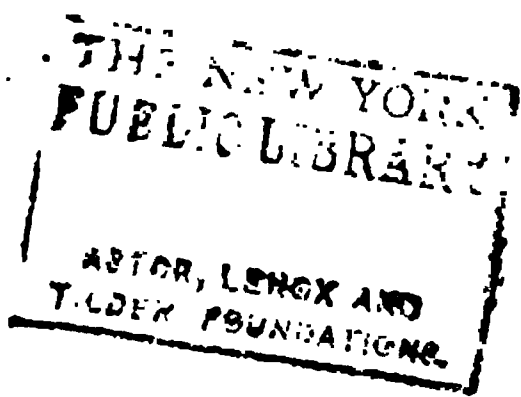
The best English order has finally been filled, and *The Times* is therefore now in a position to offer the work in the United States. *The Times* has no doubt that there are thousands of persons here, just as there were in Great Britain, who have desired to possess a set of the genuine edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, but have been prevented from doing so by the price. In all such cases the offer of the work at less than half the publishers' original price will be most welcome.

A further reason for the offer of *The Times* is the desire to relieve the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA in the United States from a certain odium that has possibly become attached to it as a result of the many spurious, imitated, or "photographed" editions which have hitherto been widely sold in America. Probably over 400,000 sets of the so-called ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA have been sold in this country, for the greater portion of which sets in whatever way

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UNFOLDMENT.*

BY FLOYD B. WILSON.

The story of biography that entrances the reader is that of the development of the individual—the noting of the successive mental stages reached, which mark the unfolding of the latent powers of the hero. One may fix his gaze on the brilliancy of the achievement with rapt admiration, but the path to it is what interests most—the path standing out clear with the monuments on the way, speaking the symbolic language of Growth.

Around the men whose names are renowned in history as warriors or statesmen, discoverers or inventors, scientists or reformers, orators or poets, there has been woven the veil of mystery; we have, by common consent, placed them on pedestals, and worshipped the ideals we created from the reals we did not understand. We thought it both human and noble to do this, and from the standpoint of sentiment we were right. To-day the mental waves of the thought-current of the closing years of another century arrest our attention and tell of the real (or divine) lesson taught by these histories.

The law of unfoldment is a discovery. Long ago we had read and accepted Emerson's statement of truth that "God enters by a private door into every individual," but we had most vague ideas as to what "God" meant, and we did not know the way of the "private door," so this acceptance brought us nothing. Then through the darkness there came upon us revealings from the

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Unknown. They were not the accepted conclusions from a developed philosophy. No, truths seemed to be forced upon the intellect—a stream of Knowledge swept around us whose course and source were undiscovered and unexplored. Mystified, we called it occultism and included under that head a world of phenomena and thought-speculation which modern philosophy had not yet classified. Thinking men and women began to enter its dark portals—some in search of one demonstration, some another. Within those dim corridors the story of unfoldment is learned; and now, as it breaks on us in brightness, we are declaring, occultism shall be occultism no more and that light shall scatter all darkness.

Now we know how blindly men have worked—how they have been led without ever discovering their leadership. We know now how they might have freed their paths from hundreds of the barriers on their way had they only recognized the law. We know now why the most successful ones have been the most diffident upon hearing their own praises sung; and, in the language of Emerson, declared, “Not unto us, not unto us.”

Though we have grasped some of the great truths, revealing the true selfhood, and feel we have merged ourselves within them, are we yet really acquainted with the law of unfoldment? Were we absolute masters of it we would be the greatest of Yogis. The Hindoos call such mastery Pranayama, for all the forces have been by them generalized into Prana, and he who has grasped Prana has grasped all the forces of the universe, mental and physical.

The Hindoos, more than all other philosophers, recognize the unity of all life—the divine individual selfhood responding through vibrations with creative energy, and the oneness of spirit that illuminates all souls. I do not care to go into nomenclature as a rule, but let me try to make myself clear as to my use of the word soul; for, from my standpoint, it is our acquaintance with it and with ways of reaching it, that we are considering in the lesson of unfoldment. Man's individuality is determined by the endowments of his soul. The endowments of every soul are *powers, faculties, and capacities*. Again, we may speak of these as *to know, to feel, and to choose*, and designate them as the *intellect, the sensibility and*

the *will*. In these endowments, and their development and exercise, must always be found the traits we call character, in the individual.

The soul, ever enduring, ever enlarging, is the immortal but changing plane of the entity, man. It vibrates with creative force. Through it is the path to all knowledge. Within itself, memory sits, the emotions repose, the imagination rises, and will and purpose find their enthronement. The soul, therefore, is rich in its possessions, yet the soul is dormant to conscious mind unless illuminated by Spirit. Spirit is the light of the soul. Spirit is God. Spirit is Universal. By it is man bound to the entire cosmos; through it must he recognize his divinity, his oneness with God—the creative impersonal essence, energy and force of the universe.

To develop, or unfold, then, is that one should acquaint himself with and learn how to use his own soul force. I do not like the word develop, because it is not a correct word here. There is no such thing as the conscious self developing the true selfhood. Conscious self has a work to do that the powers of the soul may unfold, and express themselves; it may suggest, recognizing that the soul waits for suggestion, and then it must learn how to be absolutely still. The gunner carefully moves the gun on its pivot, this way and that, till the mark is covered; then fixing it firmly still, a touch sends the ball forward on its errand. Your thought, your suggestion, is the ball. Once sent forth, let conscious mind know it has performed its part, and in faith and silence await the response of the soul.

Within the soul, with its far-reaching endowments, then, we find the storehouse of wisdom; to unfold is to learn the conscious entrance into that storehouse. How did that storehouse become filled with all this knowledge, do you ask? The superficial answer to this question is through the action (conscious and subconscious) of the mind, in filling this reservoir to be called on in times of need. We, who know the truths of the philosophy of repeated incarnations, and of the soul's vibrative energy reaching to the Source, agree with Emerson that the "Soul of the child is as mature as the soul of the sage." We recognize, therefore, that the soul has been gathering value to itself for countless ages; and that, if we discover

how to consciously enter that sacred enclosure, its treasures will be our conscious possession. To each, in the economy of the divine law, is given the right and power to enter into this temple of infinite supply, and help himself to all his fondest desire reaches for, if he will.

All great geniuses have appropriated from the source of power, yet few of them ever learned the conscious way of entrance to the storehouse. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Epilogue to "Honest Man's Fortune" felt the truth of our philosophy and wrote:

" Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late."

Matthew Arnold, having broken from the environments of church dogmas, sang:

" Once read thy own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears;
Man gets no other light,
Search he a thousand years.
Sink in thyself! there ask
What ails thee—at that shrine."

It is but fair to myself and my subject that I say just here that this discipline for the unfolding of one's powers, in its entirety, constitutes and embraces the purpose of being—the divine object of existence. He who grasps this truth and faithfully devotes himself to the calling forth of the powers of the soul will never ask the question, "Is life worth living?" He will know that, infinitesimal cell, or atom of the mighty universe though he may be, even *he* is needful to the creative force of the Imminent God.

It may be well to pause here before taking the first step, and honestly inquire how much of truth's light has penetrated and entrenched itself within our consciousness. Have we made acquaintance with our own souls? Have we lifted the curtain of the earth plane, conscious logic, high enough to catch the view of the great background of our being? Is our real selfhood an unknown volume to us? Do we guess or hope, or do we know there are latent powers in the soul to be uncovered—to be unfolded? Let us look for the

proofs. In school days, have you never worked over a problem late, and retired weary and half-discouraged, then, joyously awakened a few hours later, realizing that the solution had come? Sometimes you felt you must rise and write it down, and sometimes you knew you could safely wait till morning. Unconsciously, you then have said, the problem was solved. Now, however, you must be taught to speak more scientifically. There is no such thing as unconscious mental action; all mental action is either conscious or subconscious. The course of subconscious mental action is often not clear to the conscious mind. At times it baffles even the wisdom of the Yogi. Subconscious mental action may be the acceptance on the part of the soul of a suggestion from conscious mind, and logically carrying it forward till an end or purpose is attained. Again, it may be the bringing of the will into vigorous action by a suggestion, so that dormant or newly-created brain cells send forward such electric force that a hitherto concealed compartment of the soul is broken into and its treasures disclosed and passed to conscious possession.

In the illustration just given, desire was so strong that it hurled thought forward till it found lodgment in subconscious mind after the conscious was lost in slumber. Then, illuminating Spirit, that always shines, bathed the image firmly held before it by subconscious thought, and the brilliancy of the picture dazzled the senses and awakened consciousness from slumber to light and truth. You did not dream the solution of the problem, you simply found the way to the storehouse of wisdom in the exhaustless bank of the soul—a mental bank whose deposits ever increase as repeated drafts are made. Some spiritualists would explain this quite differently. They would say your guardian spirits came and brought you the knowledge you craved. In this I do not seriously disagree with them, though the potent force always lies back of the effect. Your desire, your crystallized thought created an attractive atmosphere. That was the cause. Spirit force could not reach you till you opened the way. That done, the clairvoyant could have seen spirits around you and trying to aid you; and, if gifted with clairsaudience as well, she would have heard the voices. They are of the infinite force of spirit, and so aided in the illuminating; and yet, all these apparently divers

forces are one, for Spirit is all, and one of its purposes is to awaken conscious mind to the limitless powers of the soul. Messages (some fraught with wonderful meaning) may be brought you by others who are either in earth or in spirit life, but Knowledge cannot be brought you by any one—it comes from the working out of a mental process within. If you have worked it out in a previous incarnation—in this, you have only to uncover.

Unless you feel completely convinced that my argument as to the real source of Knowledge is correct, you cannot enter upon the course I am about to suggest and find it. Glance at the records of history for a moment. Who taught Joan of Arc warfare? Where did Galileo and Keppler learn the music of the spheres? Who taught Homer to compose and sing heroic poems two hundred years and more before the Greeks had an alphabet? Where did Swedenborg learn the language of the angels? Who taught Lincoln statesmanship? And whence Napoleon's inspiration when he declared, "Impossible is the adjective of fools"? There is, in my philosophy, but one reply to all these questions: They each and all found their way to the mighty reservoir of Knowledge—they made acquaintance with their own souls and appropriated its treasures—"Within! within's the light."

" Truth speaks in the senseless, the Spirit;
But here in this palpable part
We sound the low notes, but are silent
To music sublimed in the heart.

" Too few and too gross our dull senses,
And clogged with the mire of the road
Till we loathe their coarse bondage; as sea birds
Engaged on a cliff look abroad

" On the ocean and limitless heaven
Alight with the beautiful stars,
And hear what they say, not the creakings
That rise from our sensual bars.

" O life, let me dream, let her presence
Be near me, her fragrance, her breath;
Let me sleep, if in slumber the seeking.
Sleep on if the finding be death."

If, then, we are agreed where Knowledge is, we need not scatter force by looking for it where it is not. We know the secret

place, and each must enter for himself. He then appropriates what is his own. Desire told of the treasures in the storehouse, and let this teach each one the sacredness of desire. Desire to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge is, therefore, God's message telling us what is ours, if we will.

“ Seek not with an anxious look,
 Quiet your worried mind,
 Know these words are true indeed,
 ‘ Seek and you must find.’
 Think not that to gain your wish
 You must so and so believe,
 Forget not the truth of this,
 Ask and then you must receive.”

Now, you are seeking an entrance within the temple not made with hands; eternal, in the heavens. The way is a “straight and narrow way, and few there be that find it,” said the greatest of Yogis, whose communion with his soul was so absolute that it dominated his conscious self. In giving instruction he always spoke from the centre—the seat of the subconscious selfhood. At the gateway of the entrance we lay aside our load of false beliefs; our load of errors and prejudices; our load of doubts and fears. Waiting there, we ask guidance of the soul—“the perceiver and revealer of truth.”

“Be still and know” is not a command, it is a simple statement of truth. Knowledge from within cannot come to us unless we are still, nor can it come if we doubt or fear. To open the way that it may come, with stillness we must combine trust; following that, as a heritage, will come patient, receptive listening.

That you may put yourself in such an attitude, it is proper here that I go somewhat into detail. The ambitious student who recognizes truth when spoken by another is inclined to try and force its demonstration. He loses power by this, and his progress is slower. So many have told of sitting alone and holding firmly in thought a purpose as a way to the end, that thousands upon thousands have been trying by so doing to obtain demonstration without even knowing what keeping still meant, to say nothing of their wrong ideas of building and holding mental images.

First, then, learn to sit and be still physically. Select an hour in the

day or evening—a full hour, and just an hour—when you can be free from interruptions, and take that same hour each day, and no other. Sit with both feet resting on the floor; let the chair be of a height to permit this. With both feet resting on the floor, a right angle should be formed at the knee. Next, be careful that the spinal column be kept erect—there is a fluid passing through it to the base of the brain, with which your thought has everything to do. In a lying down posture this fluid presses against the base of the brain; and, if concentration is attempted in that position, it will be found exceedingly difficult to sustain it. More than that, that position bars unfoldment. Knowing now the position to take, and the absolute requirement (in the initial work of cultivating acquaintanceship with your soul) of coming to these sittings the same hour each day, you are ready to commence your work. For the first few weeks—probably for a full month—I advise you to pay no attention whatever to your thoughts during these hour sittings; let them run on—let them run whither they will. Your first discipline is physical—this too many have ignored. Within a month, by such discipline, you can stop in your walk, even, and find a delightful stillness surrounding you, and the mind absolutely free. This physical rest and stillness is most essential to true progress. Having gained this stillness you commence to command thought. Send it on the simplest of errands at first. Keep it within your physical selfhood. Centre it on some portion of the body—say the hand—and then try to trace every sensation you feel in the hand. Follow this by directing thought to other parts of the body. An increased supply of blood is sent to these members by this exercise, and atrophied organs and muscles have thereby been restored to their normal condition. Following the study of sensation, leads us, naturally and logically, to that of the study of images. The lowest forms of life feel, even the amœbas, and so sensations are known to them. To image, requires intellect; in its exercise it calls on both memory and imagination. Let your first imaging be of the real, not of the ideal. Say a city you visited long ago. Call up in memory all it readily gives forth; and, passively waiting, enjoy, as you can, looking at these mental pictures. The next day you will find the pictures more

distinct. Some details you had not even noticed when you saw the church, or town-house, or school-house, or monument, now appear. A street you scarcely recognize comes to your vision more or less distinctly. A week or two of these sittings pass, and your soul, through the subconscious mind, will have revealed all it has to reveal on that subject. Possibly you have not gained any valuable knowledge; but if you have been patient and followed this course carefully, you have opened up communication with your soul. You can want nothing to which your thought, rightly directed, may not help you. Follow for some weeks the calling up of images which will put memory to its test. Say the school and playmates of childhood; their youthful faces, their names, their characteristics. The soul has forgotten nothing; let it prove this to your consciousness. Within three months of faithful work, following these simple lines, you will find yourself fast approaching mastery of your own thinking self. That mastery opens the portals to the treasure-house of the soul.

The next step in unfoldment goes beyond the individual or conscious self. You want to reach out mentally to others. Your discipline has now fully prepared you for this. In your first attempts, select some purpose most unselfish in itself and directly affecting the good of another. If you can know when he is asleep, select that hour to treat or help him. This, of course, as to time, refers to your beginnings. Sit still; imagine him where he is, and you near him; speak your wisdom to his soul. You will be surprised how quickly the work will be done. In your practice, always preserve the attitude of listening, as intuition speaks more frequently through the medium of the mental ear than through that of mental sight. I suggest that you begin your sittings with your eyes open, but close them as soon as there comes a sense of strain upon them.

The Hindoos make measured breathing preliminary at almost every sitting. There is a world of discipline in their breathing exercises, and I cannot commend them too heartily. Inhale, counting, say, four; hold the same; count, and exhale and rest the same. Modify this exercise from time to time. All well-directed breathing exercises harmonize the system and fit you mentally for

the more serious work. One of their exercises you will find, at first, quite difficult, but I feel I ought not to pass without mentioning it here. Inhale deeply through the left nostril, centering thought on the nerve current (or spinal column), as if you were sending your breath through it so that it may strike (mentally) on the last plexus, which they call the seat of the Kundalina. Then hold for a short time, and exhale slowly through the right nostril. This practice is conducive to repose or rest. If you have tired nerves it will calm them down so that such peacefulness will come that you will feel you have never before known what rest meant.

After you have followed the method suggested, a few months, there should be seasons of rest: seasons when you cease to strive for anything. During these it might be well to give, say fifteen minutes of the early day, or the same time just before returning to a sitting; this, simply for preserving harmony of the forces, and keeping the way to the source open and clear. When, from time to time, you are about to undertake some serious task to which you feel called, read books that bear upon the subject, and talk with people who understand something of it. Do not strain to reach what does not appear through these avenues, but let the main features rest quietly in your mind. Note the facts that you have, and skip the speculation advanced; you are seeking the truth. All the speculation, all the theories of others cannot help you. You are reaching for a point beyond. If you desire this Knowledge, that desire proves your soul has it in her storehouse, and you now know the way to find it. Having brought about yourself consciously an atmosphere that can receive and hold the vibrations that you are calling to yourself, you again enter the silence and receive from the soul the revealings which she is ready to give to your consciousness. Later on, you will come to the more serious purposes that dominate your life. Having learned, tested, and proved that the "straight and narrow way" leads to Knowledge, you will enter it with absolute faith and trust. You will not trouble about time and dates, for living will have begun to you to be an eternal NOW. In the brilliant radiance of the present, and the knowing that it always IS, you can have no longing for a future.

Herein, I have presented you with an outline of work on details of which I might speak for a score of evenings were I attempting to take you over the course suggested, step by step. I trust, however incomplete this brief paper may be, some, at least, may grasp a method that will help them to find the way that leads to purpose fulfilled. All spiritual advancement is a growth. The unfolding can come no faster than you are ready for it; without discipline it may never come at all. The limitless powers of the soul are the limitless powers of man. Possess your conscious self of the wisdom of your soul, and the book of Knowledge will be open before you. Then, you will need no more to go to books, for infinite Knowledge will be yours. Even though no mortal may ever reach the pinnacle of this sublime height, every approach toward it is upliftment to worthier deeds and nobler lives. We have only the glimmerings of our own possibilities. History shines with names here and there that tell us what man has done, what man can do. In learning of the powers of the soul, you have learned of the absolute unity of all life and force and the secret spoken by our wisest philosopher that all have "an identical nature."

" God is the ocean limitless,
That doth all springs supply,
God is the 'I am that I am'
The self of every I."

Then

" In the silence, in the silence,
In his love, so kind and true,
In the living, throbbing silence,
Find the work you have to do."

After you have over and over again proved the truth of this philosophy by receiving revealings from the soul of wisdom never gathered by others, hesitate not to assert your Oneness with creative force and power, and sing with Emerson:

" I am the owner of the spheres,
Of the seven stars and the solar years,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain."

FLOYD B. WILSON.

THE POETIC IDEAS OF THE SLAVONIANS ABOUT NATURE.

BY DOCTOR L. JACOBI.

Without pretending to give a comprehensive definition of the term "poetical," we may assert that it is mostly applied to objects or ideas which appeal to our imaginative faculty, as contrasted with the reasoning faculty. This further implies that "poetic" and "concrete" are partly correlative terms.

Concrete ideas go before abstract ideas in the course of mental development. In fact, the latter are nothing other than generalizations of the former. This explains why in the days of its childhood mankind entertained far more poetical notions about nature than in later times.

What has become general to us was special to primitive minds, and where we see principles they beheld live beings. Surrounded by the manifold forces of nature and seeing them at work now for his benefit, now to his harm, early man personified and transformed them into living friends and enemies. He peopled heaven and earth with gods and spirits, who were either interested in his welfare or bound to injure him.

His notions were largely embodied in his language and transferred by means of this vehicle down to our own times. All modern idioms are instinct with the poetry of long bygone days. Philology has revealed many a treasure that for ages lay buried in a word, unsuspected by the lips which used it.

Comparative studies have taught us that the early notions of different peoples are identical in many respects, whether this be owing to the same ancestry or rather to similar causes producing similar effects; and thus the following poetical ideas of the Slavonians will be found to have more than special interest and significance, affording, as they do, materials for comparison and generalization.

The earliest poetical sentiments seem to originate in contemplating the regular daily changes of light and dark. In strikingly childish simplicity of mind man wonders why the sun does not roll

down from heaven, how it moves along, whether it will come back to-morrow.

Like other peoples, the Slavonians saw a god in the heavens, who produces the light—the sun being his eye, the winds his breath, the lightning his arrows. Heaven, the father, fertilizes Earth, the mother, with rain and light, and she bears fruit. The Sun is the father of crops and protector of the poor and needy. He sends them warmth and avenges all evil done unto them. But he must be propitiated, otherwise he scorches and burns, shooting off his flaming arrows.

Next to the sun, the moon plays an important part in the personification of nature. The two are conceived either as brother and sister, or oftener, as husband and wife, the stars being their children. According to some versions, the sun is the husband; others consider it to be the wife. This difference is often met with elsewhere, some languages assigning the masculine gender to the sun, the feminine to the moon (*le soleil, la lune*), others reversing the relations (*die Sonne, der Mond*).

The regularly recurring changes in the aspect of the moon gave rise to ideas about his inconstancy in conjugal love. With the first wintry days the sun and moon separate and go in opposite directions, not to meet again until the warm spring sets in; hence the sterility of winter. When they come together once more, they tell each other all about their adventures in the meantime. Occasionally they quarrel bitterly, thus creating thunderstorms, earthquakes and eclipses.

The moon is in love with blushing Venus, the morning star, and he forsakes his wife to roam over the heavens in the night time. He may be seen early in the morning, before the sun has risen, with his beautiful sweetheart.

Similar to other peoples, the Slavonians assigned a home to the sun. Far, far away in the East towers a golden palace, where surrounded by stars and comets, the sun-king rests on a purple throne. Right and left stand two beautiful maidens, the Dawn of Morn and the Dawn of Eve.

Early with the birth of day the glorious King begins his journey over the heavens, in a flaming wagon, borne onward by fiery steeds.

Next to the sun as a source of fertility stand the rainstorms and summer showers; hence the worship of Perun, the god of thunder, who lives in the heavens, clad in clouds, breathing winds and shooting lightning-arrows from his fiery bow (the rainbow).

Opposed to the benevolent powers of Light and Warmth are the evil powers of Darkness and Cold. Thus, again in harmony with other peoples, the Slavonians worshipped the White Gods of Light and the Black Gods of Darkness. These Deities are perpetually at war with each other and sometimes the evil forces attack the glorious Father of Light, the Sun, and threaten to swallow him (solar eclipses).

Heaven and Earth were in their turn conceived also as husband and wife. The rain, falling from heaven, fertilizes the earth, and she brings forth fruit. The Sun is the single eye of heaven. When the god closes his eye, night falls on the earth, to disappear on his waking and opening the eye in the morning. The rays of light are the hair of the heaven-god; flowers, grass, trees are the hair of the earth-goddess. Light and Fire are brothers, children of heaven.

We have seen already, that winds are fancied as the breath of the thundergod. According to other versions, there are as many wind-gods as there are principal winds—north, south, east, west. Exactly the same notion was entertained by the Greeks. The different winds have one common father.

The rainbow is conceived now as a serpent, now as a regular bow, then again as a heavenly throne, or a bridge connecting earth and sky.

In the clouds primitive imagination saw the wells and rivers of heaven. More poetical is the idea that clouds are beautiful nymphs, courted by the god of thunder, who pursues them on the wings of the wind and whose passionate kisses the lightnings are. More familiar to us is the idea, that clouds are the cows of heaven, and the rain—their milk. This notion originates with nomadic tribes.

The similarity between certain cloud-forms and mountains is too striking to have been overlooked by early observers. And accordingly we find this interpretation among the Slavonians. They also beheld caves in the mountains where the rain-giving cows found refuge in winter. The free movements of clouds suggested

the poetical epithets of "flying mountains" and "winged rocks," which served as towering thrones for the Dieties.

The most natural version appears to be that heaven is an overhanging ocean, and the clouds fishes swimming on its surface or waves upon it. This led to the conception of the sun sinking every night into the sea, to reappear well-washed and bright in the morning. If the day happened to be dreary, the people said the sun had taken but a lazy bath.

Heaven conceived as an ocean naturally suggested the transformation of clouds into sailing ships, peopled with the souls of the departed. This led to the custom of burying the dead in coffin-shaped boats (or rather boat-shaped coffins) and letting them float on the sea.

But the most imaginative conception of clouds covering the sky is one that calls them a gigantic tree, rooted in the ocean of heaven, spreading its leaves over the earth and dropping gentle honey-dew and rain upon it. This is the mythical Tree of Life, mentioned in all heathen religions of the Arians. Ignited by lightning and glorified by the rainbow, it suggested the ideas of woods with golden apples ripening on silver trees, jealously protected by fiery dragons. The rainstreams gushing from this Tree of Clouds are of liquid copper, silver and gold, and transmute everything on their way into these brilliant colors. We find the same belief recurring often in folklore.

Descending from the heavens to its humble birthplace, the fancy of early man still found enough play in contemplating animal and vegetable life. Woods and rivers teemed with living creatures, some weak and useful, others formidable and dangerous. A high grade of intelligence was attributed to them and their doings exhibited in countless fables.

Perhaps the principal part in beliefs concerning animals is played by the serpent. He is spoken of as flying and flaming; he is wicked as he is wise, always bent on evil deeds. His form is changeable and he often appears as a beautiful youth to seduce the wives and daughters of men. It is clear that the serpent personifies lightning. The similarity is evident. American Indians hold thunder to be

“the hiss of a great snake,” and Tartars take lightning for a serpent, falling from heaven. Some Slavonians even believe all snakes to have fallen in this way from the sky.

After the serpent comes the wolf, personifying stealthy enemies of man; then the fox, representing the sly and cunning foes. Birds are also often spoken of as embodying, by virtue of their free and rapid flight, analogous forces of nature, as winds, clouds, streams.

Not satisfied with their manifold real life, primitive imagination peopled the woods with additional spirits and minor deities. The same was done with the waters of the earth, until every tree and every brook swarmed with new life.

It seems further as if, to the mind of early man, the animal and vegetable kingdoms stood very near to each other; at least his imagination often led him to see transformations of human beings into flowers or trees, and back again, not to speak of men transformed into animals. Particularly Slavonian folklore abounds in such beliefs and stories. A beautiful maiden, after having been drowned, is turned into a weeping willow. Another young girl is changed into a green meadow, the grass springing from her hair, the red berries from her eyes and the dew from her tears.

The Slavonians believed, that lilies and violets grow up on the graves of virtuous people, while the dead bodies of the wicked turn into noxious weeds. This reminds us of Shakespeare: “And from her pure and unpolluted flesh let violets spring.”

There exists a song in Russia about a cruel mother, who mortally hated her son's young wife and finally put poison in her drink, at the same time giving wine to her son. But he drank a little out of his wife's glass, and so they both died. From their bodies sprang two tall trees, whose branches intertwined over the graves.

Even the transition from organic to inorganic nature was believed in, constituting, curiously enough, the attribute of giants only. Thus the origin of great rivers was ascribed by Slavonians to the liquefaction of dead giants' bodies. The remaining giants were turned into mountain-rocks and thus none were left.

Full of interest are these myths concerning giants, who are personifications of formidable forces of nature—thunder storms, hail

showers, hurricanes. Russian fairy-tales describe the giant as a wild man of colossal dimensions, tall as a forest, wielding in his hand a whole tree torn out with its roots. He is so huge that he wades through deepest seas. The cut-off head of one, lying on a battle-field, was taken by travellers for a hill. The breath of a giant is sufficient to blow a village up into the air, and where he spits out a fathomless lake is formed. Such were the size and might of one of them, that the earth seemed too small for him. He resolved to climb up into heaven, waded easily through seas, stepped over mountains and by means of the rainbow-bridge rose into the skies. But God forbade him entrance, and so he remains hanging between earth and heaven, bedded on clouds, eating what the winds bring him, and drinking from the rainbow. But it is a hard life, floating in the air; the suffering giant sheds bitter tears, which fall as rain showers, and his sobs are the rolling of thunder. A fine personification of natural elements!

Together with giants, popular imagination created dwarfs. Notwithstanding the ridiculous contrast in size, the two are closely related. Dwarfs are funny little men, who inhabit mountain caves and woods. Some of them are very malicious and bent on injuring man; others are his friends and full of good-will toward him.

About the origin of the human race the Slavonians entertain different views. Some believe the first man to have been created from a rock; others relate, that once upon a time God was walking around his world, and as he came to the earth, he grew tired and began to perspire; a drop of his perspiration fell down, and from it sprang the first man. For this reason we all have to toil "in the sweat of our brow."

The reader will gather from the above specimens, what treasures are contained in Slavonian folklore. We selected these jewels from the capital work of Afanasiev: "The poetic views of Slavonians about Nature." Early man took a more poetic, more imaginative view of surrounding Nature than our greatest poets ever did. But his poetry had its source in ignorance, and, like ghosts with the dawn of morn, his creations disappeared in the light of cognizance.

L. JACOBI, M. D.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

“Religion is, or should be, the highest expression of science and of the human conscience.”—*James Darmesteter*.

That the church is losing its hold upon thinking people is a fact too evident to admit of argument. The reason for this failure on the part of organized Christianity has been forcibly stated by James Darmesteter, the learned Jew, who, after Renan's death, was regarded as “the most distinguished scholar in France.” In two remarkable essays, “The Prophets of Israel,” and “The Religions of the Future,” he makes plain the past and present errors of the church, and points out the one way by which the church may regain her lost power.

Darmesteter was of course reared in the orthodox Jewish faith. “In the course of years,” says one of his biographers, “he moved far away from the lines of orthodox tradition, but the echoes of the faith of his childhood never ceased to stir his soul. It is a significant phase of his career that in proportion as the philosophy of his life grew deeper and clearer, the hold that the Hebrew Prophets took upon him grew stronger. In his search for the solution of the problems confronting the present age, he turned to them, and found in their stirring utterances when freed from all dogmatic encumbrances the key to salvation, which others like himself had sought elsewhere in vain. No one has penetrated deeper than he into their spirit, and his ability to do so is the outcome of his intense sympathy with the moral struggles and the moral ideals of humanity.”

This mental attitude of Darmesteter's gives his views an added weight. He criticises the church not in the spirit of an enemy from the outside, but as one who knows the church, having been brought up under her very walls, and who in outgrowing her teachings has not outgrown all of his old love and reverence for her. He mentions her faults as one would mention the faults of a father or a mother, and it is this spirit, too, which makes Renan's work of such

incomparable value. They, Darmesteter and Renan, represent the highest and most influential type of Agnosticism. The church committed her most fatal error when she "threw down the gauntlet to scientific thought and endeavored to stifle it under the weight of her unjustifiable assertions." In the conflict between the church and science, the world has witnessed the disappearance "not only of all biblical cosmogony, to which the church gratuitously attached so much value, but also the essential dogmas of Christianity, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Mystery of the Mass, in short all the ecstasy of the cross."

Recognizing the importance of the church, Darmesteter sees also the "omnipotence and importance of science." "Science," he says "equips man but does not guide him. It illumines the world for him to the region of the most distant stars, but it leaves night in his heart. It is invincible, but indifferent, neutral, immoral." * * *

"The modern soul knows that it cannot abjure science, and it knows too that it can only be saved by an assertion of conscience which science cannot dictate and which should control science." Looking at the two great religions, Judaism and Christianity, he concludes that "Of all the forces bequeathed to us by the past, prophecy is the only one that can appeal to both religions, and makes of them two sects of the same religion of progress. * * * For the letter of the prophets is in the church and their spirit in science." * * *

"The necessary revolution which would change the spirit of Christianity without changing a dogma, a rite, a priestly gesture, would also restore to Europe a centre, an arbiter, a guide; would make of the church—now an obstacle—a living force. It may be that a disastrous schism is necessary to bring this about; perhaps the genius of a Monk Hildebrand will suffice." It was natural that Darmesteter should imagine and perhaps hope for such a consummation. It is the Jew that speaks in these words. But the Agnostic in him saw the obstacles in the way of such a union as he pictured, and the essay closes with this prophecy: "If the church misses its opportunity, * * * the necessary work will be done otherwise and with greater difficulty. The gain which the spirit of the future would extract from this admirable instrument of unity and of

propaganda will be lost for the work, and the scientific sect will be called upon to assume sole charge of the world."

The fulfillment of this prediction is already at hand. No Monk Hildebrand has ever come to the task of vivifying the dead church with the living spirit of prophecy. But the "disastrous schism" is already in the church, and daily it grows deeper and wider. The "modern soul," "eager for justice, for life, for light," finds no satisfaction in an institution that has stood neutral in every struggle for justice, that professes to fit men for dying, instead of for living, and that turns away from every ray of light that science has flashed into the world's darkness, preferring tradition to truth and blind faith to absolute knowledge.

The awakened soul turns from the church just as Darmesteter and Renan turned from her, and it finds a refuge just where they found it, in Science and in a God who is "the apotheosis of the human soul, *their own conscience projected heavenward*"; this was the "Jehovah" of the ancient prophets. These prophets were men to whom "justice was an active force. The idea was converted into a fact before which all other facts pale. By virtue of believing in justice they advanced it to the rank of a factor in history. They had a cry of pity for the unhappy, of vengeance for the oppressor, of peace and union for all mankind. They did not say to man, 'This world is worthless.' They said to him, 'This world is good, and thou, too, be just, be good, be pure.' They said to the wealthy, 'Thou shalt not withhold the laborer's hire'; to the judge, 'Thou shalt strike without humiliating'; to the wise man, 'Thou art responsible for the soul of the people'; and they taught many to live and to die for the right without the hope of elysian fields. They taught the people that without ideals 'the future hangs before them in tatters'; that the ideal alone is the aim of life and that it consists not in the glory of the conqueror, but in holding up, as a torch to the nations, the example of better laws and of a higher soul. And lastly, they spread over the future, the rainbow of a vast hope,—a radiant vision of a better humanity, more exempt from evil and death, which shall no longer know war nor unrighteous judges; where divine science will fill the earth as the waters cover the bed of

the ocean, and when mothers in bearing children shall not suffer death. Dreams of seers, to-day the dreams of scholars."

There are men in the church to-day who have in them something of the spirit of the old prophets. Now and then one of them is tried for heresy and expelled from his pulpit, or he voluntarily withdraws and goes, perhaps, into another and more liberal denomination. You will hear of such men at the head of what is known as the Institutional Church; you hear of them now and then preaching political sermons, denouncing municipal corruption, and earning thereby the title of "sensationalists." It may be that in this small minority now within the church lies the leaven that shall leaven the whole lump and make of Christianity a "religion of progress." If this ever occurs the word "church" will have a different meaning from that which it now has.

In past ages the church and science have been two opposing forces. Whenever science announced the discovery of a new truth in astronomy or geology or physiology, the church stood ready with an anathema on its lips, a text of Scripture in one hand and a rack and a thumbscrew in the other. In the church of the future the voice of science will be heard from every pulpit, and in every church shall be inscribed in letters of gold, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

In every struggle for justice the church has remained neutral or been actively opposed to the cause of the party wronged. Slavery was abolished without the aid of the church. In a Methodist conference in one southern state—a conference held just before the war—a resolution condemning slavery was introduced. Only thirteen members voted for it, and these were ostracized in church and in society for years afterwards. The church has barred woman's progress with the Pauline injunctions of submissiveness to her husband's authority. In her struggle for educational freedom, for domestic freedom, for political and industrial freedom, woman has asked in vain for any help from organized ecclesiasticism. On the temperance question the church as a whole maintains a discreet silence. In the conflict between capital and labor the cry of the oppressed is seldom loud enough to pierce a church wall, or to touch

the conscience of a minister who prepares his sermons with due regard for the millionaire monopolists in the pews. The watchword of the church in the past has always been mercy ; in the church of the future it will be *justice*.

The church heretofore has made it her work to fit men for a far-off heaven beyond the grave ; to-day she is beginning to see that her task is more properly the realization of the kingdom of heaven here on earth. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly," said Christ ; and the church of Christ must one day learn that its chief duty is to make the life of man in this world fuller, richer and more abundant in all the things that make life worth living. Man, to-day, has repudiated the asceticism that once robbed him of his rights, and he will listen to no "gospel," so called, that apotheosizes sickness and poverty and self-denial. He craves a message that assures him of his divine right to health, wealth and glorious self-development, and if the church has no such message for him, he is quite ready to turn his back on her and follow after any strange gods whose teachings seem to answer the needs of an awakening soul. Orthodox thinkers profess to see in the marvelous growth of Christian science and mental science a proof of the total depravity of mankind. If the church had held on to the gift of healing, the world would never have heard of Christian science or any of the other methods of metaphysical healing in vogue at the present day. The church of the future will be what it was in Christ's day, a fountain of divine healing for the body no less than the soul ; and its ministers must live the Christ-life and do the works which Christ did if they would prove their divine commission to teach and preach. An Apostolic succession from which all Apostolic powers have departed fails to command reverence in this scientific age. Only metaphysical healers are doing now the work which Christ said all his followers should do, and it is not strange that multitudes are leaving the church to follow after these new thought teachers, and multitudes more, though nominally in the church, are at heart wholly out of sympathy with its barren creeds and senseless ritualism.

The church in the past has insisted on the divinity of Christ. The

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church of the future will insist equally on the divinity of man. To teach man his "heredity from God," to assist him in evolving the good latent in him, to hold up an ideal of purity and justice that shall renew the mind, and through the mind transform the body into health and beauty—this is the work that shall replace the immoral and disgusting denunciations of vice, the accusations of vileness and depravity that make up so large a part of pulpit oratory and so-called "evangelistic" work.

In its division of things into "sacred" and "profane," the church has put the state under the second heading. The preacher must not "dabble in politics," the church must not "drag her white robes in the mire of political contention," the preacher must "preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified" and keep discreetly silent on such "secular" subjects as the social and political injustice which makes life a veritable hell for millions of men and women. An easy thing, indeed! No wonder the church has been and is a refuge for many men of the feeblest intellect and the smallest degree of moral courage and altruism. In the church of the future the only men who are called to teach will be men who have the courage, the love for justice and the devotion to country that the ancient prophets had. The state will be held as sacred a thing as the church and "politics" will be recognized as one of the most important concerns of religion, and no man will be called "Christian" who is not in the highest and purest sense of the word a "politician." Such men as George D. Herron and B. Fay Mills are types of the priesthood of that newer and better church whose foundation stones are justice and love for humanity.

A personal Christ and his materialistic second coming are features of the old church. But the new church sees him already here in the awakened conscience, the expanded heart of man. As Edwin Markham expresses it:

"No, not as in that elder day
Comes now the King upon the human way.
He comes with power; His white, unfearing face
Shines through the Social Passion of the race.
He comes to frame the freedom of the Law,
To touch these men of Earth

With a feeling of life's oneness and its worth,
A feeling of its mystery and awe.

* * * * *

"He comes to make the long injustice right—
Comes to push back the shadow of the night,
The gray Tradition full of flint and flaw
Comes to wipe out the insults to the soul,
The insults of the Few against the Whole,
The insults we make righteous with a law.

"Yea, He will bear the safety of a State,
For in His still and rhythmic steps will be
The power and music of Alcyone
Who holds the swift Heavens in their starry fate.
Yea, He will lay on souls the power of Peace,
And send on Kingdoms torn the sense of home—
More than the fire of Joy that burned on Greece,
More than the light of Law that rose on Rome."

This is the dream of the old Prophets, the ideal which they held up before the people, and for which they were mocked and derided, just as the orthodox church to-day derides the men who would make Christianity "a religion of progress," a transforming power in politics and society. The church has long stood irresolute at the parting of the ways, and when Darmesteter wrote his essay it looked as if "the scientific sect" would indeed be called upon to "assume sole charge of the world." But along with the increasing fierceness of "the struggle between classes and nations" there has grown up in the church a movement of secession which may be the beginning of that "disastrous schism" predicted by Darmesteter. If this movement continues to grow, we may yet see a church which shall draw into itself all souls in love with truth and justice, and accomplish the long hoped-for union of science and religion.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

Good thoughts deify the thinker; noble deeds the actor. The dilation of the soul at these visitations of God is like that of the invalid again inhaling the mountain breeze after long confinement in chambers. She then feels herself the noble bird whose eyrie is in the empyrean, plumes herself as she bathes her bosom in the ether, to soar and sing with the seraphim.—*Alcott*.

THOU ART.

Thou wast, thou shalt be, and thou art
A life-spark from the First Great Cause ;
A flame propelled forever on
By Truth's unalterable laws.
A little flame, so pure, so bright,
So certain of its sacred source,
Fanned by the breath of God it takes
Through grief and pain its onward course.

For thee Progression's ladder rungs
Are fashioned by thy hand alone
From fragments of the mighty truths
Thy Real Self hath made its own.
On these thou climbest lofty heights,
And with each higher step doth see
Life's grander possibilities,
And what existence means for thee.

Truth fills the measure of the life
Thou ledest in this house of clay,
While through the windows of the soul
Love's sunshine filters, day by day.
And whilst thou art, life without end,
Thy Higher Mind—the God in thee—
Doth move thy lower self to acts
Of justice, love and charity.

The silence holdeth endless store
For thee when thou hast understood
That all therein is thine to take
And use for common human good.
Since it is thine, reach thou and take,

Nor for Life's treasures beg nor plead;
Take thou; nor fear the vast supply
Will fail thy real, unselfish need.

Upon thy thirsty, yearning soul
Truth falleth as the gentle dews;
No fact is there thou may'st not grasp—
No law profound thou may'st not use.
Know thou the law; then stoop and take
A blessing from a seeming curse—
The Law that sees the tiny flower—
That holds the mighty universe!

Thou shouldst not cry "How long? How long?"
For time does not exist for thee.
Thy mortal life-span is a drop
Of dew lost in a boundless sea!
And in the light of ages past
Thou'st found that earth-life's but a breath;
Hast slept and waked, and waked and slept,
And called the passing slumber "Death."

The gift of gifts is thine; *thou art*;
And Life's great mystery and plan
Its holy purpose hath revealed
In man's relationship to man.
Thou art! When sun and moon and stars
Shall pale, thy real self still shall be—
Thou art—a Ray of Light Divine—
Heir unto immortality!

EVA BEST.

Do we not all agree to call rapid thought, noble impulse, by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental process we must still say that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are given to us.—*George Eliot.*

THE MEMORY OF PAST BIRTHS.

(IV.)

HOW TO REMEMBER.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S.

The oldest of occult teachings of India are the Upanishads: the Books of Hidden Wisdom. After them, according to the venerable tradition of the East, comes the great development of the Secret Teaching which culminated in the revelation of Krishna, and which finds its greatest monument in that most mystical of scriptures, the Bhagavad Gita, the Songs of the Master. Halfway between Krishna and the present day comes the great Rajput prince whom the religious world of the East knows as the Buddha, of the clan of the Gotamas, and of the Shakya race.

These three great unfoldings of the Wisdom Religion correspond to three stages of the teaching of rebirth, and therefore of the memory of past births. The great Upanishads, occupied before all else with establishing the present intuition of the Soul, the Power which wells up in the individual being of all men, and into whose bosom all men must return, speak little of rebirth, laying down merely the outline of the teaching and never lingering over the details. The law of continuous moral energy, in virtue of which rebirth is a necessity, the three modes of rebirth, according to the preponderance of the material, the psychic, or the spiritual nature in the man to be reborn, and the teaching of rest in paradise between birth and birth, are all clearly set forth; after that, the particular application is left to the disciple himself, as a necessary exercise for his opening spiritual faculties. In harmony with the same principle the Upanishads do not lay stress on the memory of past births; they teach the necessity of this memory more as a part of a general illumination than as a particular end to be held in view; we have to infer their views, rather than to find them ready made. The Upanishads teach that when all desires that dwell in the heart are let

go, the mortal becomes immortal, and enters the Eternal; that the Eternal, with whom the mortal is now at one, is lord of what has been and what shall be; master of past and future alike. From this it follows as a necessary deduction, but only as a deduction, that the man who reaches adeptship, in this union with the Eternal, must of necessity regain a knowledge of his past births, as this is a part of that omniscience to which he is now heir. But nearer than that the great Upanishads do not go.

The Bhagavad Gita, representing the work of a later age, though an age which is still five millenniums distant from us, if we are to accept the tradition of the East itself, is much more detailed and definite; at the same time it loses much of that grand and universal sweep, that magnificent width and power, which distinguish the Upanishads from all other books. The Bhagavad Gita speaks far more explicitly of former births: Many are my past births, Arjuna, and also thine. Mine I remember; thine thou rememberest not.

There is no such explicit statement as that in the great Upanishads; but even in the Bhagavad Gita the memory of past births, and, what concerns us most directly now, the teaching how to remember, are rather held in the background, kept subordinate to the much greater theme, how we are to reach liberation.

It is only when we come to Buddhism that we meet with full detail; with such a richness and profusion of definite statement, indeed, as rather overwhelms than illumines us. For an overrichness and luxuriance of imagery, illustration, comment, analysis, are everywhere through Buddhism, the result of the tremendous moral and intellectual stimulus impressed on the minds of his age by the Rajput prince of Kapilavastu. In the Buddhist books, the doctrine of rebirth is the main motive of a whole class of teachings: parables which point their morals, not by some imaginary history like the good Samaritan or the unjust judge, but by incidents avowedly taken from former lives of the Buddha himself, and in which the subordinate parts are assigned to the hearers present, their moral, social and physical characters in their present births being explained by their actions and aspirations, good or evil deeds, in lives gone by.

This form of birth story, which, we cannot doubt, was in the first

instance really used by the Buddha to illustrate the laws of life, and especially of continuity of moral force through birth after birth, became such a favorite with his followers that in time they found it difficult to tell a story otherwise than as an episode from a former birth; all their fables of animals are molded in this form, and relate that, in such an age, under such a king, the Master was a hare or a tiger, or a crane, and that, in his animal embodiment, such and such incidents befell. Their romances even take the same form; for instance, the tale of Temiya in Burmese, or of the lady Visakha in Pali, both of which turn on destiny as molded by our own former acts, and both of which go into the amplest detail, leaving nothing at all to the imagination, but supplying the equations of moral action with more than mathematical precision.

This luxuriance, this rank abundance even, is only the outward and visible sign of the perfectly definite teaching as to rebirth which the Buddha did undoubtedly hand down to his disciples; and, though we cannot trace the fullest directions for the recovery of lost memories to the Buddha himself, yet there are passages among his teachings, among the teachings attributed to him personally, that is, which make it absolutely certain that he did give his disciples quite definite rules for the acquirement of this marvelous power. Let me quote one such passage previously given in this series:

“If, devotees, a devotee should desire thus: ‘Let me call to mind many previous states of existence, as, one birth, two births, three births, four births, five births, ten births, twenty births, thirty births, forty births, fifty births, one hundred births, one thousand births, one hundred thousand births, many destructions of a world-cycle, many renovations of a world-cycle, many destructions and renovations of a world-cycle, saying: I lived in such a place, had such a name, was of such a family, of such a caste, had such possessions, such joys and sorrows, and such a length of life. Then I passed from that existence, and was reborn in such a place. There also I had such a name, was of such a family, of such a caste, had such possessions, experienced such joys and sorrows, and such a length of life. Then I passed from that existence and was reborn in this existence. Thus let me call to mind many former states of

existence, and let me precisely define them'—if he should so desire, he must be perfect in the precepts, bring his emotions to a state of quiescence, practice the trances diligently, attain to illumination, and dwell in solitude."

Let me begin by saying that one such passage as this, and there are hundreds of them, settles once and for all the controversy whether the Buddha taught the persistence of individuality through the line of rebirths, and settles it in the affirmative. "In such a birth, I was such a one," implies the identity of ego from first to last. Next, we must note that this teaching is offered only to certain people, and not to all indiscriminately: to the devotees, namely, those who have taken their refuge in the Buddha, in the Law, and in the Communion; who, like their lord, have renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh. This limitation is exactly equivalent to what we saw before: that the memory of past births can only come after a weakening of the tyranny of the actual, of the present birth; just as the magic-lantern picture can only become visible by shutting out the daylight, or turning down all other lights. We must lose our view of our immediate surroundings if we are to catch the views of other scenes and other climes, mountains, cities and seas, which the magic-lantern can paint upon the screen. Therefore we shall find Buddhism always offering these directions to disciples only; to those who have overcome the tyranny of the world; for these alone could profit by the teaching.

We may then note that the things touched on as remembered first, pictures of places and names, are just the things which, in point of fact, people do remember first, as in the cases of several people personally known to me, who have recovered fragments, or even large portions of their heritage of memory of the past. And finally we are to remember that the directions specifically laid down, such as practicing the precepts, attaining illumination, entering the trances, point in the direction in which it is inevitable they should point: namely, the conscious existence of the immortal self, in that causal body from which all rebirths come forth.

We could further bring out the points in this passage, and illustrate the precise moral and mental actions which it prescribes

to the end of remembering the past, by showing at length what are the precepts to be practiced, what is meant by entering the trances and attaining to illumination. For each of these we have abundant material; but it seems better to turn at once to another passage of the Buddhist scriptures, where the directions for remembering past births are given with a precision and definiteness which simply leave nothing more to be imagined or desired.

This passage is from the Vishuddhi Marga, or Path of Purity, a great work written some sixteen hundred years ago by the famous sage, Buddhaghosha, whose name signifies the Voice of the Buddha, the revealer of the Buddha's teachings. Our passage is part of a commentary on a sermon of the Buddha, a passage very like that which we have just quoted; and it is intended to give more ample and detailed instruction as to the meaning of the very points we have touched on: the precise moral and mental acts to be carried out by those who would remember. It is rather lengthy to quote in full, but I shall try to leave out nothing essential to a sound understanding of the method laid down:

“There are six classes of people who can call to mind former states of existence: devotees of other sects, ordinary disciples, great disciples, chief disciples, separate Buddhas, and Buddhas.

“The power possessed by devotees of other sects to perceive former states of existence is like the lamp of the glow-worm; that of the ordinary disciple is like the light of a small lamp; that of the great disciples is like the light of a torch; that of the chief disciples is like the light of the morning-star; that of the separate Buddhas is like the light of the moon; that of the Buddhas is like the thousand-rayed disk of the summer sun. Our present text concerns itself only with disciples and their power to call to mind former states of existence.

“The devotee, then, who tries for the first time to call to mind former states of existence, should choose a time after breakfast, when he has returned from collecting alms, and is alone and plunged in meditation, and has been absorbed in the four trances in succession. On rising from the fourth trance, which leads to the higher powers, he should consider the event which last took place, namely, his sitting down; next the spreading of the mat; the entering of the room; the

putting away of bowl and robe; his eating; his leaving the village; his going the rounds of the village for alms; his entering the village for alms; his departure from the monastery; his offering adoration in the courts of the shrine and of the Bodhi tree; his washing the bowl; what he did between taking the bowl and rinsing his mouth; what he did at dawn; what he did in the middle watch of the night; what he did in the first watch of the night. Thus he must consider all that he did for a whole day and night, going backwards over it in reverse order.

“As much as this is plain even to the ordinary mind, but it is exceedingly plain to one whose mind is in preliminary concentration. But if there is any one event which is not plain, then he should once more enter upon the trance which leads to the higher powers, and when he has risen from it, he must again consider that past event; this will suffice to make it as plain as if he had used a lighted lamp.

“In the same reverse order he must consider what he did the day before, the day before that, up to the fifth day, the tenth day, a fortnight ago, a month ago, a year ago; and having in the same manner considered the previous ten and twenty years, and so on up to the time of his conception in this birth, he must then consider the name and form which he had at the moment of death in his last birth. A skilled devotee is able at the first attempt to penetrate beyond conception, and to take as his object of thought the name and form which he had at the moment of death in his last birth. But since the name and form of the last birth came quite to an end, and were replaced by others, this point of time is like thick darkness, and difficult to be made out by the mind of any person still deluded. But even such a one should not despair, nor say: ‘I shall never be able to penetrate beyond conception, or to take as the object of my thought the name and form which I had in my last birth, at the moment of death,’ but he should again and again enter the trance which leads to the higher powers, and each time he rises from the trance, he should again intend his mind upon that point of time.

“Just as a strong man in cutting down a mighty tree to be used as the peaked roof of a pagoda, if the edge of his axe be turned in lopping off the branches and twigs, will not despair of cutting down

the tree, but will go to an iron-worker's shop, have his axe sharpened, return, and go on with his cutting; and if the edge of his axe be turned a second time, he will a second time have it sharpened, and return, and go on with his cutting; and since nothing that he has chopped once needs to be chopped again, he will in no long time, when there is nothing left to chop, fell that mighty tree. In the same way the devotee rising from the trance that leads to the higher powers, without considering what he has already considered once, and considering only the moment of conception, in no long time will penetrate beyond the moment of conception, and take as his object the name and form which he had at the moment of death, in his last birth.

“ His alert attention having become possessed of this knowledge, he can call to mind many former states of existence, as, one birth, two births, three births, four births, five births, and so on, in the words of the text.”

So far, the teaching. It will be seen to depend wholly on what we are accustomed to call the association of ideas: the principle, in virtue of which, when two ideas are received in connection with each other, the evocation of one tends to call up the other also. Thus the starting-point is in every case the present moment, and the disciple is to consider this moment, in order to evoke the impression which directly preceded it; this new mind-image is next to be held in view, in order that the mental picture joined on to it at the other end, so to speak, should next be brought into the centre of the mind's field of view. This process is to be repeated until the whole colored ribbon printed with the events of the past four-and-twenty hours has been drawn back again before the mind's eye. But the ribbon is not separated nor broken off at this point; it is joined to a like ribbon of yesterday; to reach the end of one is to find the beginning of another.

Now we are ready to come to another aspect of the matter. During the last few years, evidence has been accumulating on all hands to show that we never really forget anything. We have rediscovered the memory of the subconscious mind. One way in which this manifests itself is in the mesmeric or somnambulistic sleep, where pictures and images hopelessly beyond recall for the habitual mind come to the

surface in fragments or whole series, as the case may be. The classical story is that of the servant-maid who, falling into a trance, repeated long passages of Hebrew and Greek and Latin. Careful investigation for a long time failed to suggest any explanation, until it was discovered that she had years before been attendant on a learned divine, who was in the habit of reading aloud in these dead tongues; the girl, quite unconsciously, had absorbed long trains of sounds quite meaningless to her, and these were stored up faithfully and indelibly in her subjective memory, till the hour of trance came, when her secret treasure-house was unlocked.

Now comes the application. The Buddhists of twenty-five hundred years ago, like the Indian occultists for ages before that, were perfectly familiar with all that we know of the subjective mind, and with much that we have not yet guessed. They had discovered all that is implied in this story of the servant-maid who talked Greek and Hebrew, and, more than that, they had found the key to the hidden cabinet, and could open it at will. They knew the secret of "the trances leading to the higher powers," and could acquire the power of entering them at will; their monasteries were nothing but great colleges of practical psychology, where this and much more was taught; but there was one indispensable condition precedent to entering these colleges of occultism; perfect disinterestedness and charity, typified by an act of renunciation after which the devotee bound himself to touch no money, to live on alms only, on food freely offered by those who had faith in his work.

This charity and disinterestedness, this detachment from the fortunes of the present personality, alone furnishes the condition of mind and soul in which the trances can be entered at will; the same mood must be present in some degree for the trances to be entered at all. There must be a renunciation, if only for a time. There must be a letting go, a loosening of that greed and graspingness which thoroughly dominate the ordinary man and the ordinary life. It is the old story of the magic-lantern; the lights must be turned out first. Therefore the devotee or disciple spoken of in the Buddhist texts is one who has this disinterestedness, who can rise above the graspingness of his present personality, and who can, therefore, find

the doorway to his subjective mind, his subconscious memory. The very words of the text prove that this, and nothing else, is meant; for, if the devotee break down in his reversed chain of memory, what is he directed to do? To enter the trance again; that is, to withdraw once more from the disturbing sense of his outward surroundings, in order that the memories of his subjective mind, of quite different texture, as they are, may be able to print themselves on his mental vision.

Once more, this association of memories, with the power of catching the links of association so as to pull the colored ribbons back through the mind, is a faculty which improves enormously by practice. The greatest modern teacher of Mnemonics bases his whole system on this one thing: the constant exercise of the memory on chains of naturally associated words and sounds, and those who apply his system find that their memories are thereby so strengthened that they can apply the added power in any direction, not merely in the direction in which it has first been exercised.

What happens is this: the mind's eye is trained to focus itself correctly on the mind-pictures, which are as real as stones and trees, but of a different order of reality; and the power once gained, the mind's eye can come to focus on different links of association; and can thus clearly see the picture next to any picture already before its vision. Once the mind's eye is trained to focus correctly on these finer images, it is only a matter of diligence to draw back before its vision the pictures of a year ago, or of two, five or ten years ago. The condition for success is, that the mental eye shall not be put out of focus by intending itself upon the coarser images of material and selfish desires; that is, desires concerned only with the animal body. For however good these may be in their own place, they are unquestionably of a quite different quality from the mind-pictures we are dealing with, and the mind cannot be focussed for both at once.

It is just the same in optics. If you wish to use a telescope for the study of the stars, you must use a particular eyepiece and a definite focus; if you wish to look at your neighbor's cabbage-garden you must change eyepiece and focus. It is no disparagement of cabbages to say they are not stars; but the fact remains, that the

nature of the cabbage is one thing, while the nature of the star is another. So with mind-images; they are of different orders, and the mind cannot be focussed for both at once. Therefore we see that, so far as the present birth is concerned, there is nothing in the Buddhist scripture which we cannot understand and believe; and, what is more, there is nothing in it which we cannot verify.

Now to come to the much larger question: the memory of past births. The mind-chains of the present birth are, as we saw, complete; but not in the physical mind of the outward personality. They are complete in the subjective mind of the psychical self, the door to which is opened in trance, whether involuntary, as in the case of the servant-maid, or intentionally and consciously entered, as in that of the Buddhist devotee. The psychical mind-pictures, forming an unbroken ribbon, are all perfectly visible to the psychical self; but they can only leak into the consciousness of the physical self in broken fragments, in such rags and shreds of memory as you have, say of a given month ten years ago. Yet the mesmerist could unlock from your mind an unbroken picture of that month, or of any month, up to the moment your personal consciousness began in the present birth.

Just as the ribbon of mind-pictures is complete in the subjective mind of the psychical self, so that all the episodes of a lifetime are there indelibly recorded, so the episodes of that larger life, in which birth and death are but as day and night, are recorded indelibly in that deeper and more subjective memory which belongs to the causal and immortal self, who stands behind physical and psychic alike. And these memories can only be reached in one way: by rising up above the psychical and animal instincts which limit us to the material self; and then by ascending higher, above all the personal and individual limitations which tie us to the psychic self; by doing this habitually, the vision of the causal self will be so trained and strengthened that it will be able easily to overleap the chasm of death, and to take up the memories which lie beyond the tomb.

It is not my intention to go deeper into this question here; but enough has been said to make it clear that the devotee, the Eastern occultist, who dwells retired from the world, in stillness and alone, may

yet be exercising faculties of tremendous importance and power, not only to his own signal benefit, but also to the benefit of the whole human race. To the study and disinterested work of these Eastern sages is due the fact that the real science of the soul is still within the possession of mankind; our material races would have lost it utterly. If it be asked what these sages have given us out of their treasure, let me answer: they have given us, among other things, this very doctrine of reincarnation, which alone makes intelligible the darkest riddles of human life; which alone gives us present knowledge of our immortality.

I have outlined the manner in which, as a matter of fact, this doctrine did come to our day and generation. It came, for us, through the message of a woman, much maligned and traduced in her life, but who, nevertheless, put her testimony on record. Where did she get it? She herself persistently made answer: from the Eastern sages, who spoke what they did know, and testified to the things their own eyes had witnessed; to those who, treading in the path of the occultists of old, of the sages of the Upanishads, and the latter Buddhist devotees, had actually recovered the memory of their former births, and could tell of that past which we call forgotten, but which, for them, was very well remembered. It is only in the present day that our races of the West have so far given up their faith in fire and brimstone, as the one satisfactory answer to life's riddle, have so far surrendered the crude and crass materialism which followed after that, as to be ready once more to hear the world-old teaching. And the moment the world was ready, the doctrine was once more publicly taught. For so our needs are provided for, and humanity is safeguarded far better than mankind guesses, or could understand.

Nor in truth has the tradition of past births, and of our grander memories which embrace them, been quite hidden from any race at any time. It is spoken of in that episode of Virgil's epic which, on the testimony of all antiquity, presents dramatically the themes of the Greater Mysteries. It has echoes in Plato, who speaks of the waters of that mystical Lethe which washed from men's minds the memories of bygone sorrows, so that they might once more have the courage to take up the heavy burden of life; but some there be

who, in Plato's teaching, drink less deep of Lethe, and so remember. Among the Jews this doctrine of rebirth was held as a mystery-teaching of the Kabbalists, who taught that the same pure spirit was embodied in Adam and David, and should return again in the Messiah, who was therefore, in a mystical sense, the son of David, and the second Adam. They held also that the soul of Japhet son of Noah was the same as that of Simeon; that Terah was reborn as Job.

Among the older races, in the temples of Chaldea and Egypt, and most of all in India, the same teaching held; and, coming to European lands, we find it in the schools of the Druids. No other doctrine has ever been so universally accepted; nor could it ever have been so accepted but for the presence in all schools of those who did remember, and who spoke what they knew. All the greatest teachers made this claim; we have seen the Buddha make it; we have seen it made by Krishna; what other meaning can we give to those mysterious words: Before Abraham was, I am?

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

The secret mysteries of a divine life, of a new nature, of Christ formed in our hearts, they cannot be written or spoken; language and expressions cannot reach them; neither can they be ever truly understood, except the soul itself be kindled from within, and awakened into the life of them. A painter who would draw a rose, though he may flourish some likeness of it in figure and color, yet he can never paint the scent and fragrancy; or if he would draw a flame, he cannot put a constant heat into his colors. * * * All the skill of cunning artisans and mechanics cannot put a principle of life into a statue of their own making. Neither are we able to enclose in words and letters the life, soul and essence of any spiritual truth, and, as it were, to incorporate it in them.—*Cudworth*.

Can the earth, which is but dead, and a vision, resist spirits, which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped in. The last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery into mystery, from God to God.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

ARISTOTLE AND "BEING."

(XXXI.)

BY PROFESSOR C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

Plato insisted upon the need of Universals for knowledge and experience. It was, according to Aristotle, the theory of Heraclitus which forced him to that conclusion. He reasoned that if things are continually changing, they could never become objects of experience and be fixed for thought. He allowed the theory of the flux of things to stand untouched, but limited it to things as sensible, to phenomena, and beyond these ever-fluctuating objects he fixed the world of thought, a supersensible world. This reasoning implies or causes a dualism, and this apparent contradiction Plato tried to overcome by Dialectics. Dialectics thus became the real object of his philosophy. A philosopher should concern himself with the differences and agreements of things and try to at-one these in thought, in the Idea. Plato, however, was not satisfied with Dialectics as mere mentality. He insisted upon the ethical life. Dialectics must be a realization of ideas in practical life; the subjective and objective must be united in a life of usefulness and the idea of Goodness must control the whole individual existence. This was Plato's idealism.

To Plato there was no dualism of thought and sense, nor is there to any true idealist; to them the two are but analysis and synthesis. But to Plato's contemporaries and to the common man of to-day the world of thought and the world of sense are two and not one. Even a genius like Aristotle could see no clearer, hence he set himself to remedy the supposed defect of his master's teachings and soon he came to stand in an antagonistic position. He ran to the extreme of distrusting the transcendental, the abstract, the general as taught by Plato, and he became the apostle of the concrete. Through him we get the *method of induction* as a substitute for Dialectics, the latter furnishing only, as he claimed, empty and formal truths. It

must, however, not be supposed that Aristotle is lost in an extreme, as, for instance, are most modern investigators; he simply demands that dialectic truths shall be compared to objective facts and *vice versa*; thus only do we come to truths, says he. Really Aristotle and Plato differ, as to method, only in form. We may truly say with Alfred de Musset: *Platon rêvait, Aristotle pensait.*

Of Plato's *revelations* I have spoken before. The following will be on Aristotle's *thoughts*. The two are not at strife; they supplement each other. It must, however, be borne in mind by the thoughtful reader that no mere study of either Plato or Aristotle or of both will furnish him with the key to the mystery of life and the world. It is indeed true, as has been said, that "philosophy perishes in the moment you would teach it." The reader must himself be philosophy, must stand in freedom. Only true freedom realizes itself and that self-realization is philosophy. Mere reasoning cannot settle whether Knowledge comes by thought or by sense, whether it is the universal or the individual that constitutes the real in man; whether bodily exercise is the causal antecedent to thought or whether body owes all to mind; whether the commonwealth is a combination or a unit. These and numerous other questions, all polarized opposites, would be answered by a one-sided and misunderstood idealism by deciding the question in favor of mind and the decision would reveal the bias of the judging mind and its total lack of understanding of what Idealism really is. Unfortunately that kind of idealism is only too prevalent in the world. As I said, mere thought does not solve these problems. They constitute essentials of philosophy and their solution comes from within. The Within which answers these problems is itself a synthesis of both extremes.

Aristotle* called the Science of Being metaphysics, and the first question he has to answer is, What is meant by reality or what is substance? When that is answered all other questions of the First Philosophy are answered, and we know what is relative, accidental and

*It is really more correct to say that Aristotle's editors called that part of his works, metaphysics, which went *beyond* or which in the study *followed* his physical investigations.

contingent. Plato had already tried his skill on it and distinguished the science of real being from that which *appears to be* and had concentrated all his wisdom in his teachings on the Idea. Against this teaching it is argued from the Aristotelian standpoint that ideas are powerless to explain the everlasting and increasing flux of nature, which Heraclitus had proved to be a fact. The separate ideas do not contribute either towards the production or the preservation or the science of things. We are at a loss to know what is the relation between things and ideas, and to say that ideas are the patterns of things is to speak in metaphors, since what is a genus to one object is a species to a higher class; the same idea will have to be at once archetype and ectype.

Aristotle declared that "the ideas give no aid to knowledge of the individual things participating in them, since the ideas are not immanent in these things, but separate from them." All this kind of reasoning against the ideas is proper from the standpoint which considers all mentality empty word babbling and prefers the solidity of the concrete, but is unworthy a synthetic mind. Aristotle, though he called Plato's ideas simply "immortalized things of sense," was nevertheless not quite so one-sided as his followers. His answer to the question: What is reality? differs more in language than in meaning from that of Plato's. To him the Idea is not something outside of "the Many," but is *in* the phenomena of sense; is not transcendent and separate, but immanent and substantial. Real substance or Being *οὐσίᾳ*, is the concrete individual thing and the Idea is its Form and cannot be separated from it; in fact Form is the Aristotelian substitute for Idea and differs only from it by being realized in matter. The Platonic Idea is independent of matter. Aristotle calls Form "the logos of the thing"; the thing, however, is merely the support; though indispensable it is not *the* thing; Form is identical with essence or soul. Matter is a term used by Aristotle in four senses: (1) It is the subject of growth and decay; (2) it is potentiality and may develop into reality; (3) it is the formless, the contingent and indeterminate; (4) it is that which is without *definite* form. It is easily seen how relative these definitions are and how they glide into one another.

In fact, in the last phase, matter is almost identical with Form and thus comes very near the Platonic Idea. It is what the ancients called the chaos, not confusion, but the womb of all possibilities, both objectively and subjectively.

Above, I spoke of Plato's apparent dualistic views, and how Aristotle and his followers made more out of them than they contained. It is now in order to speak of Aristotle's position in relation to dualism. He, too, recognizes ultimately two principles of things: the Form or Idea and the Matter. The former is essential and the cause proper; the latter is of secondary value and a mere vehicle. These two are the necessary antecedents of all Becoming, and all generation is only possible through them. Aristotle, however, does not conceive the eternity of matter to mean absolute dualism. Matter to him is as a conception closely akin to Substance; in some respects it is Substance itself or potential Being. Matter is also potential Form or we may also say that Form or, rather union of Form and Matter (viz. that which constitutes the particular thing), is Matter in actuality. Thus wood, the matter of which the table is made, is a potential table; the finished table is the same wood in energy. Brass is a potential statue; the statue is the actualization of the brass. In nature, the egg is a bird in capacity; the bird is its "energy." Matter is the beginning of all things; the Idea (shape or form) is the goal for which it strives; Matter is the rudimentary or imperfect state; the form is the perfection or completion.* The sum total of this seesaw of words is that Matter and Idea or Form are correlative notions; instead of excluding each other, they supplement each other. Their mediator is motion or evolution, viz., their transformation into each other. It is at this point of his reasoning that Aristotle both resembles Plato and differs from him, and it is also here that he offers Science a valuable help, and posits a rational, a thought-basis for the conception of the eternal actual Being.

Being is to Aristotle both the generating Cause, the Form and the End of things. The first conception: Generating Cause, contains a double thought, hence Aristotle really analyzes existence

* Comp. Hist. of Philosophy by A. Weber, N. Y., 1897.

into four fundamentals: (1) The elements *out of which* the object comes; (2) the means *by which* it is created; (3) its Form or *what* it is; (4) its End or *why* it is. In other words, only through these four do we comprehend the One; they are not independent and isolated factors, but exist only by and for each other, and each singly contains potentially the others. They are real only in so far as they are manifestations of the One, Being, yet Being exists only because they are. Resolved into the fundamental antithesis of Matter and Form, these four become the favorite Key—words of common philosophy, science, art, and daily practice. Between these polar thoughts vibrates all existence, and Aristotle really gives us a richer and profounder exposition of the Heraclitean principle. Of this a fuller exposition in the following paper:

Much of that which I have written above may appear to some as of not much consequence. Either the reader has already solved the problems by his own efforts or perhaps they have not yet arisen in his mind. The discussion about Matter and Form and about Universals may seem mere words. But I beg the reader not to be too hasty. In the above I have begun a series of papers on the philosophy of a man who is considered by many the greatest figure in antiquity and the greatest intellect of all ages. Cicero thought that Aristotle stood alone in philosophy and Eusepius called him nature's secretary. When Aristotle spoke Dante would hear nobody else. Indeed it may truly be said, as Brother Azarias did say:

"Other geniuses may charm the human intellect, and be suggestive of thought and systems of thought, but it is only Aristotle who has been able to impose upon humanity his very forms of thought and expression to that extent that they are to-day as much part of our thinking as the idioms of our speech."

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

To develop the principles of our higher nature is to know heaven.—*Mencius*.

He who casts off all desires, he into whose heart desires enter but as rivers run into the never-swelling, passive ocean, he is tranquil and there springs in him separation from all trouble.—*Bhagavad Gita*.

DREAMS.

She sat all alone in her cottage,
And watched in the dead of the night;
And the fire on the hearth blazing slowly
Filled the room with its soft floods of light.

On cupboard, on chairs, and the table,
The shadows like ghosts crept around;
And she could almost hear the whispers
And footsteps that made not a sound.

The winds shrieked and moaned on the housetop—
The demons of darkness and snow;
And then they took hold of the shutters,
And rattled—and let them go.

And then a dead silence succeeded,
Pervading the chambers of thought;
And darkness without like a curtain,
For spirit pavilions was wrought.

The babe was asleep in its cradle,
So still that the heart felt a pain—
A fear that the angels might take it,
And never return it again!

And weary with watching, the mother,
Now leaning her head, softly slept;
When she saw, in his gray clothes, a soldier,
Who up to the babe's cradle stepped.

She saw him, and knew him—her husband;
She woke, and she sprang with a scream;
And then half ashamed and half frightened,
She saw that it all was a dream.

And soon her old saint of an "uncle,"
Who watched in her cottage at night;
Came knocking, and entered the doorway,
And thus put an end to her fright.

That hour, on a field before Richmond,
 Where stretched the long, thin lines of gray;
 A soldier lay down by his camp fire,
 And dreamt of his home far away.

And he saw his sweet babe in its cradle,
 In the light of the log fire's gleam;
 And he turned to its mother to clasp her,
 When he woke—and it all was a dream!

II.

Ah! who will contend that the spirit
 May not make the distance as naught;
 And leaving its clay, for an instant,
 Survey the whole earth in *a thought*!

Where time is not known as *duration*,
 But *reckoned* by what the soul feels;
 It is light that's the *essence* of being,
 And that which the *spirit* reveals!

Our dreams then, are not empty phantoms,
 That aimlessly float through the mind;
 But they are the *facts*, thrown like shadows,
 By light which is shining behind!

ALBERY A. WHITMAN.

Man discriminates between himself and the constant flux of outward impressions, and penetrates to their meaning and reality; their harmony, beauty and music, all the plenitude of Nature, its interior symmetry, proportions, aptitudes and correspondences, which suggested to the ancients the idea of Pan playing upon a harp, are indiscernible to mere sense, which in the brute only perceives particular objects, * * * whereas the mind of a rational and intellectual being will be ravished and enthusiastically transported in the contemplation, and of its own accord will dance to this pipe of Pan, nature's intellectual music and harmony.—*Cudworth*.

What came from the earth returns back to the earth, and the spirit that was sent from heaven, again carried back, is received into the temple of heaven.—*Lucretius*.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

NATURE'S IMPLICIT FIDELITY.

As added discoveries in metaphysical knowledge are made, the observing student becomes every day more cognizant of the exactness of the fundamental order that controls the universe. What explicit detail and economy do we find in the growth of a plant, the turning of a planet in its orbit, or the rotation of the cycles! The subtle force that makes the electric volt dangerous to the life of man also drives ponderous machinery for his especial benefit. Once it was only a prediction that messages would some day be transmitted through the atmosphere without visible means through physical contact; to-day it is an established fact, and the discoverer finds, true to Nature's ceaseless fidelity, the same evidences of cause and effect that dotted the Morse alphabet upon the old-time paper rolls.

If we are yet to have in common use instruments for recording thought, for analyzing the quality of the thought-waves which surround us, or for indicating to our normal senses the astral colors of the human soul, the inventors destined to give us these will be born when the times are ripe for them, and the formulas will be turned over to public use during the exact periods when they shall be most needed. For, in strict accordance with all evolution, when we truly attain to a higher grade of knowledge, the methods to demonstrate it come, seemingly, in the twinkling of an eye. Moreover, if thought is to be projected to absent friends, so definitely as to supplant the newly-discovered wireless telegraphy, it will be, even then, a commonplace yet scientific action of mind upon mind, and not in any sense a miracle. There is good authority for the statement that thought messages have already been consciously sent without the agency of mechanics; but when the science comes into daily practical use, then

we should be ready for the next higher step in the scale of discernment.

Turn the key of the electric lamp and the wire within the crystal bulb glows with its message of light. Nature's limitless art needs no time for preparation, hence the result is instantaneous, and it may seem wonderful to us until we have often beheld it in daily use; then we accept it, perhaps without so much as a deserving thought of its magnificence. Every degree of the shading in the scene before the camera is instantaneously put upon the sensitized paper with the utmost fidelity. The peculiar vibrations of every sound are accurately recorded upon the cylinder of the phonograph, and even the spirit of mirth or of sadness can by this means be clearly transmitted to us—not miraculously but naturally, and according to definite law.

If all these are to be looked upon as natural evidences of order in the material world, can we not depend upon like evidences of order in the spiritual realm? According to the law of correspondence the lower forms of manifestation have counterparts in the higher. Proof here to-day promises proof beyond, and makes life of infinitely greater value, especially when we take refuge in the thought that the great Whole operates always under fixed law, and is not in the minutest respect subject to chance. To expect the human mind to compass at once the vast expanse, the infinite subtlety, the untiring fidelity and the length and breadth of all nature, would be to expect a miracle, indeed, since it almost transcends the limits of finite understanding, and each law must be examined separately. Man does not expect nor ask it. We are, as yet, only in possession of finite understanding; but, thanks to the discriminating spirit of the age, we have ceased to render homage to miracles. We have at last become conscious that all is natural, logical, orderly and in strict harmony with the cosmic law.

C. M. L.

REPORT OF THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

TO MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

Regular meetings are held at 465 Fifth Avenue, New York City, on the first and third Mondays of each month, at 8:30 P. M.

Members and Associates are entitled to be present and take part in

the exercises of all meetings. Those who have friends who wish to attend any meeting can secure tickets for their use by applying to the Secretary.

The regular meeting, held upon the first Monday in November, proved to be of exceeding interest. A good attendance helped to produce this result, as usual with Society work.

Dr. Alexander Wilder read a paper on "The Double—Matters of Fact and Fiction," which was filled with material provocative of thought. The paper was appreciatively received, and a most interesting discussion followed, in which the mysteries of the mind, the subtleties of subconscious action, and the powers of the soul were considered.

The Swami Abhedananda of India, an accomplished Vedanta scholar, gave much valuable thought on these mysterious powers, which helped the discussion greatly and proved to be one of the most instructive features of the evening.

The eminent Swiss scientist, Raoul Pictet, professor of physics and mathematics in the University of Geneva, whose discoveries and inventions in the liquefaction of gases, especially of oxygen, and the manufacture of artificial ice have made him world-renowned, spoke eloquently with regard to the progress of the sciences in Europe, in the direction of the higher laws of action in the universe, and announced the establishment of a Chair in his University for the special study of Psychical Psychology, the interest in which, he declared, is growing apace with the progress of the more material sciences.

He also expressed a strong desire to know more of what is being done in America in all these advanced lines.

Professor Pictet will remain in this country several months investigating these matters somewhat, in connection with his own scientific work, and is, meanwhile, attending the meetings of The School of Philosophy, in the work of which he declares a feeling of interest.

The meeting of November 20th called forth the largest audience of the season, the hall being almost entirely filled with people of marked intellectual ability.

Mr. Leander Edmund Whipple read a paper on The Metaphysical Aspects of Courage, treated with regard to the *sentiment* of the sense-nature, the *emotion* of the mind, and the higher spiritual faculty of the soul. The subject was given over for discussion and an exceedingly interesting treatment, *pro* and *con*, was given it by the audience.

The meeting was then adjourned to the first Monday in December.

Respectfully,

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE,
Corresponding Secretary.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MENTAL HEALING.

History shows that mental healing was the only kind in vogue in ancient times, and through *all time* down to the present has been more or less in use by those who dared to think for themselves. History does not show that what might be termed *Allopathy* was resorted to some centuries ago because mental healing did not suffice to cure, as before. To say that would be equal to declaring that the worship of material gods (which was in vogue about the time drugs were first used) was resorted to because the grace of God was not sufficient for all in need.

History points to the fact that *Allopathic treatment* of disease, which has had ample time to demonstrate its power for good, is no more popular among enlightened people to-day than is the worship of wooden or stone gods. In many instances such medication is for the purpose of satisfying *habit*—inherited or acquired.

To let themselves “down easy,” so to speak, many took up with Homœopathy, which is a step nearer the goal of humanity than is Allopathy. Many, however, could not immediately break away from the habit of taking the stronger Allopathic drugs, and on that account decided to “choose,” or “select,” as their “case demanded,” and hence—Eclecticism. The Eclectic physician, having to dispense the drugs (some of which were physiologically antagonistic to each other) of three schools in order to suit the tastes and demands of his patients, could not escape observing the fact that the drugs administered in each case *could not possibly have produced the effect* allotted to them by the deluded patients. Hence the next step to a practice which brings us nearer the goal of Truth.—*Mental Therapeutics*.

RESULTS OF VACCINATION.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SHERMAN, ———, Oct. 13, 1899.

We have had quite a number of cases of smallpox this summer, and I have had my hands full fighting the vaccination fraud. For a time had city government, school board, health officers and about 60 physicians against me. In the outcome I was fortunate in the fact that I was enabled to prove to about 600 people that vaccination was a fallacy. The severest cases of variola we had were persons said to be successfully vaccinated, and the only deaths were persons recently vaccinated, one being taken with the disease in four weeks after the scab came off.

Fraternally,

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in his book, "The Aura," gives the following interpretations of our astral colors as indicated by the condition of the person during the various moods:

"Thick, black clouds in the aura indicate hatred and malice. Deep red flashes in a black ground show anger. In cases of indignation on behalf of someone oppressed or injured, the flashes are brilliant scarlet on the ordinary background of the aura. Lurid, flaming red indicates animal passion. Dull brown-red—almost rust-color—shows avarice. Dull, hard, brown-gray usually indicates selfishness—unfortunately one of the most common auric colors. Heavy, leaden-gray expresses deep depression; and when this is habitual, the aura is indescribably gloomy and saddening. Livid gray—a hideous and frightful hue—shows fear. Gray-green—a slimy sort of green—shows deceit. Brownish-green, with occasional dull red flashes, seems to betoken jealousy. Crimson indicates love; this is often a beautifully clear color, but naturally varies greatly with the nature of the love. It may be quite a dull, heavy crimson, or may vary through all the shades of the most lovely rose of pure affection. If this rose color is brilliant and tinged with lilac, it shows the more spiritual love for humanity. Orange, if clear, seems to indicate ambition; if tinged with brown, it shows pride. Yellow expresses intellectuality; a deeper and duller color, if the intellect is directed chiefly into lower channels; brilliantly golden, rising to a beautiful clear lemon-yellow, as it is addressed to higher and more unselfish objects. Bright green indicates ingenuity and quickness of resource and often implies strong vitality. Dark, clear blue usually indicates religious feeling, and naturally varies to indigo or deep violet, according to the nature of the feeling, and especially according to the proportion of selfishness with which it is tinged. Light blue shows devotion to a noble, spiritual ideal, and gradually rises to luminous lilac-blue, which indicates higher spirituality and is almost always accompanied by sparkling, golden stars, which appear to represent spiritual aspirations."

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

He looked at my tongue and shook his head,

This was dear Doctor Smart.

He thumped on my chest and then he said:

"Ah! there it is! your heart.

You mustn't run, you mustn't hurry,

You mustn't work, you mustn't worry,

Just sit down and take it cool.

You may live for years; I cannot say.

But in the meantime make it a rule

To take this medicine twice a day."

He looked at my tongue and shook his head,

This was dear Doctor Wise.

"Your liver's a total wreck," he said,
 "You must take more exercise,
 You mustn't eat sweets,
 You mustn't eat meats,
 You must walk and leap, you must also run,
 You must not sit down in the old, dull way,
 Get out with the boys and have some fun,
 And take three doses of this a day."

He looked at my tongue and shook his head,
 This was dear Doctor Bright.

"I'm afraid your lungs are gone," he said,
 "And your kidney isn't right,
 A change of scene is what you need,
 Your case is a desperate one indeed,
 And bread is a thing you must not eat—
 Too much starch—but, by the way,
 You must henceforth live on only meat,
 And take six doses of this a day."

Perhaps they were right, perhaps they knew,
 It isn't for me to say.

Perhaps I erred, when I angrily threw
 The medicine all away.

But I'm living yet, and I'm on my feet,
 And *grass* isn't all that I care to eat.

I walk or run, and I worry, too;
 But to save my life, I cannot see
 How all the M. D.'s, who disagree,
 Could make their living and get their fee
 If all men were fools!—like me.

S. E. Kiser in "Omega."

JOHN JAMES GARTH WILKINSON.

"The World knows nothing of its greatest men."

The London *Times* of the twentieth of October announces the death of John James Garth Wilkinson, eminent as a physician, as an author, anthropologist and metaphysician. Few such men live in any age, but they are the salt that preserves the earth and renders its atmosphere fruitful.

Dr. Wilkinson was the oldest son of the Hon. James John Wilkinson, Judge of the County Palatine of Durham, and was born in

1812. He received a liberal education, and adopted the profession of medicine, becoming a disciple and champion of the doctrines of Samuel Hahnemann. He was justly distinguished in his calling, both for his breadth of sentiment and success in practice. He early became a receiver of the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg, not in the spirit and limitations of a sectarian, but in the wider field occupied by the great Swedish seer himself. He published a biography of Swedenborg, delineating him as a man of the world and in the scientific arena as well as in the theological. He also translated his biologic works, *The Animal Kingdom, Generation, Economy of the Animal Kingdom*, also the little philosophic treatise, *Divine Love and Wisdom*.

Swedenborg, Mr. Emerson informs us, "printed these scientific books in the ten years from 1734 to 1744, and they remained from that time neglected; and now, after their century is complete, he has at last found a pupil in Mr. Wilkinson, in London, a philosophic critic, with a co-equal vigor of understanding and imagination comparable only to Lord Bacon's, who has produced his master's buried books to the day, and transferred them, with every advantage, from their forgotten Latin into English, to go round the world in our commercial and conquering tongue. This startling reappearance of Swedenborg, after a hundred years, in his pupil, is not the least remarkable fact in his history. Aided, it is said, by the munificence of Mr. Clissold, and also by his literary skill, this piece of poetic justice is done. The admirable preliminary discourses with which Mr. Wilkinson has enriched these volumes threw all the contemporary philosophy of England into the shade, and leave me nothing to say on their proper grounds."

Again in his *English Traits* Mr. Emerson devotes a paragraph to Dr. Wilkinson, describing the man as he was intrinsically:

"Wilkinson, the editor of Swedenborg, the annotator of Fourier, and the champion of Hahnemann, has brought to Metaphysics and to Physiology a native vigor, with a catholic perception of relations, equal to the highest attempts, and a rhetoric like the armory of the invincible knights of old. There is in the action of his mind a long Atlantic roll not known except in deepest waters, and only lacking what ought to accompany such powers, a manifest centrality. If his mind does not rest in immovable biases, perhaps the orbit is larger, and the return is not yet; but a master should inspire a confidence that he will adhere to his convictions, and give his present studies always the same high place."

Mr. Emerson seems to have forgotten that in every living organism its developments into higher perfection are always characterized by

what appears like change, and that when this ceases and there is a tenacious adherence, maturity has come, and growing is at an end. J. J. Garth Wilkinson did not go to seed. His effusions were as pollen to fructify germs elsewhere.

He began the publication of Swedenborg's scientific works in 1843, and wrote the Biography in 1848. He was in important respects a renascence of the master. He saw in external facts their spiritual significance. Phenomena as mere physical facts had no importance in his view; but the truths which they embodied and veiled he perceived quickly, as with marvelous intuition. Like Plato, he lived, moved and existed in the world of idea, riding in a chariot with gods.

At the same time, in whatever related to the well-being of others, he was vividly awake and outspoken. He was a physician and he magnified his vocation. He did not hesitate to write of medical legislation and the usurpations of medical bodies in disregard of personal rights in terms of warm disapproval. It is only mediocrity assuming to dictate to genius and superiority. In his pamphlets exposing the inutility and mischiefs produced by vaccination, he estimated the deaths which it occasioned at ninety thousand in forty years, and he demonstrated this by proofs that have not been controverted.

His treatise entitled *The Human Body and Its Connection with Man* is a masterpiece. The student desiring to obtain a comprehensive perception of our physical structure and its relations with the invisible and actual real nature has here the book that he wants. He manfully confesses that the thoughts are mostly not original with him, that he has borrowed good things to the best of his powers. That "Nature is full of Deity" is the proposition at the basis of his scientific beliefs. "Without a quarrel with old modes," says he, "we have emigrated to another country, where we hope for peace."

Health he described as the birth of a human being into the realms of humanity, and that it pursues him with new exigencies along the stages of his journey. "The heart-man does not live on mineral, but on social grounds; breathes not airs, but thoughts; is warmed by blood-heat or affection, and drawn by living magnetism or love."

"It is a mistake," he declared, "to think that there is such a thing as the natural history of disease; it has none but a human history, benignant or terrible." Of medical men he remarked that one might say that each age of doctors never had a grandfather; "orthodox medicine in this century is a substitution and not a continuation of the science of the last"—it has many experiments, but almost no traditions. "Each fresh union of our pharmacopœia carefully weeds out old simples and fills their places with chemicals, exterminating this and

that to make room for new compounds." "Of the scientific element we do not find that it has placed medicine upon any basis but that of experimentation."

He praised Hahnemann for the number of superstitions that he slew, the success and humaneness of doing relatively nothing in medicine, the discarding of purgatives and bleeding, which are filthy and murderous, and in the fact that Homœopathy affects the mind, grouping around it mental and moral states, and including the healing of moods, minds and tempers under the action of medicines.

Nevertheless, Wilkinson, in matters of healing, looked far beyond homœopathic medication. He gave a hospitable consideration to the water-cure, the movement-cure, and to "Phrenopathy." Those who practice medicine should cultivate an artistry; tact should electrify their fingers, resolve should vertebrate their words, cordials should drop from their mouths, airs of reassurance should surround them, ease and cheerfulness should radiate from their presence. "They must verily believe that medicine is the daughter of Heaven, and that they live to be inspired and to inspire."

"In all the branches of the New Medicine," he says again, "we have seen the united principle of faith and works assuming an additional importance as we have risen from the administration of drugs stage by stage to the phrenopathic art. We allude to the healing powers exerted by Christ and his apostles, and by him bequeathed to the race of man. Our pontiffs say that the age of miracles is past; but no New Testament ever told them so; Christianity, as we read it, was the institution of miracle as in the order of nature; and if the age of miracles is gone, it is because the age of Christianity is gone. The age of mathematics would be past if no man cultivated them. On the other hand we aver, by all our honesty to our faith, that for every reason that we can perceive, a duty is neglected here which is a main cause of irreligion and skepticism among men. As in the sciences which are the kings of these late days, let this mode of healing be fairly experimented. It belongs to the priesthood. Let them put on the proofs of their apostolic power; let them peril all in this great attempt. Let the weak excuse of their virtue being past be exchanged for a godly resolve to bring it back again. If they fail, it will be because they are not Christians or because Christianity cannot bide its own proofs. If they succeed, there will be no need of missionaries any more, but mankind will sit in a right mind under them and bless their privilege and their Master's name."

Dr. Wilkinson filled the measure of all that he professed. It is easy to perceive that he was of a dimension mentally and spiritually that

even Mr. Emerson could not ascertain. Content to be a seeker for truth, and a doer of the good, he never tried from ambition or vanity to gain a factitious reputation as a scientist or philosopher; but what he found to do that he did. He was sincere, believing and affectionate. Those who knew him loved him. Living to an advanced term, he outlived those with whom he had been familiar, and except as his family were with him, he experienced what has been to so many the sad solitude of old age. He solaced his lone hours with study and contemplation, and while the physical powers gradually gave way to time, the mental faculties remained without impair as being recruited and increased from a superior life.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

A HINDU STORY.

Here is a Hindu story and the tale is full of wisdom. "The *Prabudha Bharata*, or Awakened India" for last October and November tells the following, which we abbreviate to suit our magazine:

* * * In the days of our King. Then truth had the highest place in the estimation of men and most men would sacrifice everything to keep their words and would cheerfully abide by truth without caring much for the consequences.

It is in the nature of things whether good or bad that they never come alone but always in train. It is said, and we actually find it to our bitter experience, that misfortune never comes alone, and likewise do we see that good fortune too never comes alone but brings with it many things good and desirable. So our King's reign was blessed not only with truthfulness but there were kindness, charity, sympathy and many other excellent qualities to be seen in abundance throughout the length and breadth of his dominion. The people were most happy with the rule and loved the King as their kind father. * * * In order to make it a complete success he issued a proclamation to the effect that whoever should come in the mart for the purpose of trade would have his full sympathy and support, that he would be exempted from all sorts of duties for one year and that no one would have to go away disappointed, as the King himself guaranteed to purchase all the goods left unsold after the lapse of a certain fixed period of time. This encouragement and patronage from Royalty itself succeeded in bringing about the desired result; for dealers in all sorts of things poured in from far and near and developed the resources of the country to a great extent within a very short time.

The King, true to his words, did all that he could for the convenience and comfort of the merchants who came to his mart and engaged especial agents to carefully inquire if there were any articles left unsold in the mart, so that they might be purchased by the State according to the promise made in the proclamation. * * *

In this way while everything went on smoothly and well, one day the atten-

tion of the officer in charge of the mart was drawn by a man who was very much vexed, as he had not been able to dispose of an article during the appointed time. "O Sir!" he said to the officer, "I have an idol made of cow-dung left. It is the image of Alakshmi, the Goddess of Misfortune and I cannot sell it at a price less than five hundred rupees as I shall have to perform a very useful work which requires that sum. I have been waiting here so long but no one even looked at me for a second time after he once heard me. Now as the time is over, with the permission of the King, I want to go somewhere else, so please send a message to him." * * *

After much hesitation the officer finally brings the man to the King with the request that he buy the idol.

Of course it was a very unreasonable demand on the part of the trader and no one would have cared for it, but our Raja who was a little too sensitive, fearing lest he should fail in his promise if the man went away disappointed, agreed to his proposal and taking the image of Alakshmi in his arms entered the palace to put it within, and the man, happy in getting his wish, took the money and departed.

The purchase brought all kinds of calamities upon the country and people began to murmur. The King started out secretly to see for himself what could be done to help the people. One night he came upon the form of a lady at the temple door; astonished he approached and asked:

"Mother! may I ask who you are and why you are alone here in the dead of night and in such a state of unhappiness? You do not seem to be of this earth, and if there be no harm in speaking to me of the cause of your sorrow I will spare nothing to remove it." The lady who recognized the King but did not express it outwardly, softly replied: "My son, may peace be with you! You are right in your conjecture. I do not belong to this earth. I am Raj Lakshmi, the Goddess of Fortune of this kingdom; I love this King as my son. But he brought into the palace the other day the Goddess of Misfortune with his own hands. Now where misfortune resides, fortune cannot rest. We two cannot live together; I shall have to leave this place and therefore I am unhappy."

It was a deep dark night; stillness and sublimity were all around, and there was none to watch that sombre beauty, except one who was restlessly moving to and fro in front of the palace gate. He remained long in this state, when suddenly he heard the sound of footsteps within the gate. He paused, and espied a very handsome lady coming out of the palace with measured gait, as if moving with difficulty. She saw the Raja at the gate and burst into tears, but the King did not appear to be much moved by them. He prostrated before the Goddess of Fortune and said: "Mother! bless me, that I may keep the truth." She could not speak but shook her head and departed. Presently there came out another figure of unparalleled beauty, and the surprised King bowing to him, humbly inquired as to his identity. He seemed to be very kind, and with deep sympathy looked at the Raja and said:—"Dear Raja! I am Narayana the God of your

family, which is my favorite home. I am exceedingly sorry to have to leave this place. For wherever Lakshmi goes, I have to follow." The Raja spoke not a word, but prostrated himself as before and only prayed that he might be blessed with the power of keeping his word. When Narayana had not gone very far there appeared on the scene another person,—the image of purity, throwing a halo of spirituality all around. The Raja, whose interest has been growing keener every moment, saluted the personage with due deference, and asked who he was, to which he calmly replied: "I am Dharma the truth—a constant companion of Narayana the God. I cannot remain without him and therefore am wending my way to where he has gone." Here the Raja could not suppress his feelings any longer, but with tears in his eyes began to address him thus:—"How is it, O Lord! that you too are going to leave me? Looking up to you alone I dare to bring the idol of Alakshmi home! It was not improper that mother Lakshmi should forsake me, and with her Narayana; I can have no reasonable complaints against them. But how can you abandon one who sacrificed everything for your sake? I bear all these calamities for you only, and would it be right for you to desert me?" Dharma, who had been listening to the words of the Raja with attention, seemed to be so much struck and ashamed, that he immediately retraced his steps within the palace, to live there forever.

Who can say what strength resides in the words of one who maintains the truth?—Then after a short time when Narayana looked back, and could not find Dharma following him, he returned to the palace gate, and asked the Raja if he had seen any one going out after him. On the Raja relating all that passed between him and Dharma, Narayana said: "Noble King! By winning Dharma you have also captivated me. I am the shadow of Truth," and went back to his place in the palace to the great satisfaction of the Raja. But the joy of the Raja knew no bounds, when he saw to his infinite delight the Goddess of Fortune—the mother Lakshmi returning and following Narayana!—because, as she said, it was impossible for her to exist without the company of Narayana. So they all entered the palace again, and peace and prosperity were once more restored throughout the kingdom. Thus the Raja keeping the truth was saved from the very jaws of ruin. Verily it is said in our scripture:

Dharma the truth being destroyed destroys everything, and preserved preserves everything, therefore Dharma should not be destroyed.

Comment seems unnecessary to this moral tale. Keep the Truth, and the Truth will keep you! C. H. A. B.

VIBRATIONS FROM "THE MAN FROM VENUS."

An editor who labors under the impression that there is nothing new under the sun sometimes feels discouraged, because he fears the twice-told tale. Such an editor must be excused if he reaches out with avidity after a new journal published by a man from Venus. We have just such a journal before us in the first number of *The Psycho-*

Harmonic Scientist. A Journal of pure Uniism. Devolved to the exposition of Psycho-Harmonic System of Mental Science, and the Laws of Vibration. Edited by Robert J. Burns, The Man from Venus. At the head of the journal appear two quotations, which probably are keys to the teachings of the journal; they are, at least, keys to the first number. The first quotation is from Shakespeare:

There's nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so.

The Man from Venus evidently has studied Hamlet, and the main part of the first number of his magazine is a struggle to make the reader believe it. There is nothing new in his statement of the doctrine, excepting in the mode of presentation. It is that of the mining camp.

The second quotation,

Vibration is the Key of Life,
And Love the Master Vibrator,

derives its authority from the author, The Man from Venus; at any rate, he signs for it. Said by an arch-angel we might still hear the Sublime and Great in the declaration, that love is the master vibrator, but the earthly declaration, which we have heard *ad nauseam usque*, that love is the passport on the hidden way, affects us no more. It is too often a cloak of insincerity, and means commonly a flaw. The Man from Venus does not invest it with any new or higher meaning, nor does it come from him as a fiery flame that burns away all vulgarity. It is possible that vibration is *a* key to life, but to say that it is *the* key is a bold assertion. Is pure Being vibratory? Life itself seems to be double. Can both Extremes be vibratory? What is Vibration, really? If any of our readers really know, they would oblige us all, editors and readers, by a thorough and scholarly essay on the subject.

The Man from Venus does not help us. He gives no definitions nor proofs. The nearest approach to a definition of vibration, as he seems to understand it, is found in the following quotation. Aside from a couple of points we shall dispute, we shall say nothing about it. It is a good specimen of the language and style of the magazine:

I will teach you how to claim your eternal birthright to "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness," and I am able to do this clearly because I come from a planet where Uniism is normal and where dualism is unheard of. There are no words in the language for "sin, sickness, pain, death, darkness, fear or hate," because the law of opposites is not operative there, and these distinctly damnable ideals have never been invested. I have not been here long enough to be dulled by dualism, and therefore I am competent to elucidate Pure Uniism in its very

highest presentation. I will take your hand and lead you out into the open Universe. Then you can "go it alone." Your every thought and word alters the behavior of the brain-cells and of the atoms which enter into the constitution of your body. In fact an atom is a willed-word made objective and sensuous. Vibratory Uniism is not Christian Science which is polluted with dualistic conceptions and absurd and illogical contradictions. It insanely affirms that our objective bodies are mere "mortal beliefs" and have no real existence, as though a suppositional non-entity could have the power to evolve even a belief." The utter imbecility of this position will be instantly seen by the Uniistic logician. The objective (so-called physical) body is a solid spiritual reality, and all its harmo-normal desires are legitimate and essential. * * * The crazy notion that the "flesh" (?) must be "overcome" exists only in the uncouth and distorted ideals of demented dualists. The body should not be "overcome" and destroyed, but should "come under" the rule of the mind and be harmonized and keyed up to the vibrations of the harmonic norm. All enjoyment is Deific; is the very Essence of Diety.

Our first difficulty is the statement that Uniism (why not Unism?) is the normal condition on Venus, that dualism is unheard of there, and that darkness, etc., are not words of the language spoken there, because "the law of opposites" is not operative there. How can this be when an astronomer like Babinet tells us that the temperature changes on Venus are the most extraordinary, and that her atmosphere is constantly in violent disturbance on account of her peculiar relation to the sun. The same scientist has shown satisfactorily that hot and cold zones follow each other abruptly and that the planet has no temperate zone. Louis Figuier has told us the same in his peculiar and charming fashion. Another fact wars against the theory that Venus is the seat of Uniism. She shines by reflecting the sunlight and has no intrinsic radiance. Is not that proof of her dual existence? Again, if we may believe Swedenborg, how can we doubt the presence of darkness, fear and hate? He tells us that on Venus there are two kinds of men, of tempers and dispositions opposite to each other; the first, mild and humane; the second, savage and brutal; they who are mild and humane appear on the further side of the planet; they who are savage and brutal appear on the side looking this way. Swedenborg distinctly tells us that these people appear thus according to the state of their lives. Swedenborg's testimony seems to be corroborated by Schiaparelli's investigations. The Italian holds that Venus, like Mercury, keeps the same face towards the sun.

Against science and the Swedish seer stands the mythological aspect of Venus, and it is probably the one which the author wants us to take. But even if we do, neither he nor we can get away from dualisms, opposites, etc., because this, the mythological view, is quite

contrary to the scientific, and in itself it contains a fatal duality. Says "The Light of Egypt":

"In her mythological and symbolical aspect, the planet Venus has been venerated the wide world over in her dual character of Love and Wisdom."

As suggested above, The Man from Venus probably derives his title from Venus, because the planet Venus, "cabbalistically, signifies the love element within the soul," and it seems that that element plays a large part in the theory of "Uniism" or psycho-harmonism.

What the purpose is of so much bold parading of low love in his paper, we leave the reader to guess at. It is mentioned in connection with hunger and thirst as a necessity for life. Science always quotes these as the prime elements of bestial life and insists that no civilization can begin till these have been "reduced to order."

Our author does not seem to know the meaning of "to overcome"; he explains it to mean to "come under," but he does not mean subjection, because he says distinctly that it means "to be harmonized and keyed up," which can only mean that the body remains an equality with mind. Harmony means namely, according to customary use of terms, accord in diversity. In other words, in order to admit the body to his "uniistic" system (and that seems to be his main object) the author is compelled to allow a radical dualism. Unitive systems of the past have been more consistent. The unfortunate Randolph, with whom our author seems to be an affinity, boldly proclaimed a gospel of body and defended "Free Love." Our readers know what the result was. Students of philosophy and theology all remember the doctrines of Carpocrates and what came of them. Against all similar systems of harmonizing stand in strange contrast those who understand "to overcome" to mean "to gain a victory," which only can mean one thing, viz., to reduce to subjection. All spiritual life, such as that has been understood by sages and saints, both of the East and the West, is conditioned by such overcoming.

It seems clear from the above that by vibration we are to understand desire and enjoyment. We learn also from our author the strange doctrine that "all enjoyment is Deific; is the very Essence of Deity." This must be a doctrine from Venus. We do not know it as an earthly teaching until now. Possibly The Man from Venus derives his title from its brilliancy. As Venus is the most brilliant star in the firmament, next to the sun and moon, she must be supposed to support a brilliant theory. If this is the basis for his title, it is a poor one. The ancients gave the planet its name from that of the goddess of the girdle, because she charmed all, when she had it on—but did not charm

when deprived of it. Venus has, as already said, no real brilliancy ; it is borrowed, it is one of romance. Perhaps our author has dreamt himself into the terrestrial paradise which the author of " Paul and Virginia " saw in Venus. To-day we are, however, too much matter-of-fact men to accept such doctrines and fancies.

We do not know how our contemporaries in " Mental Science " feel at the reading of this. As for ourselves, we do not think that The Man from Venus has proved his assertion that we all are failures, nor does it appear to us that his first and only essay is " secondless and superior." As yet we could not wish him and the new magazine a welcome. We are, however, not afraid of this red (not true red) covered journal. Our own color—yellow—is too powerful for that. We are waiting with no little curiosity to hear something really new from The Man from Venus, something which we can all understand and profit by. The planet Venus is so much like the earth that she must easily be able to express herself in terms suitable to our ears and of a mental quality of so much weight that they will sink down into our innermost.

C. H. A. B.

THE CALIFORNIA ROADRUNNER

(*Geococcyx Californianus*.)

"A very singular and yet a very little known bird is the roadrunner chaparral cock, or, as it is known in Mexico and the Spanish sections of the United States, the paisano.

It belongs to the cuckoo family, but has none of the bad habits by which the European cuckoo is best known. It is a shy bird, but is not by any means an unfamiliar object in the southwestern portions of the United States and in Mexico. Sometimes it wanders up into Middle California, but not often, seeming to prefer the more deserted, hotter, and sandier parts of Southern California, and from there stretching its habitat as far east as Middle Texas.

It is not by any means a brilliantly colored bird, although some of its hues are very beautiful. The prevailing color of the roadrunner is olive green, which is marked with brown and white. The top of the head is black blue, and is furnished with an erectile crest. The eyes are surrounded by a line of bare skin.

It is not a large bird, being seldom 24 inches long, with a tail taking more than half of that length. The tail, indeed, is the most striking feature of the bird, being not only so very long, but seemingly endowed with the gift of perpetual motion, since it is never still, but

bobs up and down, and sidewise, too, into every possible angle, and almost incessantly.

But while its tail is most striking, its legs are most remarkable, being not only long and stout, but wonderfully muscular. How muscular nobody would be able to imagine who had not put them to the test.

A traveler in Mexico tells of going out with his ranchero host to hunt hares with a brace of very fine hounds. Going over a long stretch of sandy plain, relieved only by pillars and clusters of cactus, the Mexican called the attention of his guest to an alert, comical-looking bird, some distance from them.

With the remark that the gentleman would see some rare coursing, the Mexican slipped the leashes of the straining hounds, which sprang off as if used to the sport, and darted after the bird. For a moment it seemed to the stranger a very poor use to put the dogs to, but he was not long in changing his mind.

Instead of taking wing, the bird tilted its long tail straight up into the air in a saucily defiant way, and started off on a run in a direct line ahead. It seemed an incredible thing that the slender dogs, with their space-devouring bounds, should not at once overtake the little bird; but so it was. The legs of the paisano moved with marvelous rapidity, and enabled it to keep the hounds at their distance for a very long time, being finally overtaken only after one of the gamest races ever witnessed by the visiting sportsman.

The roadrunner, however, serves a better purpose in life than being run down by hounds. Cassin mentions a most singular circumstance among the peculiarities of the bird. It seems to have a mortal hatred of rattlesnakes, and no sooner sees one of those reptiles than it sets about in what, to the snake, might well seem a most diabolical way of compassing its death. Finding the snake asleep, it at once seeks out the spiniest of the small cacti, the prickly pear, and with infinite pains and quietness, carries the leaves, which it breaks off, and puts them in a circle around the slumbering snake. When it has made a sufficient wall about the object of all this care, it rouses its victim with a sudden peck of its sharp beak, and then quickly retires to let the snake work out its own destruction, a thing it eventually does in a way that ought to gratify the roadrunner if it have any sense of humor. Any one watching it would say it was expressing the liveliest emotion with its constantly and grotesquely moving tail.

The first impulse and act of the assaulted snake is to coil for a dart: its next to move away. It quickly realizes that it is hemmed in, in a circle, and finally makes a rash attempt to glide over the obstruction.

The myriad of tiny needles prick it and drive it back. The angry snake, with small wisdom, attempts to retaliate by fastening its fangs into the offending cactus. The spines fill its mouth.

Angrier still, it again and again assaults the prickly wall until, quite beside itself with rage, it seems to lose its wits entirely, and, writhing and twisting horribly, buries its envenomed fangs into its own body, dying finally from its self-inflicted wounds. After the catastrophe the roadrunner indulges in a few gratified flirts of its long tail and goes off, perchance to find its reward in being run down by the hounds set on by men."—*John R. Coryell in The Scientific American.*

The variety of mental operations involved in the performances of these creatures, is a strong suggestion of a degree of intelligence worthy of attention, and possible metaphysical features of thought, intention and calculation, that, if properly recognized, might lead to a better understanding of the relation of animal to human intelligence.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DORSEY, THE YOUNG INVENTOR. By Edward S. Ellis. Cloth, 297 pp., illustrated, \$1.25. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

CHARACTER-BUILDING THOUGHT POWER. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Paper, 30 pp. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

EL RESHID. Paper, 438 pp., 50 cents. B. R. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF NATURAL LAW. By Henry Wood. Paper, 295 pp., 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

IDEAL SUGGESTION THROUGH MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY. By Henry Wood. Paper, 158 pp., 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

SOME MORE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS. Cloth, 232 pp. B. R. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE AT-ONE-MENT BETWEEN GOD AND MAN. Millennial Dawn Series, Vol. V. By Charles T. Russell. Paper, 500 pp., 25 cents. Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa.

HINDU WEDDING BELLS. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Paper, 30 pp., 25 cents. A. B. Stockham & Co., Chicago, Ills.

FOOD OF THE ORIENT. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Paper, 27 pp., 25 cents. A. B. Stockham & Co., Chicago, Ills.

NEWS STAND ACCOMMODATION.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is kept on news stands everywhere. In case your newsdealer fails to supply it, you will confer a favor by at once notifying the publishers at the home office.

LIST OF ADVANCE THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS.

- ABIDING TRUTH. Monthly. 50c. a year. Peabody, Mass.
- ADEPT. Monthly. 50c. a year. Minneapolis, Minn.
- AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGIST. Monthly. \$2.00 a year. Washington, D. C.
- AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY. Monthly. \$5.00 a year. Worcester, Mass.
- BANNER OF LIGHT. Weekly. \$2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
- BRAHMAVADIN. Monthly. Rs. 4 a year. Madras, India.
- CHRISTIAN. Monthly. 50c. a year. Little Rock, Ark.
- CHRISTIAN LIFE. Quarterly. 50c. a year. Morton Park, Ill.
- CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL. Monthly. \$2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
- COMING AGE. Monthly. \$2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
- COMING EVENTS (Astrological). Monthly. 5s. a year. London, England.
- COMMON SENSE. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
- DAS WORT. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. St. Louis, Mo.
- DAWN. Calcutta, India.
- DAWNING LIGHT. Weekly. \$1.00 a year. San Antonio, Tex.
- DOMINION REVIEW. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. Toronto, Canada.
- ECCE HOMO. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. Richmond, Va.
- ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. Brooklyn, N. Y.
- ESOTERIC. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. Applegate, Cal.
- EXPRESSION. Monthly. 6s. 6d. a year. London, England.
- FAITH AND HOPE MESSENGER. Monthly. 50c. a year. Boston, Mass.
- FLAMING SWORD. Weekly. \$1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
- FOOD, HOME AND GARDEN. Monthly. 50c. a year. Philadelphia, Pa.
- FRED BURRY'S JOURNAL. Monthly. 50c. a year. Toronto, Canada.
- FREEDOM. Weekly. \$1.00 a year. Sea Breeze, Fla.
- FREE LIFE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Ringwood, England.
- FREE MAN. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. Bangor, Me.
- FREETHINKER. Weekly. a pence a copy. London, England.
- HANDS AND STARS. Monthly. 50c. a year. Atlantic City, N. J.
- HARBINGER OF LIGHT. Melbourne, Australia.
- HARMONY. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. San Francisco, Cal.
- HEALER. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. Brooklyn, N. Y.
- HERALD OF PEACE. Monthly. 50c. a year. London, England.
- HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Ilfracomb, England.
- HERMETIST. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
- HUMAN FACULTY. Monthly. \$1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
- HUMANITARIAN. Monthly. 6s. a year. London, England.
- HUMAN NATURE. Monthly. 50c. a year. San Francisco, Cal.
- IDEAL LIFE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Columbus, Tex.
- IMMORTALITY. Quarterly. \$1.00 a year. Syracuse, N. Y.
- JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY. Monthly. 75c. a year. Kokomo, Ind.
- JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. Quarterly. \$3.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
- KOSMOS. Quarterly. \$1.00 a year. Vineland, N. J.
- LICHTSTRAHLEN (German). Monthly. \$1.00 a year. West Point, Neb.
- LIFE. Weekly. \$1.00 a year. Kansas City, Mo.
- LIGHT. Weekly. \$2.70 a year. London, England.
- LIGHT OF THE EAST. Calcutta, India.
- LIGHT OF TRUTH. Weekly. \$1.00 a year. Columbus, O.

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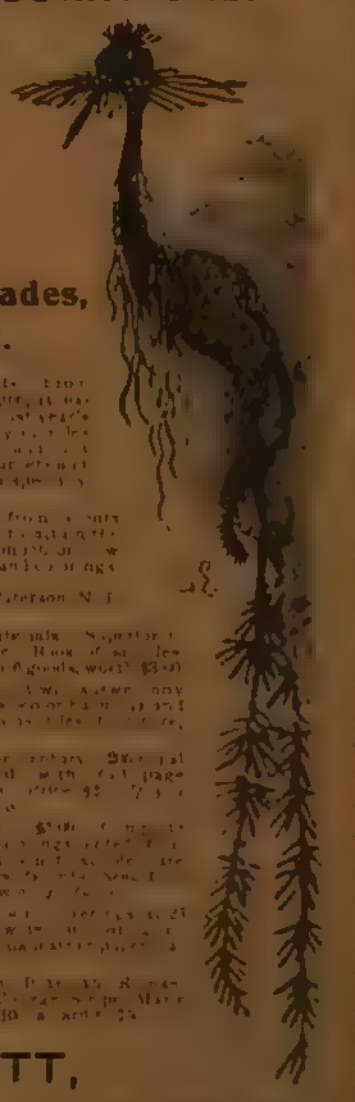
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